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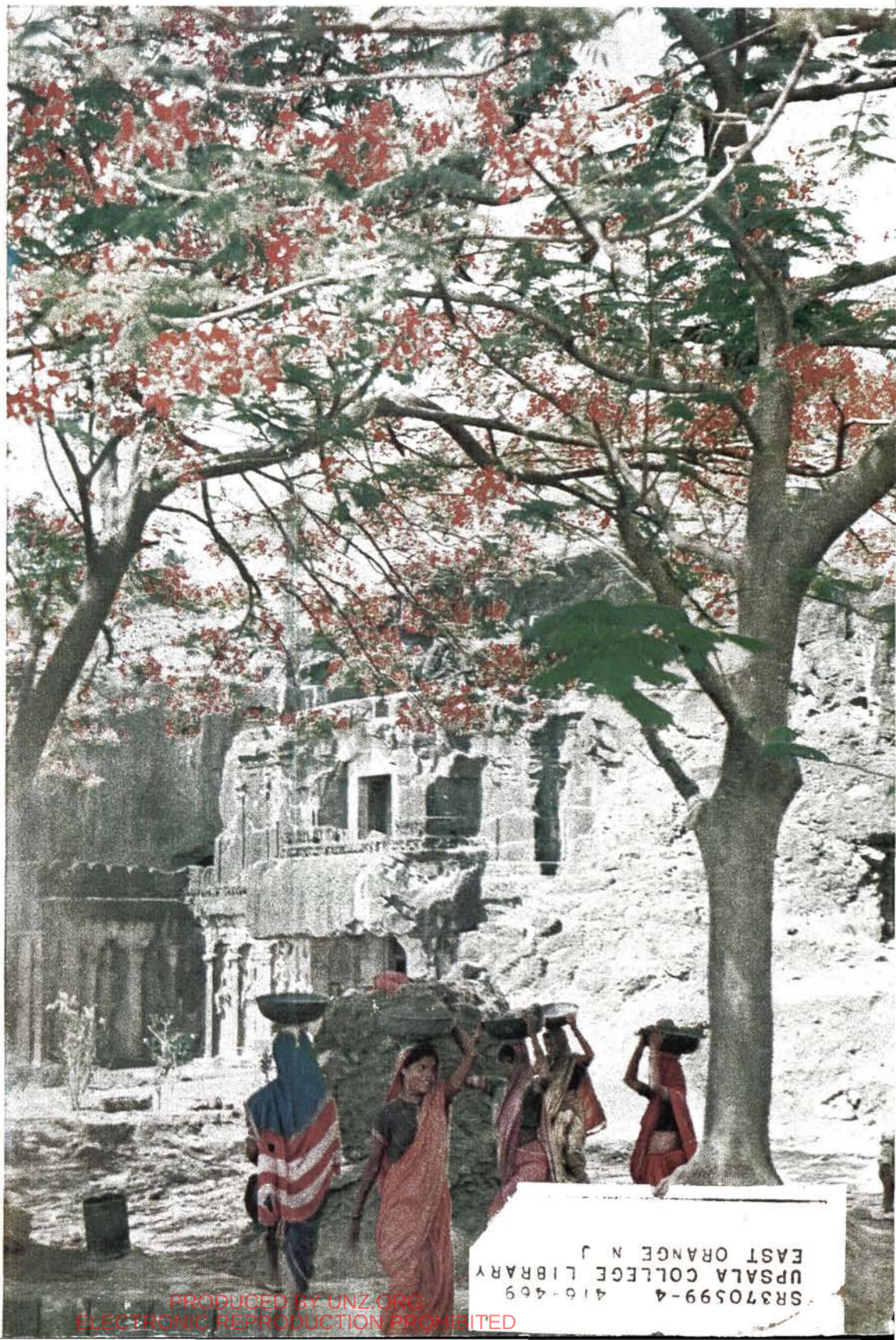

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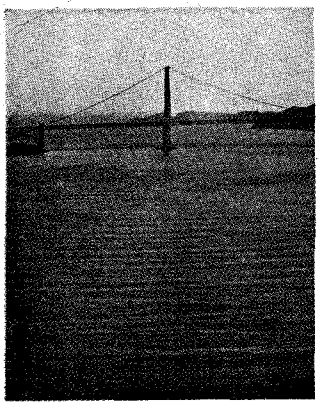
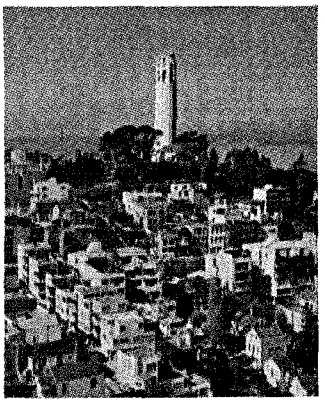

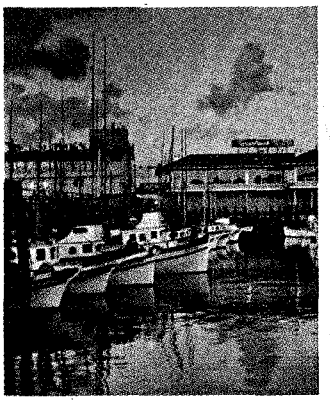
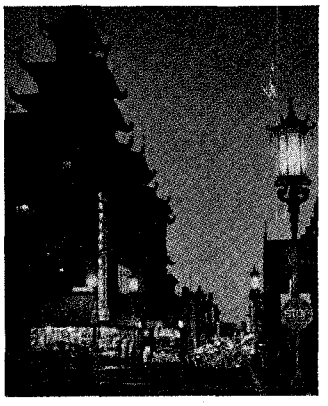
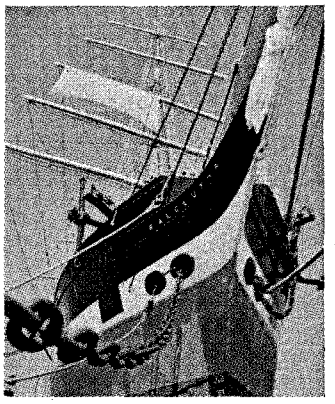
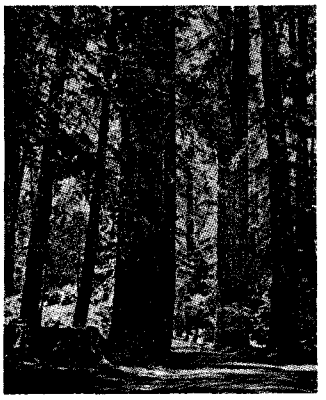

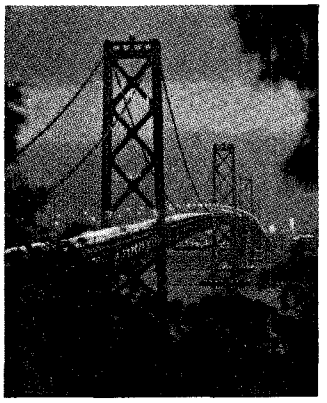
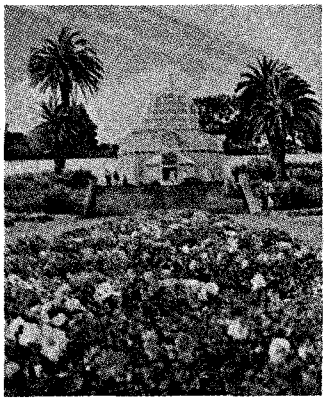
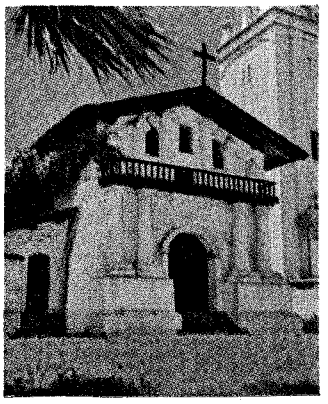
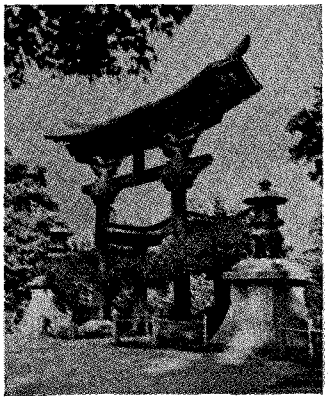

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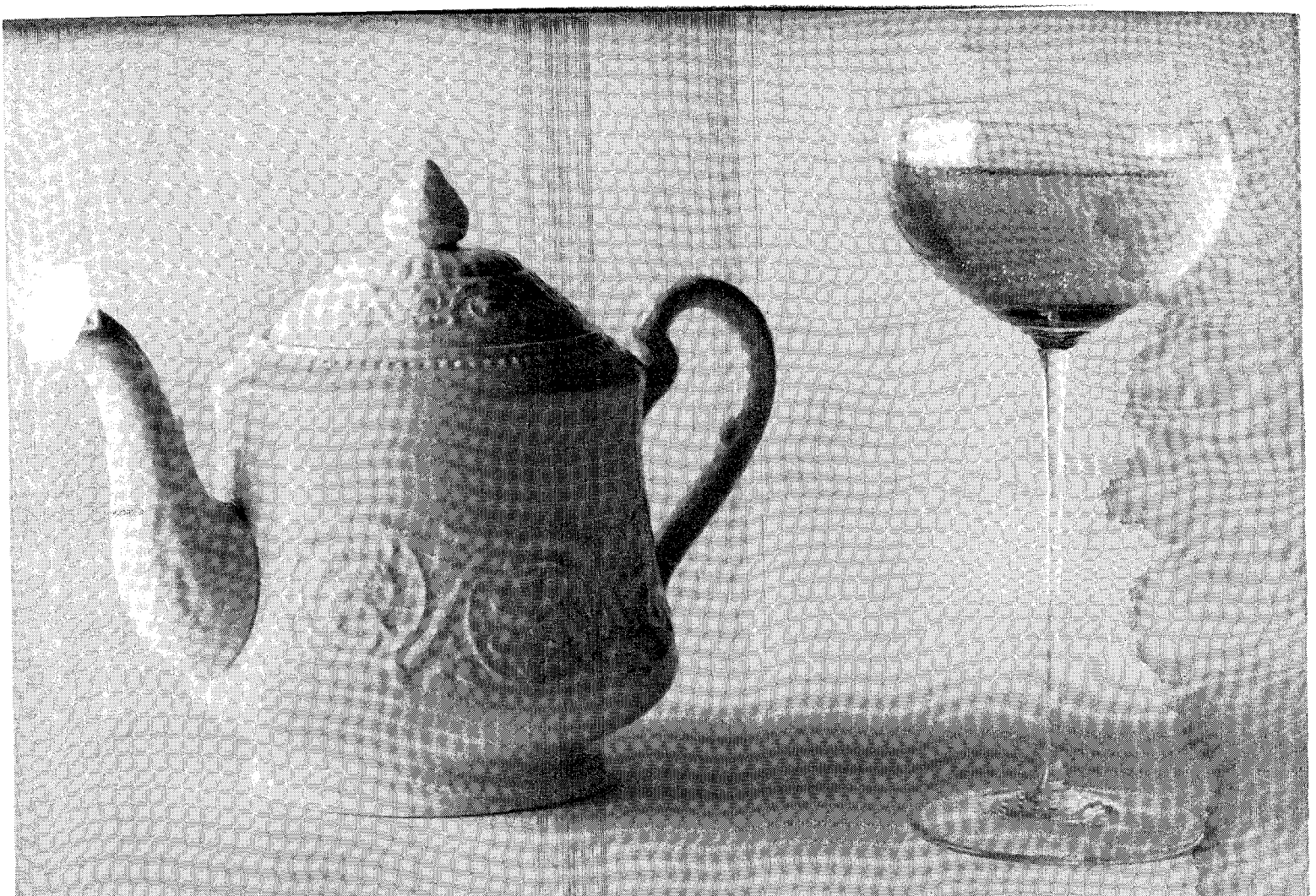

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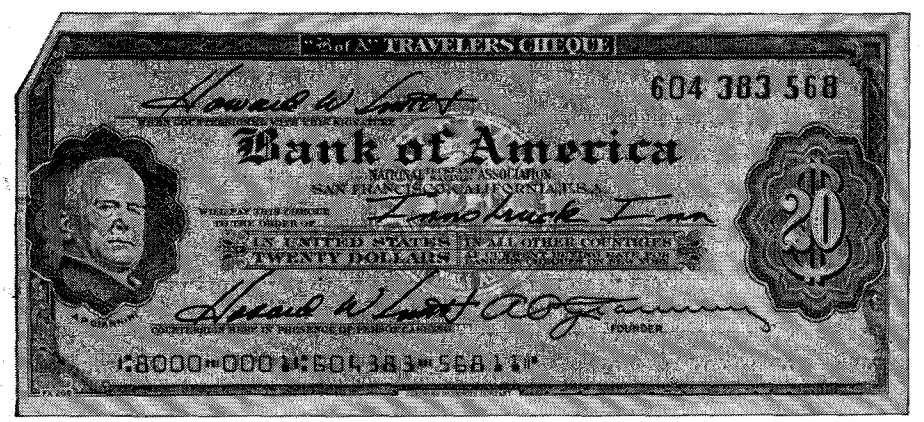

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SR: Ideas

22 Creators and Destroyers, by Erich Fromm
26 Americans Look at the Atlantic Future, by Elmo Roper
28 In Praise of Travel: An Editorial
33 World Travel 1964: A Special Section
45 World Travel Calendar, by Robert Meyer, Jr.
54 1963 Photo Prize Winners: A Gallory

SR: Science

85 Documenting the Case Against Fluoridation, by John Lear

SR: Books

75 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
75 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

6 First of the Month, by Cleveland Amory
10 Trade Winds: Jerome Beatty, Jr.
14 Manner of Speaking: John Ciardi
30 Letters to the Editor
31 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert
73 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes reports from London
77 Literary I.Q.
84 Literary Crypt
100 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1552

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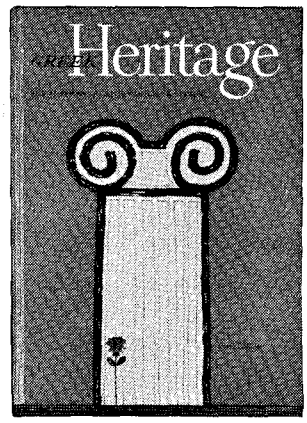

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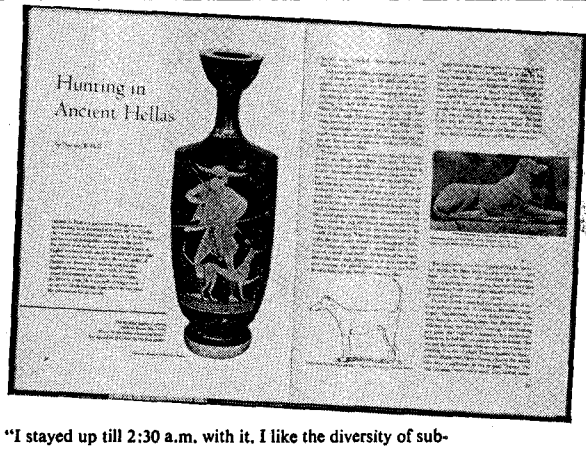

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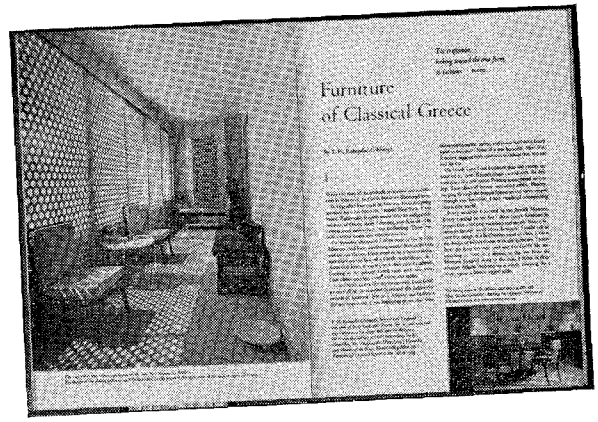

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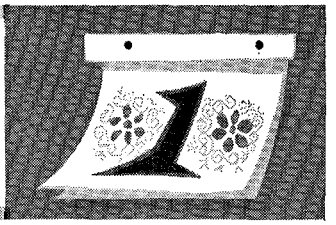


By CLEVELAND AMORY

1963 WAS the year that won't be missed. And its last month, the first without JFK, seemed a whole year by itself. But what New Year's cheer there was could be laid, with some desperation but no small admiration, at the doorstep of LBJ. On the GOP nomination front, President Eisenhower was erroneously reported as sponsoring Henry Cabot Lodge, while a group of New Yorkers, at a New York dinner, came forward with Milton Eisenhower. Meanwhile, Robert Kennedy kept his own counsel—but few disagreed that he too was now, on his own, a name to conjure with. Like the others around the late President, he was magnificent in the tragedy. Ken O'Donnell put it best. "Camus said the world is absurd," he said, "and there's really no point in being Irish if you don't agree with him—that life will eventually break your heart. But we thought we had more time."

• • •

On the magazine front, *Coronet* was stuck with a December article, written before the assassination, about Secret Service chief Jim Rowley, one which ended with a devastating last line. ("Jim Rowley," said Kennedy, "is most efficient. He has never lost a President.") The trouble is, of course, that while, on the one hand, we were all fed for years, in the public print, stories of the efficiency of our Secret Service—on the other hand, the not so Secret Service itself was given to such statements, as Rowley's in the *Coronet* article, that "All a man really needs if he's serious is a high-powered rifle with a telescopic sight."

• • •

We do not accept either of these extremes—that the Secret Service is as efficient as we were led to believe, or that its job is as impossible as its members evidently feel it to be. If we can try to get to the moon, surely we can guard a man in a motorcade—or at least we can insist on something better than a security check which, on November 22, 1963, in Dallas, Texas, wouldn't have passed muster in a school for television detectives. As for the aftermath in the Dallas station's sub-basement, Dallas as a city will live to live it down, but for the police force it's hard to find words that are, shall we say, sub-adequate. The best that can be said is that they were operating under terrific pressure—from the newspapers and TV—and that, in criticizing the police, it is also high time to take a long critical look at the often supra-police powers of the ladies and gentlemen of the pressure.

• • •

A good place to begin would be with Texas's Washington correspondent Sarah McClendon, a lady who apparently runs her own news service—which, in her case, seems a wise decision indeed. It was she who a year ago asked the late President about the "two well-known security risks" in the State Department, and last month it was she who asked House Speaker John McCormack, now second in line for the Presidency, if he would resign. "I'm amazed, just amazed," he replied, "that you can ask that. Are there no limits to decency?" There are, Mr. Speaker, there are—but not from that particular direction.

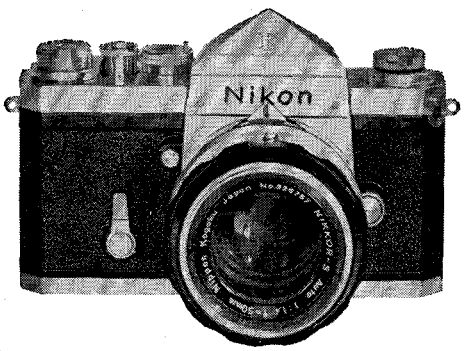
• • •

Our month's nomination for oblivion went to the toy manufacturers who, once more, unloaded their weapons to celebrate the birth of the Prince of Peace. On Mike Wallace's CBS Morning News, we heard Santa Claus ask one six-year-old what he wanted for Christmas. "A Big Inch and a combat set," he replied. "I forget the name of it but it has two hand grenades and a tommy gun." Another boy's preference was, as *Insider's Newsletter* described it, for "a 12-inch-high teddy bear which rolls along until struck by a pellet from a toy gun. . . . Then the bear screams in pain and runs frantically around."

• • •

During the month we had a talk with U.S. Attorney George Hill, of the Western District of Michigan. Hill had just concluded a two-month-long federal court case in Grand Rapids, in which, in a landmark pornography case, he won a five-count verdict, in a jury trial, against two California publishers, Sanford Aday and Wallace Maxey, and eight "Fabian" and "Saber" titles:

"You literary people," he told us



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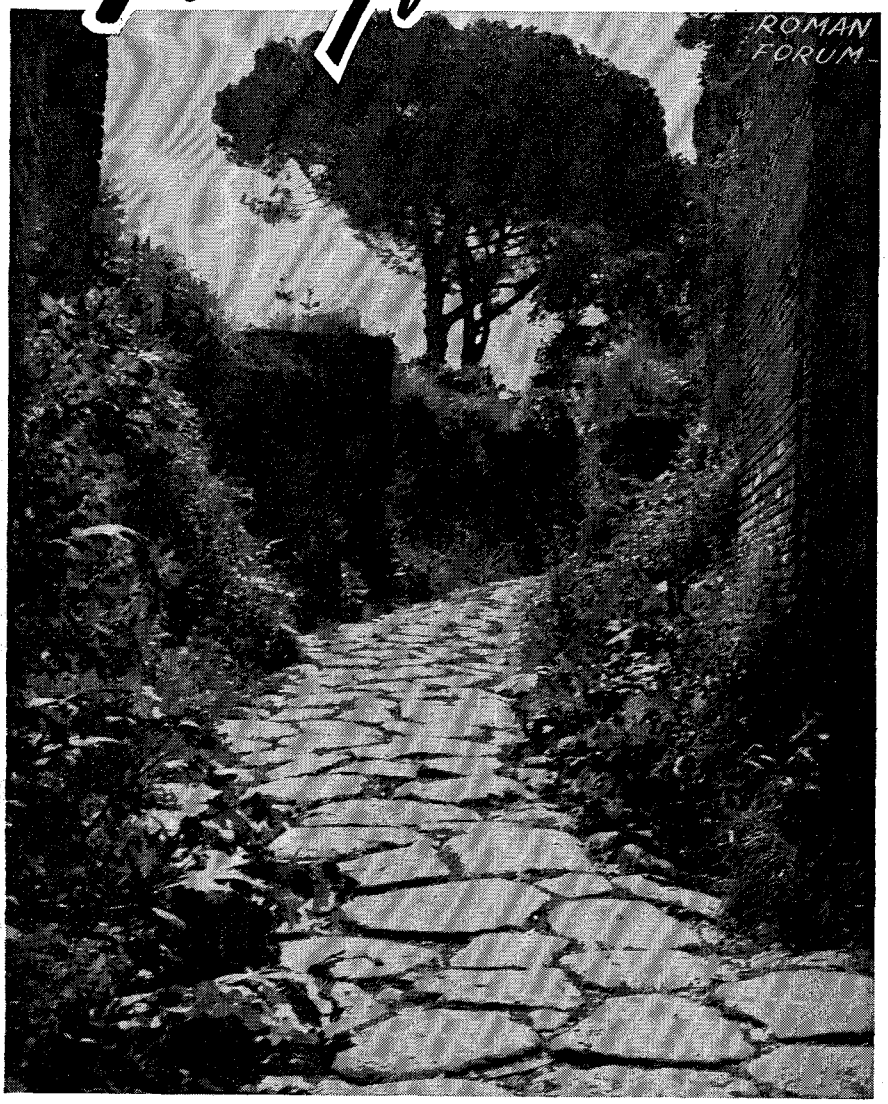

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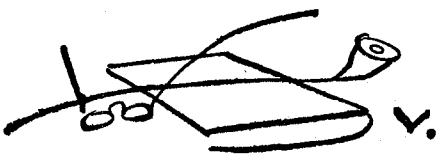
sternly, "have a duty to get your colleagues off the kick that obscenity and free speech are one and the same thing. They are not, and the Supreme Court has so decided they are not. I am no witch-hunter and no book-burner, and I hope that sex is here to stay. But even D. H. Lawrence himself once said that there it was both a proper and an improper way to treat it. And so, of course, have Justices Warren and Frankfurter, and many other authorities. I hope to convince the people who, despite this, continue to throw up the smokescreen of censorship to protect these purveyors of filth from the errors of their ways. And I have no intention of waiting for what would sometimes seem necessary to convince some of these people—a sexual Lee Oswald case."

• • •

Meanwhile, on the local scene, we had a talk with another court case victor, WOR's able commentator Barry Farber. He was walking on the street one day last summer when he heard screams from a garage, promptly went in and rescued a woman being beaten up by her doctor husband, who was apparently under the influence of alcohol. Farber, who among other accomplishments (he speaks fifteen languages) was a former University of North Carolina wrestler, held the man as gently as possible until the police arrived, then later politely asked for a new suit. When the doctor's lawyer refused, Farber brought suit for his suit. ("Everybody nowadays," he says quietly, "mistakes niceness for weakness.") And, against the advice of virtually every lawyer in town, he not only pressed his suit but, acting as his own lawyer in Small Claims Court, won what lawyers now admit may well be a landmark of previously very confused "Good Samaritan" jurisprudence. But, although the story was accurately reported in the papers, the ensuing publicity ("It's amazing," Farber says, "how many people get things wrong") was hardly calculated to suit the victor. One friend of his called and said, "Gee, Barry, I hear you really got beat up." The real pay-off came, however, when his own brother phoned him long-distance from the South. "Are you all right?" he demanded. "What are they going to do to you?" "What do you mean?" asked Farber. "Well," said his brother, "a friend of mine told me you were going by this synagogue and you went in and beat up a rabbi."



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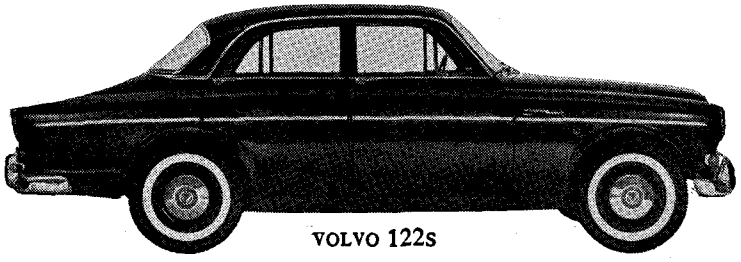

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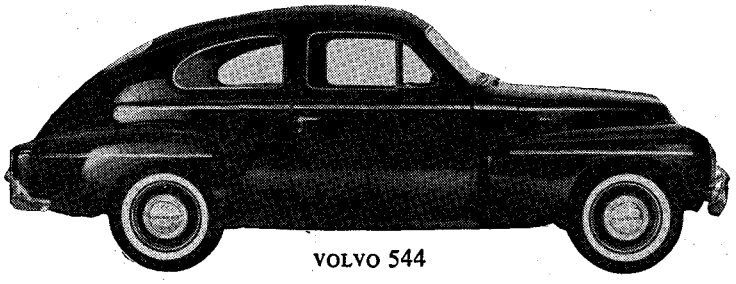

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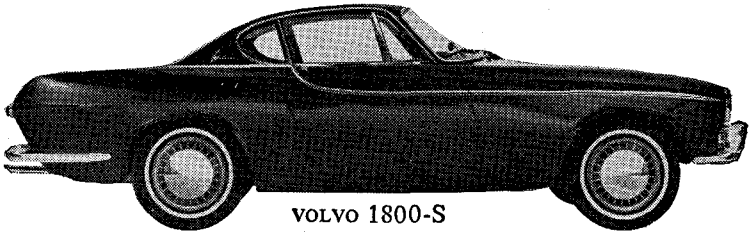

VOLVO 1800-S

Road & Track magazine said it best, "The 1800-S is a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or Aston Martin will be able to pay."

VOLVO

*FOB COPENHAGEN, DENMARK; GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN; OSLO, NORWAY. OTHER EUROPEAN POINTS SLIGHTLY HIGHER.

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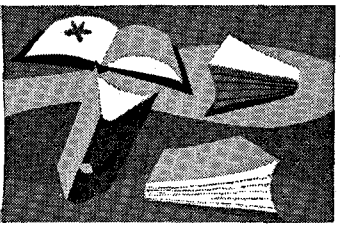
Trade Winds



A sign at, of all places, a University of California-San Diego parking lot, reads: "No Parking Prohibited Without a Permit."

And Harvey C. Paige, when stationed on Guam during World War II, was so intrigued by a sign posted next to a water faucet that he recorded it for posterity. It goes like this: "This faucet is for drawing water not to be used for wash area if this is not carried out it will be removed First Lt."

In his book on the public relations business, *The Relations Explosion,* (Macmillan), William Safire predicts that in the forthcoming political campaigns, as in those of the past, one of the key figures will be Charlie Regan. Regan's job has always required a certain amount of delicacy, which, apparently, only he possesses. In campaign headquarters, there is a lot of gentle turning-down to be done without offending well-meaning volunteers. Horrible campaign songs, meaningless slogans, and useless advice are offered. Even the candidate himself occasionally has to be dealt with carefully if he comes up with some idea that the staff doesn't like. That's why at campaign headquarters you often hear the phrase, "Sounds great, but have you checked it with Charlie Regan?"

Or: "That'll have to come out of Regan's budget. I'll see what he says."

Or: "I'll give you a go-ahead as soon as Regan gets back."

Of course, Regan never does get back. He is a fiction, known only to the handful of people at the helm of the campaign. He has a desk, a telephone, a listing in the directory, and he receives carbons of all memos. Sometimes he even sends memos of his own, and he owns a raincoat, which is usually draped over the back of his chair.

I use the name Regan as an example. Each party and each campaign must invent a new monicker for the elusive fellow. Safire says that after the election is over, the candidate himself, having heard how hard Charlie Regan worked for the cause, usually writes a thank-you letter to him.

Those who are already tired of the Civil War can read *Will Success Spoil Jeff Davis?* (McGraw-Hill), a highly irreverent view of various and sundry North-South features and events. T. Lawrence Connelly, the author, is chairman of the History Department at Presbyterian College. He not only needles the generals and the armies and the shooting match, but he takes out after Southern cooking, too. The effect of drinking a mint julep, he says, can be had by swilling vodka while chewing gum. As for Chess pie, it's "a sticky and loathsome concoction of eggs, butter, and too much sugar."

Professor Connelly points out that there were 10,455 engagements fought between North and South, of which seventy-six were classified as battles and 6,377 as skirmishes. Before reading about the Civil War, he says, familiarize yourself with the terminology:

Campaign: what a General calls a maneuver if it is successful.

Reconnaissance: an unsuccessful maneuver.

Battle: a fight that a General wins.

Skirmish: a fight that a General loses.

Strategic Withdrawal: a fight in which the General gets the stuffing beat out of him.

Raid: a successful attack on a Union chickenhouse.

Siege: the successful capture of a distillery.

The author calls it "the last book about the Civil War" and he may be close to right. It won't be the last word, though.

My comments about Sara Henderson Hay's second look at fairy tales reminded Beatrice Lieber of Chicago of something that took place last year in her kindergarten class. She told the story "The Three Little Pigs." As she concluded with the wolf's demise in the pot of boiling water, she noticed a little boy on the verge of tears. When the teacher asked him what was wrong, he replied:

"I'm thinking of the *wolf's* family!"

There may be others, but Sidney Offit is the only fellow I know who waits on table in the summers so he can write books during the rest of the year. For the last ten years he has done this, eventually becoming hotel steward, a job that entails planning the menu, supervising the kitchen staff, and buying the food. The hotel is the Aladdin in Woodbourne, New York. Offit originally got the job because the establishment is owned by his wife's parents, but there is nothing sinister about this. They like the books he writes as well as the way he runs the kitchen.

In the off-season the Offits move to

"Are you kidding? I have to study for my midterms."

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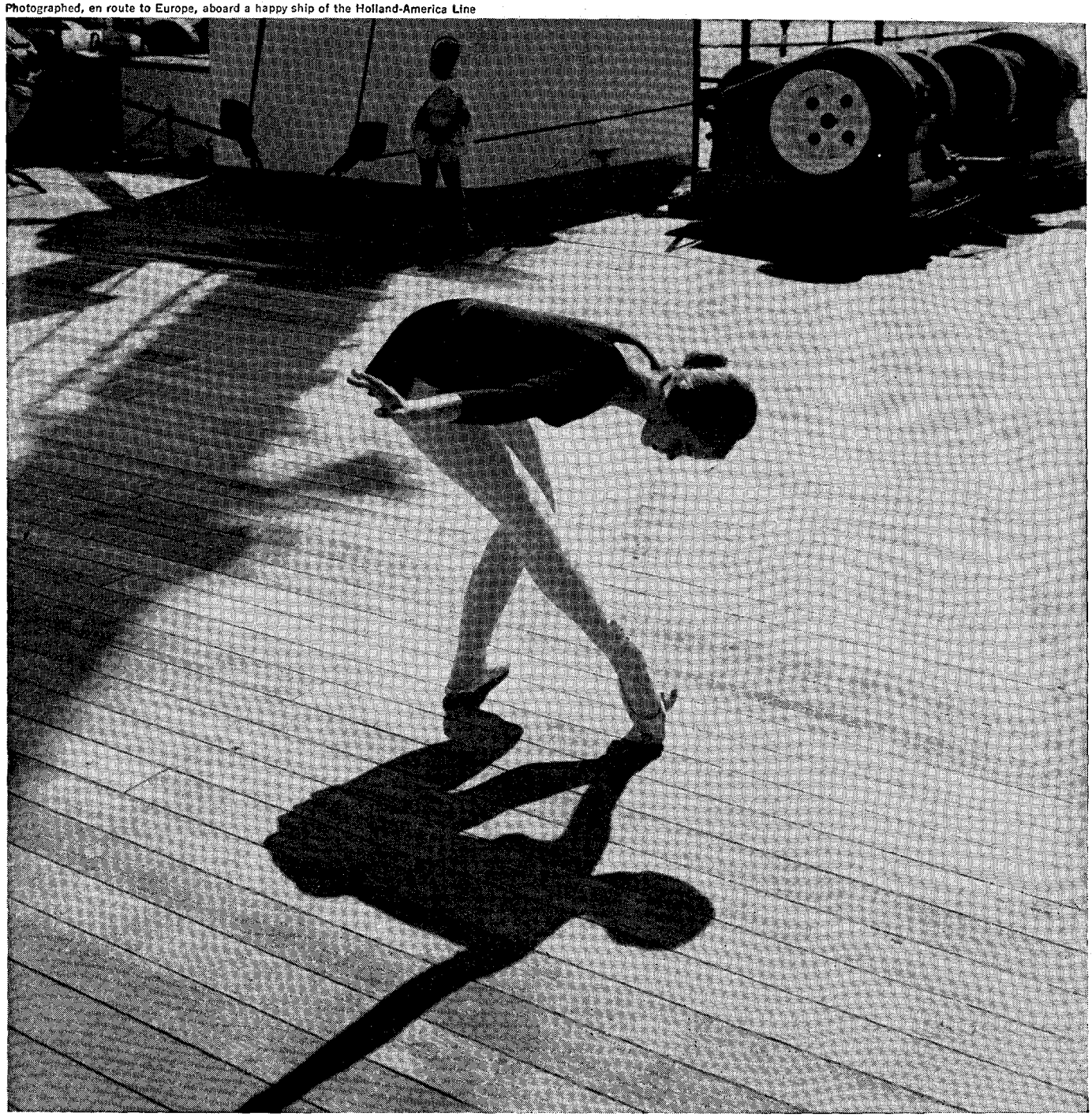
Photographed, en route to Europe, aboard a happy ship of the Holland-America Line



Can you do as you please aboard Holland-America? Ask Sheila Folstein.

Among the many lovely sights on a recent Atlantic crossing were the ballet exercises of Miss Sheila Folstein of Washington, D.C., a dancer on her way to London.

We talked to Miss Folstein, and this is what she said: "This is my first trip on the Holland-America Line, and it's a wonderful experience. Everyone is so gay and friendly—crew and passengers alike. The ship is beautiful and so spacious. There are dozens of secluded spots where I can exercise without collecting a crowd. I've had a perfectly marvelous trip, and I'm looking forward to a repeat performance."

If you'd like to know about Holland-America's many sailings to Europe, ask your travel agent. But if you want to know how much fun a voyage can be, ask the people.

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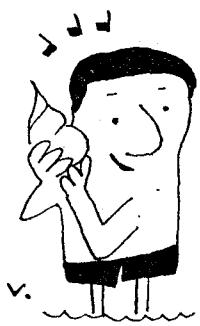
New York, where Mrs. Offit is a full-time medical student at NYU. There are two young sons who go to public school. Offit is involved in a dozen community and neighborhood activities which I haven't room to describe. He also manages an apartment building of which he is part owner. He has found the time to write five books for children, the latest of which, *Soupbone*, St. Martin's just published. He is at work on his third novel for Crown Publishers.

"I have never listed all this on the back jacket of a book," he explains, "because it seems to be just another writer struggling to provide for his family, keep in touch, and secure some free hours for the typewriter."



Sharps and Flats: You'll be interested to know that Mac E. Barrick of the Department of Foreign Languages of Lycoming College has made a study of what he calls elephant riddles. His interest is the geographical movement of this phenomenon. I lent him the many letters you people sent me containing these peculiar stories, and he did a lot of research in other places. He reports to me: "I was amazed to see how widespread they really were. The letters would indicate that the elephant riddles originated on the West Coast in 1962 and spread, probably through college students, across the country by early summer, 1963."

Those college students. First mononucleosis, and now this!

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1551)

Oliver Hale:
ABOUT REMEMBRANCE

The haunt is in what we recall;
there are the efforts not made, and
the golden unvisited land,
the great books never taken down at all
from the shelves on the wall.

Not to look back is best, . . .
for . . . every Helen is at the cost
of Troy, and a world lost.

A moving plea to subscribers on the move

We don't like to burden you with our problems.

But since your cooperation is essential in helping us solve one of them, we hope you won't mind wading through the next few paragraphs to find out how you can help us save money, improve subscription service, and continue *Saturday Review's* editorial growth.

Here is the problem:

Recent changes in postal regulations have greatly increased the expense of handling copies which are not correctly addressed.

If you move without notifying us or your post office, your copies of Saturday Review are not forwarded. Nor are they returned to us. They do no one any good. The local post office sends us notification, however, that your copies were *not* delivered . . . and each of these notifications cost us ten cents. We lose ten cents per notification . . . plus the cost of the undelivered copies . . . the expense of tracking down your new address . . . and the outlay for sending you the missing copies if they are available. Multiply this by the tens of thousands of subscribers who change their addresses each year, and you can easily see that the waste of money and manpower could be considerable.

We would rather put that same money and manpower to work on the editorial side—continuing to add to *Saturday Review* new and important material to increase your reading enjoyment each week.

That is why your cooperation is so important to us, to yourself, to all *Saturday Review* readers:

Please notify us at least four weeks in advance if you plan to move or be away from home for any considerable length of time.

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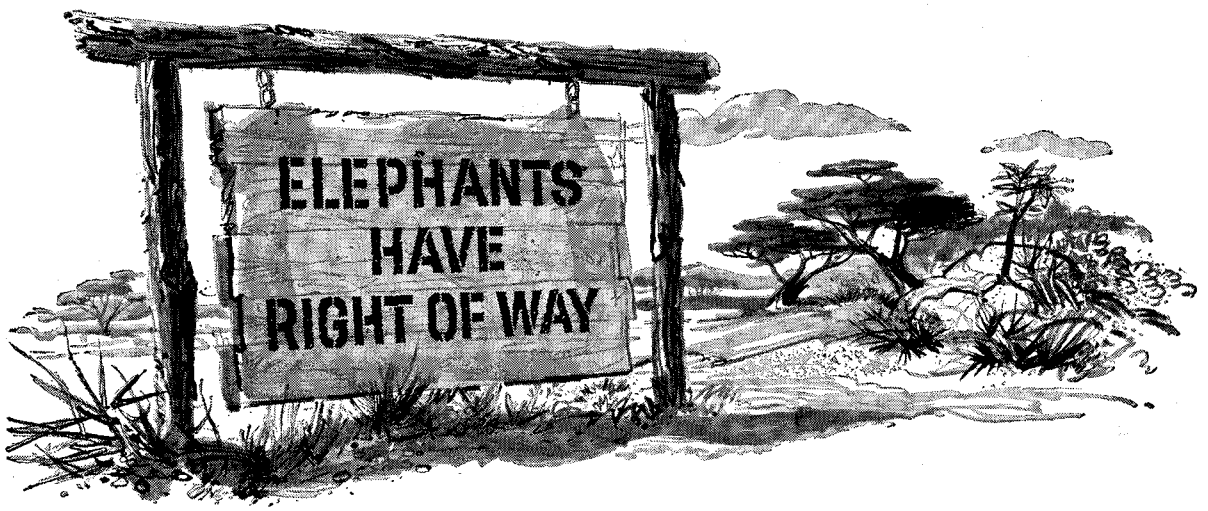
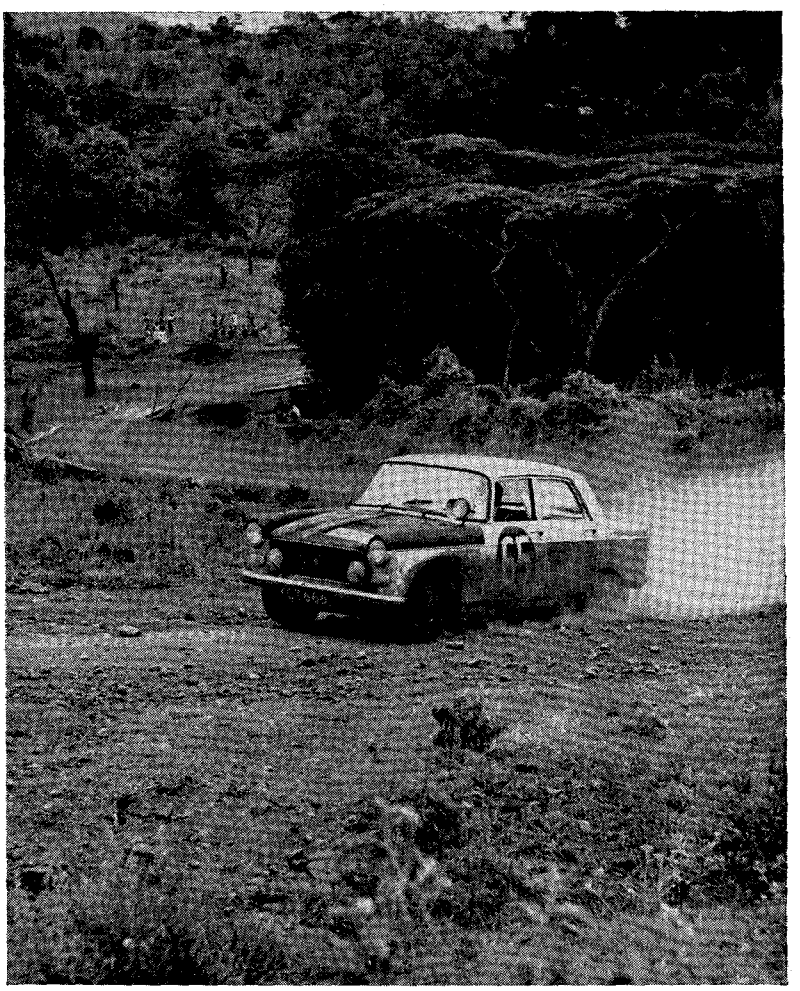


Peugeot encountered many extraordinary signs —and difficulties—in winning the recent East African Safari. Lions, giant anteaters, hub-deep mud, stampedes, cloudbursts and hairpin turns were a few of the joys of the annual event some auto manufacturers shun like the plague. LIFE calls it: "The most punishing ordeal on earth for drivers and stock cars." TIME says: "If there were a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles, there would be no East African Safari."

The 1963 version of hell on wheels was the most fantastic in history. 84 cars began. Exactly 7 finished. *3 of the seven were Peugeots, the winning Peugeot finishing an hour and fifteen minutes ahead of its nearest competitor!*

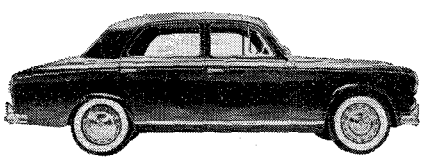
As the rally got underway, torrential rains had washed out many of the trails that are laughingly called roads, and cars bogged down right and left. Rocks slashed the gas tanks and tires of other cars. Once the front-running Peugeot, blocked by two stalled cars, had to swing off the road and smash through a tropical forest in order to continue the course. The Peugeot entries completed every tortuous inch of the 3130-mile course taking first, fifth and sixth places in overall rankings and first and second in their class.

What does all this prove, since none of us will ever face similar driving conditions? It proves that Peugeot is built with integrity. Body steel is heavier. Bumpers and trim are stainless steel, not chrome. Every single Peugeot is test-driven. Every part, down to nuts and bolts, is scrutinized. Peugeot has earned a nickname we're proud of. The Indestructible. This car combines extraordinary performance with amazing durability. Test drive a Peugeot and you'll see what we mean.

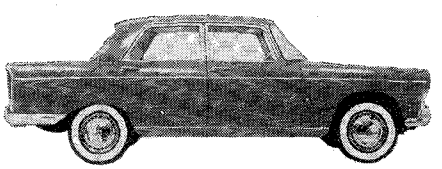


PEUGEOT

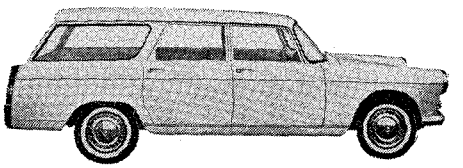
(Say Pooj-oh)



PEUGEOT 403: $2295 East Coast POE, $2387 West Coast POE. *Called one of the seven best made cars in the world by John Bond, publisher of Road & Track.*



PEUGEOT 404: $2645 East Coast POE, $2736 West Coast POE. *Designed to be even better than the 403.*



PEUGEOT STATION WAGON: $2795 East Coast POE, $2875 West Coast POE.

For brochure write: Peugeot, Inc., 97-45 Queens Boulevard, Rego Park, New York.
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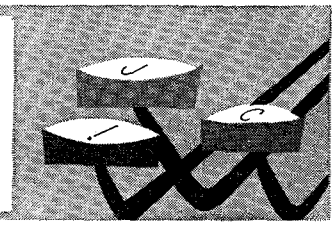
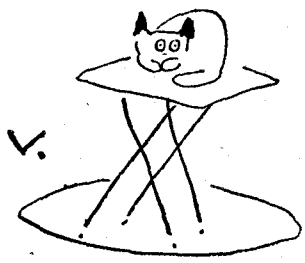
Manner of Speaking



American Antiquities: Once upon a time there was a man named Alexander Botts who sold Caterpillar Earthworm Tractors, or Earthworm Caterpillar Tractors, or whatever they were, for a magazine that is still called the *Saturday Evening Post*, that used to be written for by a man named William Hazlitt Upson, who was and, I am happy to say, is a good friend of mine despite certain political opinions for which I forgive him every summer at Bread Loaf, Vermont, which is a part of the country in which the political opinions for which I forgive him have a certain indigenous though waning tenacity largely associated with such adjectives as "staunch" and "rock-ribbed" and with such philosophies as "rugged individualism" and "cash on the barrelhead," especially if the barrel so cashed on contains hard cider, of which—I am bound to note—my friend is not prominently an imbiber. Bread Loaf, of course, is the scene of the annual Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, of which I am not only a partisan but the director, and of which William Hazlitt Upson is both a friend and neighbor.

Mr. Upson is also a passionate student of local Vermont history, and it was from him that I learned that the most ancient date on any tombstone in the United States was to be found in the Middlebury Cemetery (the one by Middlebury College, which stands about twelve miles from Bread Loaf, eight of them down the mountain to East Middlebury and four of them north on Route 7.) Nor is the ancient date a mere matter of early colonial history. It is no less than 1883 B.C.

Mr. Upson, in the best Vermont tradition, is not above pulling a city slicker's leg, and though I should happily trust him with my best watch and the family silver, I was prepared to doubt him on this point till I made the trip myself and saw it with my own eyes.



You enter the main gate of the cemetery (across from the Middlebury College fieldhouse), watch the tombstones on the left until you come to one marked "Chipman," turn left, and there it is:

ASHES OF AMUN-HER-KHEPESH-EE

AGED TWO YEARS
SON OF SEN WOSET 3RD
KING OF EGYPT AND HIS WIFE
HATHOR-HOTPE
1883 B.C.

Above the inscription, in a row, you will find an ankh, a cross, and what must have been meant to be an ibis except that it emerged as some sort of chicken. Such are the details, as any man may verify for himself. The story, as I have it from Mr. Upson, runs about as follows:

Some years ago a man named Sheldon decided to establish a museum in Middlebury (it is still there), and since no museum could qualify without at least one Egyptian mummy, he traveled to New York and dickered for one, settling for a baby, since his budget would not permit the full regal splendors. On the death of Mr. Sheldon the museum was closed down for a number of years. I do not know how many, but they were more than enough for the mummy, which had been left in the attic. A Vermont attic can generate a sort of Dutch-oven effect unknown to the ancient sacred crypts of Egypt, and when the museum was reopened Amun-Her-Khepesh-Ee gave powerful evidence of standing in need of reburial.

The new owner, a man of principle, felt that nothing less than Christian burial would do. As I have it from Mr. Upson, the new owner's friends and advisers did point out that Prince Amun-Etc. was not a Christian, but they were told that principle is principle, that Vermont is a Christian state in a Christian country, and that nothing but Christian burial would do.

The new owner's exact interpretation of Christian rites seem to have been a bit disconnected, as the story goes, for he proceeded to cremate the mummy in the furnace of the building next door. No one was able to tell me why it was the furnace of the building next door rather than that of the museum itself. Perhaps the museum furnace had also run out of time in the years since Mr. Sheldon's death. But the rites, if a bit slack in the method of cremation, certainly included formal burial in the family plot, and there stands the headstone to prove it: main entrance, Chipman tombstone on the left, turn left, and about the fourth or fifth headstone on your right.

Mr. Upson also told me about another one in the same cemetery, this one reported to read:

FAITHFUL HUSBAND
THOU ART AT REST
UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

I spent two hours prowling around for that one and could not find it. Three Middlebury residents whom I believe to be reliable assure me that it exists, and I shall have another try at it come next year. As I shall for one in another cemetery that reads, as Mr. Upson assures me:

HE WAS PIOUS
WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM

That one would, of course, require a footnote on the language. In the eighteenth century an "enthusiast" was one who carried things to fanciful excess, the term succeeding the seventeenth-century epithet "fantastic," and perhaps foreshadowing what the beatniks now mean by "way-out." A pious man, morever, would have been understood to be one who walked soberly in the ways of the Lord. Let that be a lesson to any man who thinks of committing his sentiments to stone, a material too often given to outlasting the meanings we try to hammer into it.

My last antiquity is not from stone but from one of the living, as we may say. I overheard it on one of the wide verandas of summer with the sun stippling through the laceworks of the wisteria at one of those inns that seem to arrest time with a grace much like that of a country cemetery.

A very sweet and very birdy lady of the sort the late Helen Hokinson would have recognized at once was sitting with her near-twin in the row of wickers just in front of me, and I heard her say: "I live such a *qui*-et life. I just *can't* understand my dreams: they are so *wild!*"

Poor doddering old sweet. It seems that our psyche's enthusiasm can be too much for even our best-intentioned pieties. What I found myself thinking was "*La chair est triste,*" which is, I think I remember, from René Char, but don't ever trust my memory for the right name to the right quotation. My dreams are seldom as wild as my attributions are likely to be.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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An open letter to Saturday Review readers from Roger Stevens

Stevens Productions, Inc. 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

November 26, 1963

Dear Saturday Review Reader:

At lunch recently, Saturday Review's Publisher and I were discussing the terrible ordeal the average person faces in getting tickets to outstanding Broadway shows.

There is no point in going into all the difficulties that confront the ticket buyer ... or the reasons why. Nor can we expect to reform the theatre overnight. The fact remains that theatregoers cannot simply decide to see a particular show, and then go out to see it. There's generally an obstacle course to conquer first -- despite the fact that good seats are generally available.

As we spoke, it occurred to me that Saturday Review readers represented an unusually literate and discerning group of theatregoers ... a group that could quickly prove or disprove the validity of an idea I have had to provide choice seats for choice shows -- with no red tape, no increase in box-office prices.

My idea -- and I hope you will think well of it -- is to reserve a block of choice seats exclusively for Saturday Review readers at those shows with which I am affiliated: THE PRIVATE EAR and THE PUBLIC EYE, A CASE OF LIBEL and MARY, MARY.

I don't think I need to go into details about these plays. Each has been reviewed in these pages, discussed wherever theatregoers gather. However, I should like to point out that all three productions should be particularly enjoyable for Saturday Review readers because they respect your intelligence and good taste.

All you need do to get seats to any or all of my three current shows is fill out the House Seat Orders below and bring or mail them directly to the theatres. No standing in line. You are guaranteed choice seats at regular box-office prices.

This new plan is a challenge -- for me and Saturday Review theatregoers. If response is as good as I hope, both of us will benefit and I'll be coming back to you with opportunities to enjoy other leading attractions in the future.

Sincerely,

Roger L. Stevens

Roger Stevens

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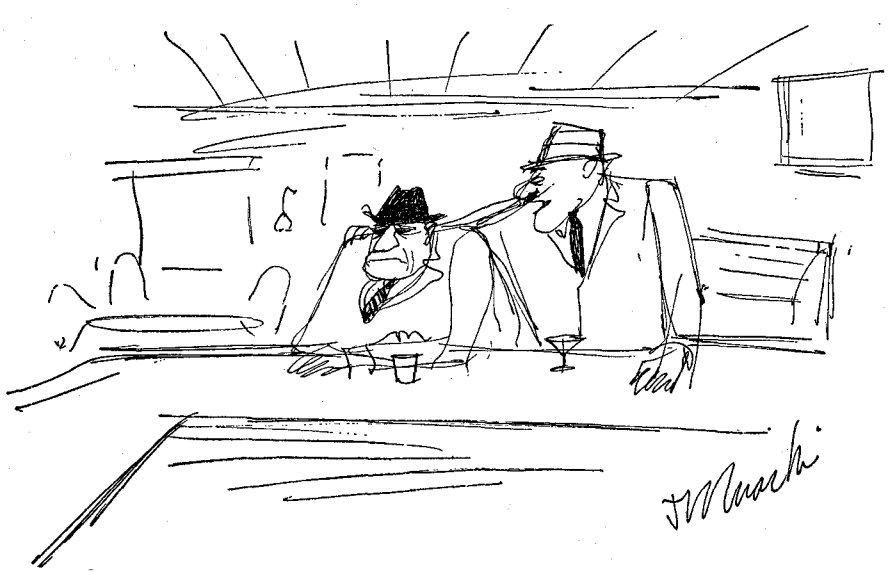

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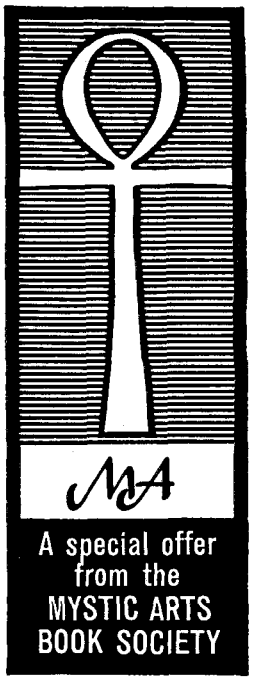

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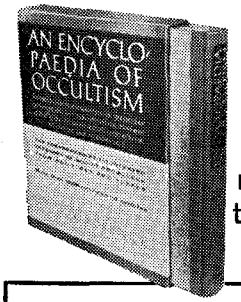

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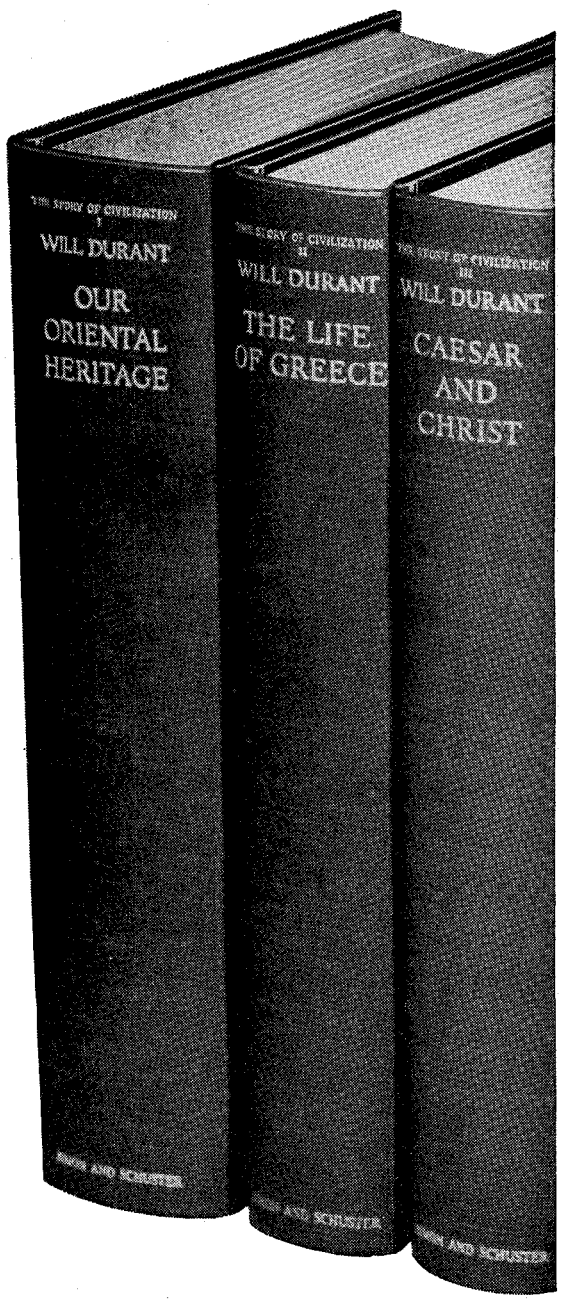

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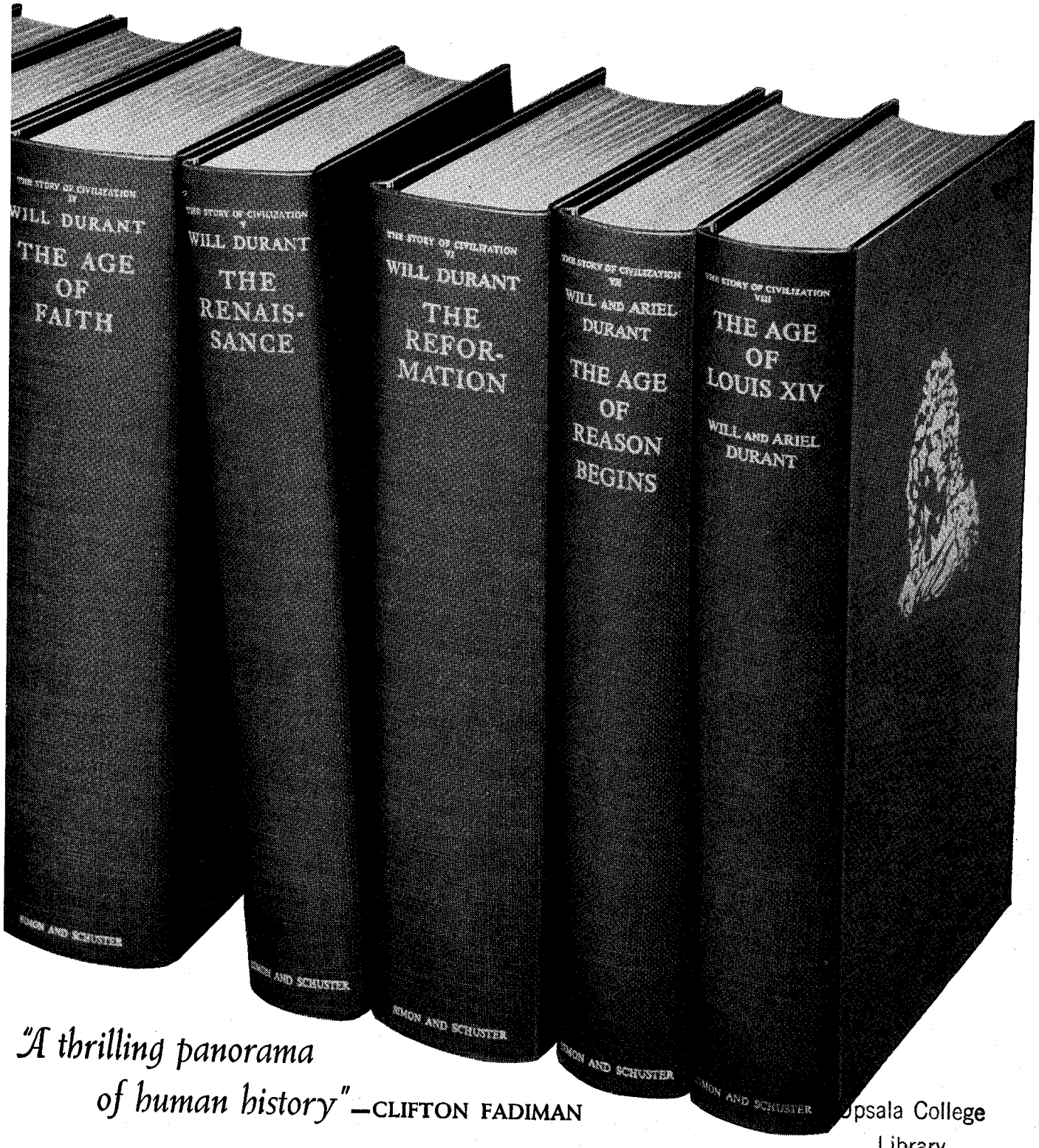

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By Erich Fromm

Creators and Destroyers

In two polar attitudes toward life and death, says an eminent author, are found revealing clues to man's perplexities in the twentieth century.

MANY PEOPLE are aware of the possibility of nuclear war; they are aware of the destruction such a war could bring with it—and yet they seemingly make no effort to avoid it. Most of us are puzzled by this behavior because we start out from the premise that people love life and fear death. Perhaps we should be less puzzled if we questioned this premise. Maybe there are many people who are indifferent to life and many others who do not love life but who do love death.

There is an orientation which we may call love of life (biophilia); it is the normal orientation among healthy persons. But there is also to be found in others a deep attraction to death which, following Unamuno's classic speech made at the University of Salamanca (1936), I call necrophilia. It is the attitude which a Franco general, Millán Astray, expressed in the slogan "Long live death," thus provoking Unamuno's protest against this "necrophilous and senseless cry."

Who is a necrophilous person?

He is one who is attracted to and fascinated by all that is not alive, to all that is dead; to corpses, to decay, to feces, to dirt. Necrophiles are those people who love to talk about sickness, burials, death. They come to life precisely when they can talk about death. A clear example of the pure necrophilous type was Hitler. He was fascinated by destruction, and the smell of death was sweet to him. While in the years of success it may have appeared that he wanted only to destroy those whom he considered his enemies, the days of the *Götterdämmerung* at the end showed that his deepest satisfaction lay in witnessing total and absolute destruction: that of the German people, of those around him, and of himself.

The necrophilous dwell in the past, never in the future. Their feelings are essentially sentimental; that is, they nurse the memory of feelings which they had yesterday—or believe that they had. They are cold, distant, devotees of "law and order." Their values are precisely the reverse of the values we connect with normal life; not life, but death excites and satisfies them.

If one wants to understand the influence of men like Hitler and Stalin, it lies precisely in their unlimited capacity and willingness to kill. For this they were loved by the necrophiles. Of the rest, many were afraid of them and so preferred to admire, rather than to be aware of, their fear. Many others did not sense the necrophilous quality of these leaders and saw in them the builders, saviors, good fathers. If the necrophilous leaders had not pretended that they were builders and protectors, the number of people attracted to them would hardly have been sufficient to help them seize power, and the number of those repelled by them would probably soon have led to their downfall.

While life is characterized by growth in a structured, functional manner, the necrophilous principle is all that which does not grow, that which is mechanical. The necrophilous person is driven by the desire to transform the organic into the inorganic, to approach life mechanically, as if all living persons were things. All living processes, feelings, and thoughts are transformed into things. Memory, rather than experience—having, rather than being—are what count. The necrophilous person can relate to an object—a flower or a person—only if he possesses it; hence, a threat to his possession is a threat to himself; if he loses possession he loses contact with the world. That is why we find the paradoxical reaction that he would rather lose life than possession, even though, by losing life, he who possesses has ceased to exist. He loves control, and in the act of controlling he kills life. He is deeply afraid of life, because it is disorderly and uncontrollable by its very nature. The woman who wrongly claims to be the mother of the child in the story of Solomon's judgment is typical of this tendency; she would rather have a properly divided dead child than lose a living one. To the necrophilous person justice means correct division, and they are willing to kill or die for the sake of what they call justice. "Law and order" for them are idols, and everything that threatens law and order is felt as a satanic attack against their supreme values.

THE necrophilous person is attracted to darkness and night. In mythology and poetry (as well as in dreams) he is attracted to caves, or to the depth of the ocean, or depicted as being blind. (The trolls in Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* are a good example.) All that is away from or directed against life attracts him. He wants to return to the dark-

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Erich Fromm is the author of a number of books on psychology, ethics, and contemporary social problems, among them *The Art of Loving, Beyond the Chains of Illusion, and May Man Prevail?* This article is a preview of his new book, *The Heart of Man: Its Genius for Good and Evil*, which will be published by Harper & Row later this year.

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"The bureaucratic-industrial civilization that has been victorious in Europe and North America has created a new type of man—a 'gadget man,' deeply attracted to all that is mechanical and inclined against all that is alive."

ness of the womb, to the past of inorganic or subhuman existence. He is essentially oriented to the past, not to the future, which he hates and fears. Related to this is his craving for certainty. But life is never certain, never predictable, never controllable; in order to make life controllable, it must be transformed into death; death, indeed, is the only thing about life that is certain to him.

The necrophilous person can often be recognized by his looks and his gestures. He is cold, his skin looks dead, and often he has an expression on his face as though he were smelling a bad odor. (This expression could be clearly seen in Hitler's face.) He is orderly and obsessive. This aspect of the necrophilous person has been demonstrated to the world in the figure of Eichmann. Eichmann was fascinated by order and death. His supreme values were obedience and the proper functioning of the organization. He transported Jews as he would have transported coal. That they were human beings was hardly within the field of his vision; hence, even the problem of his having hated or not hated his victims is irrelevant. He was the perfect bureaucrat who had transformed all life into the administration of things.

But examples of the necrophilous character are by no means to be found only among the inquisitors, the Hitlers and the Eichmanns. There are any number of individuals who do not have the opportunity and the power to kill, yet whose necrophilia expresses itself in other and (superficially seen) more harmless ways. An example is the mother who will always be interested in her child's sickness, in his failures, in dark prognoses for the future; at the same time she will not be impressed by a favorable change nor respond to her child's joy, nor will she notice anything new that is growing within him. We might find that her dreams deal with sickness, death, corpses, blood. She does not harm the child in any obvious way, yet she may slowly strangle the child's joy of life, his faith in growth, and eventually infect him with her own necrophilous orientation.

My description may have given the impression that *all* the features mentioned here are necessarily found in the necrophilous person. It is true that such divergent features as the wish to kill, the worship of force, the attraction to death and dirt, sadism, the wish to transform the organic into the inorganic through "order" are all part of the same basic orientation. Yet so far as individuals are concerned, there are considerable differences with respect to the strength of these respective trends. Any one of the features mentioned here may be more pronounced in one person than in another. Furthermore, the degree to which a person is necrophilous in comparison with his biophilous aspects and the degree to which a person is aware of necrophilous tendencies and rationalizes them vary considerably from person to person.

Yet the concept of the necrophilous type is by no means an abstraction or summary of various disparate behavior trends. Necrophilia constitutes a fundamental orientation; it is the one answer to life that is in complete opposition to life; it is the most morbid and the most dangerous among the orientations to life of which man is capable. It is true perversion; while living, not life but death is loved—not growth, but destruction. The necrophilous person, if he dares to be aware of what he feels, expresses the motto of his life when he says: "Long live death!"

The opposite of the necrophilous orientation is the biophilous one; its essence is love of life in contrast to love of death. Like necrophilia, biophilia is not constituted by a single trait but represents a total orientation, an entire way of being. It is manifested in a person's bodily processes, in his emotions, in his thoughts, in his gestures; the biophilous orientation expresses itself in the whole man.

The person who fully loves life is attracted by the process of life in all spheres. He prefers to construct, rather than to retain. He is capable of wondering, and he prefers to see something new to the security of finding the old confirmed. He loves the adventure of living more than he does certainty. His approach to life is functional rather than mechanical. He sees the whole rather than only the parts, structures rather than summations. He wants to mold and to influence by love, by reason, by his example—not by force, by cutting things apart, by the bureaucratic manner of administering people as if they were things. He enjoys life and all its manifestations, rather than mere excitement.

Biophilic ethics has its own principle of good and evil. Good is all that serves life, evil is all that serves death. Good is reverence for life (this is the main thesis of Albert Schweitzer, one of the great representatives of the love of life—both in his writings and in his person), and all that enhances life. Evil is all that stifles life, narrows it down,

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cuts it into pieces. Thus it is from the standpoint of life-ethics that the Bible mentions as the central sin of the Hebrews: "Because thou didst not serve thy Lord with joy and gladness of heart in the abundance of all things."

THE conscience of the biophilous person is not one of forcing oneself to refrain from evil and to do good. It is not the superego described by Freud, a strict taskmaster employing sadism against oneself for the sake of virtue. The biophilous conscience is motivated by its attraction to life and joy; the moral effort consists in strengthening the life-loving side in oneself. For this reason the biophile does not dwell in remorse and guilt, which are, after all, only aspects of self-loathing and sadness. He turns quickly to life and attempts to do good.

Spinoza's *Ethics* is a striking example of biophilic morality. "Pleasure," he says, "in itself is not bad but good; contrariwise, pain in itself is bad." And in the same spirit: "A free man thinks of death least of all things; and his wisdom is a meditation not of death but of life." Love of life underlies the various versions of humanistic philosophy. In various conceptual forms these philosophies are in the same vein as Spinoza's; they express the principle that the same man loves life; that man's aim in life is to be attracted by all that is alive and to separate himself from all that is dead and mechanical.

The dichotomy of biophilia–necrophilia is the same as Freud's life-and-death instinct. I believe, as Freud did, that this is the most fundamental polarity that exists. However, there is one important difference. Freud assumes that the striving toward death and toward life are two biologically given tendencies inherent in all living substance, that their respective strengths are relatively constant, and that there is only one alternative within the operation of the death instinct—namely, that it can be directed against the outside world or against oneself. In contrast to these assumptions I believe that necrophilia is not a normal biological tendency, but a pathological phenomenon—in fact, the most malignant pathology that exists in man.

What are we, the people of the United States today, with respect to necrophilia and biophilia? Undoubtedly our spiritual tradition is one of love of life. And not only this. Was there ever a culture with more love of "fun" and excitement, or with greater opportunities for the majority to enjoy fun and excitement? But even if this is so, fun and excitement are not the same as joy and love of life; perhaps underneath there is indifference to life, or attraction to death?

To answer this question we must consider the nature of our bureaucratized, industrial, mass civilization. Our approach to life becomes increasingly mechanical. The aim of social efforts is to produce things, and in the process of idolatry of things we transform ourselves into commodities. The question here is not whether they are treated nicely and are well fed (things, too, can be treated nicely); the question is whether people are things or living beings.

People love mechanical gadgets more than living beings. The approach to man is intellectual-abstract. One is interested in people as objects, in their common properties, in the statistical rules of mass behavior, not in living individuals. All this goes together with the increasing role of bureaucratic methods. In giant centers of production, giant cities, giant countries, men are administered as if they were things; men and their administrators are transformed into things, and they obey the law of things. In a bureaucratically organized and centralized industrialism, men's tastes are manipulated so that they consume maximally and in predictable and profitable directions. Their intelligence and character become standardized by the ever-increasing use of tests, which select the mediocre and unadventurous over the original and daring.

Indeed, the bureaucratic-industrial civilization that has been victorious in Europe and North America has created a new type of man. He has been described as the "organization man" and as *homo consumens*. He is in addition the *homo mechanicus*. By this I mean a "gadget man," deeply attracted to all that is mechanical and inclined against all that is alive. It is, of course, true that man's biological and physiological equipment provides him with such strong sexual impulses that even the *homo mechanicus* still has sexual desires and looks for women. But there is no doubt that the gadget man's interest in women is diminishing. A New Yorker cartoon pointed to this very amusingly: a salesgirl trying to sell a certain brand of perfume to a young female customer recommends it by remarking, "It smells like a new sports car."

INDEED, any observer of men's behavior today will confirm that this cartoon is more than a clever joke. There are apparently a great number of men who are more interested in sports-cars, television and radio sets, space travel, and any number of gadgets than they are in women, love, nature, food; who are more stimulated by the manipulation of non-organic, mechanical things than by life. Their attitude toward a woman is like that toward a car: you push the button and watch it race. It is not even too far-fetched to assume that *homo mechanicus* has more pride in, and is more fascinated by, devices that can kill millions of people across a distance of several thousands of miles within minutes than he is frightened and depressed by the possibility of such mass destruction.

Homo mechanicus still likes sex and

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drink. But all these pleasures are sought for in the frame of reference of the mechanical and the unalive. He expects that there must be a button which, if pushed, brings happiness, love, pleasure. (Many go to a psychoanalyst under the illusion that he can teach them to find the button.) The *homo mechanicus* becomes more and more interested in the manipulation of machines, rather than in the participation in and response to life. Hence he becomes indifferent to life, fascinated by the mechanical, and eventually attracted by death and total destruction. This affinity between the love of destruction and the love of the mechanical may well have been expressed for the first time in Marinetti's *Futurist Manifesto* (1909). "A roaring motor-car, which looks as though running on a shrapnel is more beautiful than the *Victory of Samothrace*. . . . We wish to glorify war—the only health-giver of the world—militarism, patriotism, the destructive arm of the Anarchist, the beautiful Ideas that kill the contempt for woman."

Briefly then, intellectualization, quantification, abstractification, bureaucratization, and reification—the very characteristics of modern industrial society—when applied to people rather than to things are not the principles of life but those of mechanics. People living in such a system must necessarily become indifferent to life, even attracted to death. They are not aware of this. They take the thrills of excitement for the joys of life and live under the illusion that they are very much alive when they only have many things to own and to use. The lack of protest against nuclear war and the discussion of our "atomologists" of the balance sheet of total or half-total destruction show how far we have already gone into the "valley of the shadow of death."*

To speak of the necrophilous quality of our industrial civilization does not imply that industrial production as such is necessarily contrary to the principles of life. The question is whether the principles of social organization and of life are subordinated to those of mechanization, or whether the principles of life are the dominant ones. Obviously, the industrialized world has not found thus far an answer to the question posed here: How is it possible to create a humanist industrialism as against the bureaucratic mass industrialism that rules our lives today?

The danger of nuclear war is so grave that man may arrive at a new barbarism before he has even a chance to find the road to a humanist industrialism. Yet not all hope is lost; hence we might ask ourselves whether the hypothesis developed here could in any way contribute to finding peaceful solutions. I believe it might be useful in several ways. First of all, an awareness of our pathological situation, while not yet a cure, is nevertheless a first step. If more people became aware of the difference between love of life and love of death, if they became aware that they themselves are already far gone in the direction of indifference or of necrophilia, this shock alone could produce new and healthy reactions.

Furthermore, the sensitivity toward those who recommend death might be increased. Many might see through the pious rationalizations of the death lovers and change their admiration for them to disgust. Beyond this, our hypothesis would suggest one thing to those concerned with peace and survival: that every effort must be made to weaken the attraction of death and to strengthen the attraction of life. Why not declare that there is only one truly dangerous subversion, the subversion of life? Why do not those who represent the traditions of religion and humanism speak up and say that there is no deadlier sin than love for death and contempt for life? Why not encourage our best brains—scientists, artists, educators—to make suggestions on how to arouse and stimulate love for life as opposed to love for gadgets? I know love for gadgets brings profits to the corporations, while love for life requires fewer things and hence is less profitable. Maybe it *is* too late. Maybe the neutron bomb which leaves entire cities intact, but without life, is to be the symbol of our civilization. But again, those of us who love life will not cease the struggle against necrophilia.

"Of course I believe your story—too bad you're in the wrong house."

*I suggest an empirical program of research: 1) construct a good depth questionnaire that permits the differentiation of the necrophilic from the biophilic orientation; 2) apply this questionnaire to a stratified sample of the population of the United States; 3) find out what the percentage of both main orientations and the most important mixtures between them are; 4) correlate the psychological orientation with political attitudes, especially those to war and peace, to find out whether the thesis presented here is corroborated by the statistical evidence; 5) study the correlations between the necrophilic and biophilic orientations with other factors like education, social status, philosophy of life, etc., in order to see which factors seem to have a causal relation to the two orientations, respectively; 6) form pilot groups and study which conditions and changes lead to a change in orientation.

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AMERICANS LOOK AT THE ATLANTIC FUTURE

By ELMO ROPER

AS President Johnson picks up the threads of U.S.-European relations, what is the mood of the country he must lead? The effects of his own leadership on the Atlantic future are yet to be measured. But Atlantic unity has had some troubles recently, as old and trusted allies have shown a new and sometimes bewildering independence.

Has our faith in this country's system of alliances been shaken? Are there any signs that we are turning away from Europe with a newborn reliance on our power to "go it alone"? These questions were explored in considerable detail in a survey recently completed by Elmo Roper and Associates for the Atlantic Council of the United States. Probably the most comprehensive study of American attitudes toward foreign affairs since the end of World War II, it reveals a number of interesting things about the present American outlook on the world.

1. Diehard isolationism is passing out of the picture—and it has even less of a following in the once notoriously isolationist Middle West than in the country as a whole. Twenty-five years ago, it was Midwestern voices that were raised loudest in protest against the danger of European entanglements. Today, the isolationist concept of "Fortress America" arouses even less enthusiasm in that region than in the country as a whole. This policy alternative, "To rely completely on building up our own American military strength and keep it so strong that no one will dare attack this country—whatever may happen in the rest of the world," is favored by only 17 per cent across the nation and only 15 per cent in the Middle West.

On another question, the isolationist position that "We shouldn't get tied up in any more alliances or joint commitments with other countries, and we should aim at getting out of as many as we can as soon as we can" attracted only 6 per cent of the nation and only 5 per cent of Midwesterners. An even more extreme solution to our international problems, preventive war, has almost no appeal: 3 per cent in the nation and only 2 per cent in the Middle West think this is a feasible policy alternative. Finally, that isolationism is dying is made clear by the fact that its appeal is largely to the older and less educated people.

2. What isolationism remains is largely economic isolationism. We found, for example, a small group who wanted us to pull back from our ties with Western Europe. When we asked them why, we found that for the most part they weren't worried about military problems or political involvements; they simply wanted us to stop spending all that money on foreign aid. "We have given too much too long," was the complaint. "Europe should stand on its own two feet." "We should reduce our taxes and spend the money here instead of on people who aren't our real friends anyway." Only a few expressed the fear that too much involvement in European affairs would rob us of our independence or lead to war. The rest were driven by a feeling that we have been playing "Santa Claus" to an ungrateful world. This is a new, distinctly post-World War II form of isolationism in which economic resentments replace the old political and military fears of "foreign entanglements." However, it should be emphasized that these resentments according to all the data that was gathered are the governing factor to only a very small group in the population.

3. Americans still have faith in the U.N.—and this reliance has grown over the past ten years. To find out how the patterns of thinking have shifted in recent years, we repeated a question which we asked just ten years ago about the best way to arrive at world peace. The results were uncannily similar, with two subtle but significant differences. We found, as I have already reported, that only 6 per cent want us to withdraw from our international commitments—as compared to 9 per cent ten years ago. A minority—but a large minority—want us to go considerably beyond present commitments to create new international institutions. Both now and a decade ago 6 per cent would like to see a union of democracies and 11 per cent favor world government as the best way to peace. Support for the "U.N. as is" remains the same: 22 per cent today; 21 per cent in 1953. A few more people today are looking to a strengthened United Nations as the best way to prevent war: 39 per cent would like to see more power given to the U.N., as compared with 35 per cent ten years ago.

Are all our hopes for peace, then, concentrated on that sometimes overburdened institution, the U.N.? Do we believe that the U.N., with its useful but definitely limited powers, can save the nations of the world from their own conflicts and aggressions? The answer is a resounding no.

4. Most Americans realize that the U.N. is not enough, and that it must be supplemented by strong ties with other friendly countries. While there is some fear—expressed by 35 per cent—that separate alliances run the risk of weakening the United Nations, the vast majority—74 per cent of the people we interviewed—are convinced that "The United Nations alone can't keep the world at peace, so we *must* have strong ties with other countries in addition." We recognize that the U.N., with its heterogeneous make-up, its crippling veto powers, and its inability to coerce the good behavior of its members, cannot control the giants of world power. So we welcome the alliances we once feared. In fact, 67 per cent are willing to go so far as to say that "Our very survival depends on our having dependable allies." But that is not the end of the matter. What kind of alliances, and with whom?

5. When Americans think of ties with the outside world, they turn, first and foremost, to Europe. When we asked people with which group of countries our ties are going to be most important in the future, 45 per cent answered Western Europe. The only other area that draws any substantial vote is South America, chosen by 30 per cent. Africa and Asia were each singled out by only 5 per cent.

Americans have a deep awareness of all we share with Europe, both in centuries-old traditions and more recent banding together in times of trouble, as well as in continuing common interests. These ties of tradition and culture, stretching far back into the past, are the primary reason people give for considering our ties with Western Europe more important than those with any other area of the world. There are, of course, military and political reasons for giving high priority to European ties due to our present conflict with Russia and the Communist world. This was mentioned, too, but it was mentioned second. It is the temporary, here-and-now reason for keeping close to Europe, but the survey makes it clear that if Communism disappeared from the world scene, our sense of closeness to Europe would remain. We also recognize other very realistic advantages of close connections with Europe, such as its high state of indus-

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trial, social, and educational development and its economic and political strength.

In contrast, the main reason for considering South America the area of first importance is simply its physical closeness and the consequent fear of a Communist foothold so close by. The motive for interest in the other two major areas of the world is clear: they are both seen primarily as ideological battlegrounds. But both Africa and Asia are also seen as undeveloped areas too concerned with their own problems and quarrels to be a reliable source of help and friendship for the United States. Beyond that, many people have the feeling that Asia has already sunk too far into Communist influence or control to be of future importance to us—except possibly as adversaries.

6. There is considerable receptivity to new forms of Atlantic cooperation among Americans who have formed opinions on the subject. We asked people about a wide range of proposals for closer integration between the United States and Europe. A good many people seemed to be confused by what were often new and complicated proposals—and ended up in the "Don't know" column. But a majority of people did have opinions and most of them were distinctly favorable to much closer ties with the Western world. Simple suggestions like expansion of student exchange programs and the requirement of a second language in the schools got an overwhelming acceptance. But harder proposals also won considerable support. On the crucial issue of economic integration, 54 per cent favored substantial tariff reductions now or in the future, and only 10 per cent opposed them under any circumstances. (The balance tacitly admitted the subject of tariffs was too much for them!) Military integration raised more doubts, despite the fact that we have already gone further in this direction than toward any of the other proposed measures. It represents, after all, a very decisive allocation of national power. Nevertheless, 42 per cent thought we should, now or later, "combine a substantial part of the armed forces of the United States, Canada and Western Europe into a single unified military force," and only 24 per cent were opposed to this idea.

Moving into the political area, we discovered a clearly felt need for more and better Atlantic cooperation. First, having witnessed the damaging results of badly coordinated foreign policies among the Allies over the years, 67 per cent feel the need for better methods of consultation on foreign policy questions —now or in the future, with only 4 per cent opposed. Forty-eight per cent would like to see an Atlantic Court set up to decide disputes between member countries, with only 12 per cent opposed. "An advisory Congress to which members from these nations would be elected to make recommendations on questions of mutual interest" sounded like a good idea to 57 per cent, and only 8 per cent thought it should never be done. And even so far-reaching a proposal as a Congress empowered to make laws on mutual affairs received approval—now or in the future—from 36 per cent, with only 20 per cent rejecting the measure in principle. The only measure that failed to win more "yes" than "no" votes was a proposal to "combine these nations into one political unit in which the people will have interchangeable rights of citizenship in all member countries," and even this total relinquishing of national sovereignty was favored by 23 per cent and opposed by only 39 per cent.

And that brings us to the final conclusion of the study, which is a curious one and which sheds some light on the psychological components of social change:

7. One of the biggest barriers to changes in our relations with other nations is a word—and that magic word is "sovereignty." When we asked people, "Do you feel the world situation is going to make it necessary to give up some of our national sovereignty, or do you feel we should hold on to our national sovereignty at all costs?" 67 per cent said they wanted to hold on at all costs. A softer version of the question which spoke of "merging our sovereignty with other free nations," asked of a split half of the sample, still yielded a 60 per cent vote for holding on.

It is evident that the *words* "national sovereignty" have become a sanctified cliché that draws an automatic, stereotyped response. But this doesn't stop people from favoring any number of specific steps which would in fact transfer a considerable amount of "national sovereignty" to supernational institutions. For 52 per cent of those who stoutly declared they wouldn't part with a smidgin of national sovereignty favored an Atlantic Court, 37 per cent favored a legislative Congress, and 23 per cent actually came out for an Atlantic union—now or at some future time.

This contradiction reveals an American trait that public opinion surveys have shown before: that our attitudes toward generalities are often at variance with our reactions to specifics. In the end, usually the specifics win.

The American people are, it appears, aware that we need the help and friendship of other nations in facing the dangers and complexities of the modern world. Gone, almost without a trace, is all smugness that "America can go it alone." Our people know that whatever short-term difficulties and disruptions may mark our relations with Europe, long history, common values, and traditions, as well as economic and political self-interest, act to unite us most closely with the democratic nations across the Atlantic. It is clear that Americans will welcome concrete proposals for a step-by-step approach to much broader Atlantic integration. It is now up to American leadership to offer those proposals, so that the long dream of a true Atlantic Community may come into being.

"War wasn't so bad in those days, was it?"

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In Praise of Travel

ONE OF THE MOST frustrating experiences of the world-wide travel industry has been its long and still only partially successful struggle to obtain recognition as a serious human enterprise from either governments or public opinion. Even those governments whose national economies benefit materially from foreign tourist expenditures have not accorded travel the status of other industries of less economic, social, or cultural importance. This is true of the United States as well as many of the senior tourist countries of Europe, Asia, and our hemisphere.

This strange paradox can appropriately be examined in this world travel issue of *Saturday Review* (see page 33), especially at the start of 1964, which should prove to be the greatest travel year in history. That will be no small achievement, for international tourism today is already the single largest item in world trade, amounting to well over $8 billion last year and involving some 50,000,000 travelers. These figures do not include domestic travel around the globe, which could well total another $40 billion and 200 million tourists. In the U.S., travel is our third largest industry, with an annual sales volume of over $16 billion, larger than advertising.

But sheer size is an inadequate measure for the unique values of tourism in a troubled age that is crying out for understanding, tolerance, and a human community founded not on uniformity but on diversity. For trade follows the tourist as well as the flag abroad and flourishes in their wake. Our great air carriers link the new countries of Africa to us and contemplate a two-way bridge between Moscow and New York in the not too distant future. Our sea and air carriers work to weave a disparate humanity into a closer-knit family of good neighbors.

THE national purpose of the United States is to make the world safe for diversity. This was one of the great perceptions of the late President Kennedy. It is the continuing task of President Johnson. Both men have not only expounded but practiced the firsthand study of other lands and systems, of other ways of life and peoples, that travel has provided throughout the centuries. Yet in the United States, a united nation built out of diversity, there are passionate partisans of race or creed or ism, even as there are zealots in the Soviet Union and other countries who preach uniform domination for some single system or doctrine, and intolerance of all others. Mankind is too various, too independent, too stubborn to accept or endure any all-embracing uniformity. Thus, travel can teach those who carry open minds and hearts abroad with them.

Wise words from the past testify to this special power of travel.

"The world is a book, and those who do not travel read only one page," St. Augustine taught us more than 1,500 years ago; "The use of traveling is to regulate imagination by reality, and, instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are," Samuel Johnson wrote 200 years ago; and "Travel teaches tolerance," Benjamin Disraeli said 150 years ago. Yet travel has labored in this country under prejudices rooted in isolationism and under the narrow, parochial preoccupations of its own leaders. Only recently have the intellectual horizons of the industry's leadership begun to widen to match the true scope of the industry itself. Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy personally were among the teachers of the industry, eloquently asserting the role of travel as a powerful force for peace in a diverse and turbulent world where, as President Eisenhower once said, "There is no alternative to peace." Through travel, millions of Americans can join in a continuous search for areas of common interest with every other nation, even with our bitterest rivals. Returning enriched by the knowledge and tolerance St. Augustine and Disraeli spoke of, they can encourage and support President Johnson and other leaders in our nuclear era who also are engaged in continuing the great quest for mutual understanding amid diversity started by President Kennedy.

It was early last September that 600 delegates from eighty-seven nations, including the United States, assembled in Rome for the first conference of the United Nations at full governmental level on international travel and tourism. The delegates were from many cultures, races, nations, creeds, colors, languages, political convictions, and economic systems, developed and undeveloped. Yet they managed, even after a bitter political dispute, to approve not only unanimously but wholeheartedly a resolution that had in its preamble this eloquent statement:

"Convinced that tourism is a basic and most desirable human activity deserving the praise and encouragement of all peoples and all governments, [and] fully aware of the economic, social, educational, and cultural impact of tourism and of its significant contribution to promotion of international good will and understanding and to preservation of peace between the peoples. . . ."

In this same precedent-making resolution, the delegates also reinforced the defenses of freedom by affirming "The ideal, expressed in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, that everyone has the right to freedom of movement [and] the right to leave any country, including his own, and to return to his country," and by recommending that "governments prevent, in the field of tourism, any campaign of denigration or

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discrimination based on religious, racial, or political grounds."

Admittedly this resolution articulated an ideal, but the ideal is not an upstart proposal. It is strongly and specifically affirmed in the Magna Carta. It has been affirmed by the U.S. Supreme Court. It is affirmed in the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights—Article 13. It is a necessary part of man's vision of a better world. Yet freedom of travel, like all human freedoms, needs constant reaffirmation to protect it against erosion and to expand its observance. It is a vital aspect of human freedom everywhere, but many people in this country, inside as well as outside the travel industry, first greeted this proposal with a condescending smile, as though tourists were occupied only with a frivolous activity hardly meriting equation with an inalienable human right, or as an essential element in the freedom of modern man. It can be pointed out that freedom of speech protects soapbox orators and freedom of the press protects comic books, and neither freedom is anything less for this. It can also be pointed out that freedom of travel not only enables American students to sit in a sidewalk café in Paris, but also applies to students anxious to see Communism at work in Cuba without being harassed by their own State Department; acts to restrain even the U.S. government from preventing visits to our shores of distinguished scholars and intellectuals whose views may momentarily be out of favor in Washington; may serve one day to permit a distinguished Soviet writer to journey to Stockholm to accept the Nobel Prize for Literature even though his novel has been held up to public disdain by the head of his government; could make it possible for an internationally admired native leader to leave South Africa to accept the proffered rectorship of a Scottish university; or could eventually permit U.S. journalists to visit Red China. Freedom of travel, like other freedoms, applies to man's noblest purposes as well as to some of his less admirable practices.

The central purpose of the nations assembled in Rome was to promote the growth of international travel as a factor in the economic well-being of many nations and as a force for peace, to make travel cheaper, safer, easier, and more comfortable and pleasant for the globe's wandering millions, and to encourage a constantly increasing flow of visitors among the diverse nations on a shrinking globe. The delegates worked and spoke effectively to these ends.

Yet the moving words and eloquent deeds in Rome found a strange echo in Washington.

On the theme of tourism as a "basic and most desirable human activity deserving the praise and encouragement of all peoples and all governments," the House of Representatives and the Senate joined without a dissenting voice in cutting the modest budget of the U.S. Travel Service by 30 per cent instead of granting the small increase requested. Thus the Congress gave the USTS no encouragement or praise in its urgent task of bringing more foreign visitors to this country to create greater understanding of America abroad and to help reduce our critical balance-of-payments deficit.

The State Department joined with Congress in the demeaning task of harassing the youthful students who had defied our bureaucratic infringement of liberty to visit Castro's Cuba. They suffered no harassment in that Communist-tormented land, but on returning to their native land they had direct experience with prejudice and persecution.

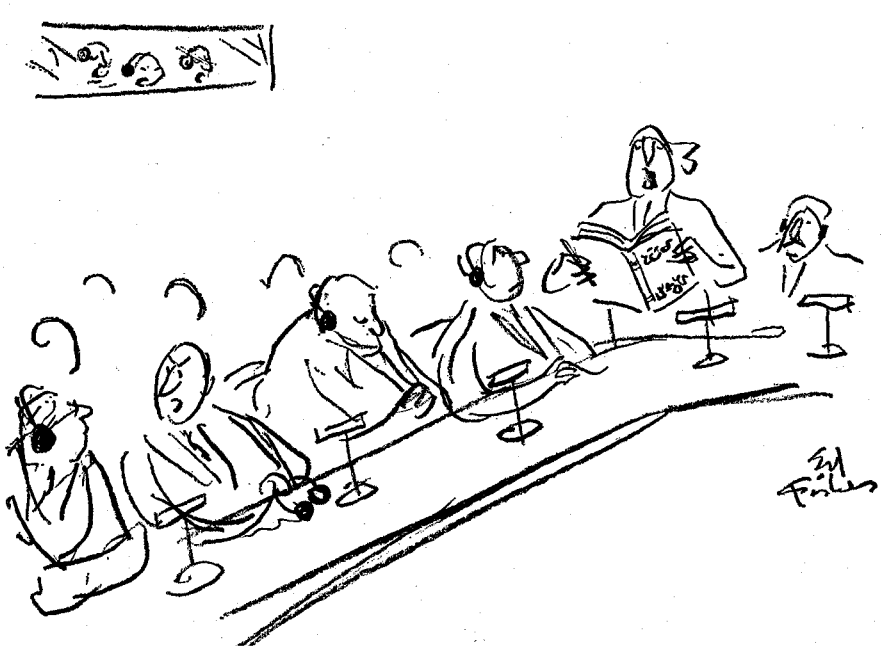
On neither of these regrettable policies in Washington has any great outcry been heard from the leaders of the U.S. travel industry, even though their private interest, as well as the national interest, was poorly served by these short-sighted and ill-considered actions. They might well have said to the students, in a paraphrase of Voltaire, "We disagree completely with the purpose of your trip, and we shall defend to the death your right to take it." A prudent concern for the national interest as well as for the health and self-respect of their own industry should generate some critical comment on the crude bludgeoning of the budget of the U.S. Travel Service, even though the issue has apparently passed beyond reason or repair in the present Congress.

Travel appears as p[illegible] pions as freedom often ha[illegible] cause is ever finally lost in[illegible] public of Plato, or the great[illegible] of the United States.

Travel today is part of the [illegible] of the age, appearing on the [illegible] stage. In his last address to the United Nations President Kennedy spoke specifically and urgently of travel as an important instrument of communication and understanding between the various nations of the earth, including the United States and the Soviet Union. Chairman Khrushchev expressed the same thought subsequently. Pope Paul VI, in a private audience for the delegates to the U.N. travel conference in Rome, spoke eloquently of travel as a basic factor in the struggle to save civilization in the nuclear age. U.N. Secretary-General U Thant has endorsed the role of world travel in achieving the aims of the United Nations' own Decade of Development.

While many agencies of government, along with public opinion itself, have remained strangely impervious here and abroad to even the highest-level endorsements of travel, the struggle for recognition of the role of modern man's new mobilism in furthering the peace goes forward. There is not only need for voices to be raised in praise of travel, but for ears to hear, and hearts and minds to respond.

So *SR*'s wish for world travel as a universal force in the new year is not only a record-breaking volume of visitors roving across the face of the earth in quest of knowledge, recreation, or trade, but that praise be voiced, heard, and acted upon "by all governments and peoples" in man's common interest.—W.D.P.



"It's either a filibuster or a damn sneaky way of getting their national epic translated!"

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Time for Examination

CONGRATULATIONS TO Robert Lewis Shayon for his comments in the TV AND RADIO department in the December 14 issue.

The TV networks are to be commended for the enormously difficult job of covering the assassination of the late President. The press, to the best of my knowledge, has been almost unanimous in its praise of the networks, and there has been very little critical comment. Thus it was pleasing to note that Mr. Shayon raised questions that have also been raised by many people to whom I have spoken.

I believe that there exists widespread belief that the presence of TV equipment in the Dallas police station, and the confusion attendant upon the TV coverage from that point, was the primary factor in the assassination of the accused Lee Oswald. The question has also been raised as to whether the ability of television to capture and report the dramatic—as exemplified in the coverage—does not impose some concept of responsibility upon the networks. The coverage demonstrated that a nation can be brought to a point of near-hysteria; the incitement of Jack Ruby is perhaps a case in point. Had the former President been assassinated by a fanatical segregationist—and against a background of racial tension—the drama portrayed by the TV coverage might well have triggered mass violence. Television has demonstrated a great capacity to stir the nation. This should impose upon the networks examination of policies governing spot news coverage.

D. L. GENTRY.

Hyattsville, Md.

War and Wishful Thinking

HERMAN S. WOLK'S letter belittling the danger of accidental war [*SR*, Dec. 7] is something like a new high in wishful thinking. This kind of irresponsible prediction can scarcely fail to increase public complacency and the probability of World War III. We suggest that Mr. Wolk take his eyes off the military-complex propaganda displayed in the conventional press and read, with an open mind, some really "knowledgeable writing on this subject" by our top observers and scientists.

The systems of delivery are getting more complicated by the week.

The number of men involved, directly or indirectly, in decisive button-pushing is doubling and tripling with the steady spread of nuclear weapons to submarines, to our allies, to neutral or hostile countries.

Despite alarming evidence to the contrary, Mr. Wolk has convinced himself that the precautionary measures of our leaders have more than kept up with the growing dangers implicit in growing complexity. One wonders if this naive trust extends to the Khrushchevs, the de Gaulles, the Adenauers, the Castros, the Nassers, the Maos, and the other national leaders having or about to have access to nuclear weapons.

GERALD BARNES.

Denver, Colo.

"Call you back later. My information source just walked in."

The Complexities of Capitalism

R. JOSEPH MONSEN, JR.'s article "Can Anyone Explain Capitalism?" [*SR*, Dec. 14] was an unusually impartial treatment of the topic. The author has achieved the uncommon goal of journalistic integrity. Furthermore, since his background would indicate an adherence to some particular economic theory, his impartiality is even more commendable. . . .

TIBOR R. MACHAN.

Claremont, Calif.

MR. MONSEN'S "Can Anyone Explain Capitalism?" is a beautiful piece of expository writing. I thought I knew all about capitalism. His article has inspired me to re-examine my own views—and search for new insights.

JAY GORDON.

Sacramento, Calif.

Battle of the Bottles

JOHN CIARDI'S excellent and humorous anecdote of the uses of whiskey in war [*SR*, Nov. 9] provides an interesting sidelight on the history of a period. The undoubtedly illegal exchange of unneeded ammunition for desperately needed whisky was born out of four arbitrary administrative ukases: 1) that in the battle zone, cheap whiskey was provided only to officers (thus creating a potential for black-marketing in whiskey legally imported into the area); 2) that a military unit's or command's unavoidable deficiencies in one commodity or another may not be offset by its unexplained but inevitable surpluses in another; 3) that the "war zone" arbitrarily commenced at the California coast; and 4) that there was no accountability for ammunition expended in the war zone, even though no hostile aircraft was sighted. Such arbitrary demarcations exist throughout government and continue to encourage unofficial "trading."

Ruth H. Gibson's letter [*SR*, Dec. 7] professes shock at Mr. Ciardi's "dishonesty" and at *SR*'s lack of standards in endorsing the dishonesty by publishing the article. The lady doth protest too much! Her real outrage lies not in the putative dishonesty of men at war, but in their disregard for organizational chains of authority and decision. Witness her peroration: "I scarcely believe that making decisions like that is the duty of a gunner. Nothing but anarchy and confusion results when one man usurps another's duties."

Here then is the crux of the problem. A "Federal Civil Service employee of fifteen years" is indignant because sacred SOPs are ignored, and is oblivious to the needs of the men at the battle zone. There is no question here of "cheating Uncle Sam"—it would have been quite proper for the crew to have used up the ammunition by engaging in target practice at passing seagulls. Miss Gibson, however, would have bucked the question of expendability to someone with more authority than a gunner. If applicable regulations do not spell out the solution for a problem, pass it on to a "superior" (a superior it may be noted, not in humanity or intelligence, compassion or understanding, but solely in greater length of service), regardless of how much anxiety or injustice the delay itself affords.

The sad commentary on our modern times, therefore, is not that Mr. Ciardi brought joy to our troops (and a profit to himself at a time when many civilians were themselves profiting from scarcities at home), but that decisions must be made (or delayed) by bureaucrats . . . who, in the security of their seniority, have lost the gifts of compassion and humility.

R. L. DUFF.

New York, N.Y.

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Marital Attitudes

ONE of the standard movie devices for indicating that a girl is madly in love with a man is to make it clear that she thinks he's awful, that she can't stand him, and wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on earth. In *Love with the Proper Stranger,* this device is carried even further by Arnold Schulman, the screenwriter, Robert Mulligan, the director, and Natalie Wood and Steve McQueen, who play the lovers. Not only does Miss Wood, as an Italian girl of proper family, regard Mr. McQueen, a free-lance jazz musician, with some loathing, but it turns out she has had a one-night fling with him at a summer resort, is pregnant by him when the film opens, and is anxious for him to arrange an abortion for her. On so bleak a note does the renewal of their romance begin that Mr. Shulman has almost turned the cold cliché inside out and made it fresh again.

The concern of the audience is directed for the entire picture to the problem of getting these two basically nice people married, and it isn't easy, no matter how many reasons exist for their taking the step. McQueen is a guy who wouldn't like to be tied down. Miss Wood isn't going to marry anyone who'll regard her as a ball and chain, and she goes so far as to imply that she'll bring up her child without benefit of clergy or legal father, this after a degrading visit to an abortionist, a filthy creature who frightens her into preserving her pregnancy. Another nice young man (played by Tom Bosley) is willing to marry her and accept the child as his, but at the last Steve McQueen parades up and down in front of Macy's with a sign and a banjo, convincing Natalie that he's sincere about her.

It's not much of a tale for believability, but Mr. Mulligan has kept it sprightly and given it a reasonable amount of realism of background. It's helped out no end by Mr. McQueen, who has developed, lately, into just about the best actor Hollywood has on hand. He always seems to believe in what he's doing and saying, manages humor and emotion without evidence of perceptible strain, and for modesty, offhandedness, and all-around ability could probably offer Marlon Brando a few lessons. Attention, as they say, should be paid to Mr. McQueen. Natalie Wood has the difficult job of behaving like an ordinary, average Italian girl (if there is such a thing), even though she has more the look of someone who has lived very pleasantly in Hollywood since babyhood. She manages quite well, and so do Tom Bosley and Herschel Bernardi; the latter plays her brother with remarkable sympathy.

The newest Doris Day comedy, *Move Over, Darling,* is based on an old film, *My Favorite Wife,* was first revamped for the late Marilyn Monroe as *Something's Got to Give,* and now emerges as a brightly colored mess in which Miss Day and Polly Bergen compete for the same husband, each displaying her version of ersatz sex. The ancient plot has Miss Day popping up, after five years of being missing at sea and presumed dead, on the very day her husband has taken unto himself a new wife. James Garner plays the husband and has the problem of staying out of bed (for some unexplained reason) with both, until the matter can be resolved.

Unfortunately, the s[illegible] ately is lost, because it v[illegible] ceivable in the Hollywo[illegible] things to have the country's [illegible] office star lose her husban[illegible] Bergen (who was unranked in [illegible] exhibitor's poll) and, besides, [illegible] Bergen is made to play such a h[illegible]sh-voiced, domineering wretch that almost anyone, including a long-lost wife, would be preferable. What might be called countersuspense is injected when we find that Miss Day is also to be reunited with two adorable kids as soon as she can get up the nerve to tell them she is their mother. This takes—as does the disposing of Polly Bergen—the entire picture. Those with weak stomachs should leave before the scene in which Doris Day and the children admit they belong to each other.

The title of a new Italian comedy, *To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed,* might better have been applied to the film described just above. But don't be put off. Alberto Sardi is seen as a married businessman on a trip to Sweden. He has heard about Swedish women and their attitudes toward love-making, and he tries his best to adapt himself to their unusual morality. While the girls are plentiful, Sweden turns out to be no amorous Paradise, at least for an Italian who is conventional in morality and his love-making approach. Gian Luigi Polidoro took his camera to Sweden to give us intriguing glimpses of both its folkways and its less obvious tourist attractions. He has also kept his film continuously amusing and surprisingly thought-provoking. Sordi, who must contrast Latin obviousness with Swedish feminine subtlety, performs with great skill and believability. It's a movie that demonstrates again that the best comedies these days are being turned out in Italy.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SR's BEST FOR 1963, selected by Hollis Alpert and Arthur Knight:

1. *Tom Jones*
2. *8½*
3. *America America*
4. *Hud*
5. *This Sporting Life*
6. *Knife in the Water*
7. *Sound of Trumpets*
8. *Lilies of the Field*
9. *Four Days of Naples*
10. *The Great Escape*

Ode
After Reading Too Much Didactic Poetry
By George Cuomo

IT's such a simple rule
You'd think they all would know it:
The poem should speak
And not the poet.

Later Ode
After Reading Too Much Imagistic Poetry
By George Cuomo

IT's awful hard to catch a ball
If no one's there to throw it:
If the poem doesn't speak
Neither does the poet.

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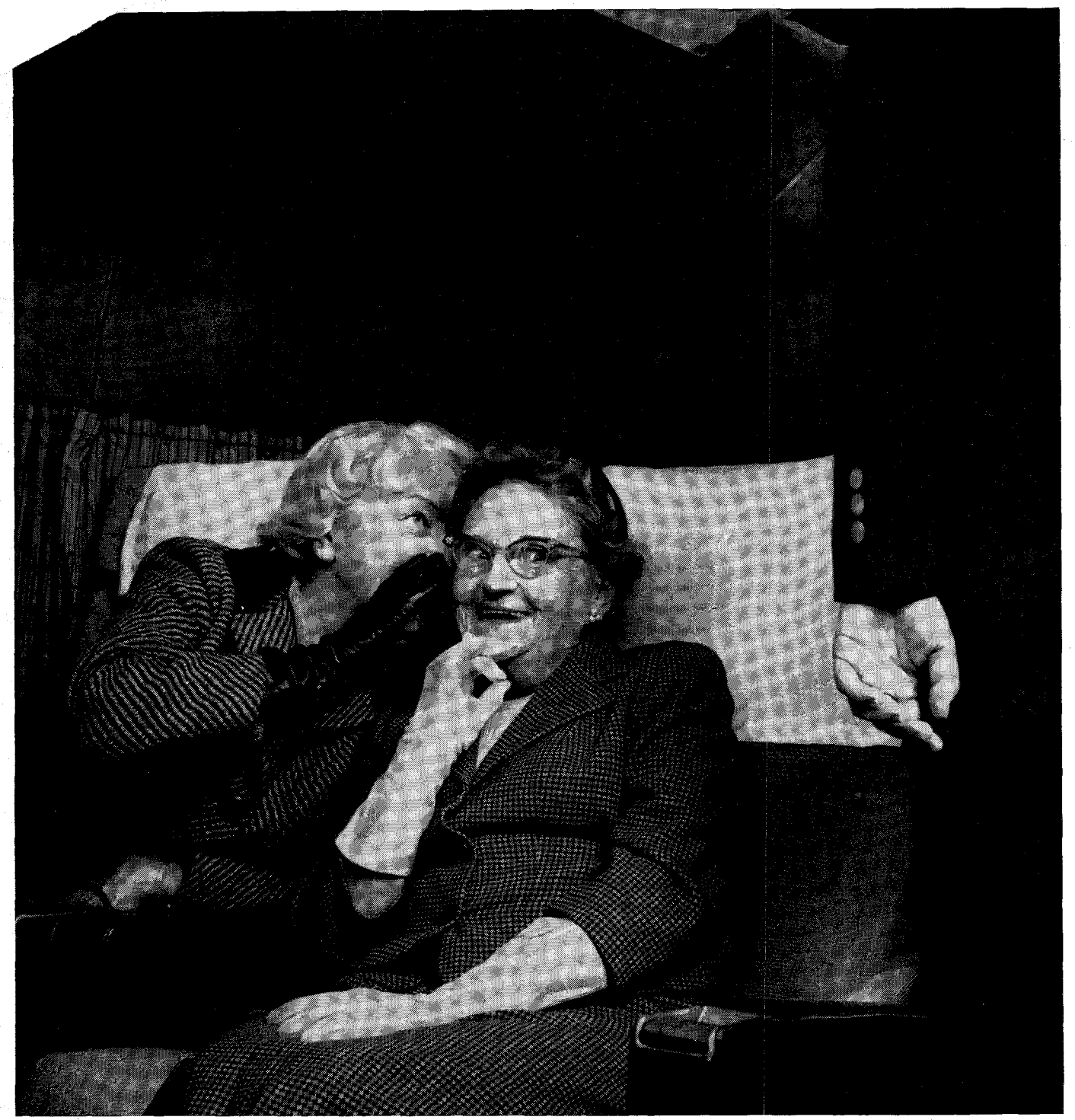

"Sylvia, that man winked at me!"

The steward? You're kidding!

Maybe it's the atmosphere, that Italian charm or whatever. But whatever it is, people's eyes just seem to be a little brighter, their smiles a little wider, aboard Alitalia Airlines.

There's no sense saying that flying Alitalia is like being in Italy. It isn't.

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And, that steward probably didn't wink at the young lady at all.

But then again . . . maybe he did!

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WORLD TRAVEL

1964: A Year-Long Jamboree for Wanderers
By Horace Sutton **33**

Hotels I Have Known
By Fred Sparks **39**

World Travel Calendar
By Robert Meyer, Jr. **45**

The Kaiser in the Holy Land
By Trevor L. Christie **42**

Travel in Focus
By Margaret R. Weiss **60**

Photo Prizewinners **61**

One Man's Guide to England
By Reuben Abel **72**

1964: A Year-Long Jamboree for Wanderers

By HORACE SUTTON

THE YEAR that has ended was, among other things, a year of tireless wanderings. Whatever statistics it amassed, and these it seems needless to tire you with, it is certain to be surpassed by 1964, a year when the stars have conspired to produce auspicious jamborees in Europe, America, and the Far East.

The pattern for 1964 is being set this week by the rare Papal visit to the Holy Land, a journey that is sure to be followed in later months by the faithful and the merely curious. In less austere climate and with less pious purpose, the Winter Olympics will open in the storybook Tyrolean city of Innsbruck on January 29, and the skating, skiing, and sledding will continue into the second week of February. All of that hardly leaves time for the breathless jet set, as café society is so fetchingly called nowadays, to pack away the ski clothes and make it to New York in time for the opening day of the World's Fair, scheduled for dewy lilac time, April 22. A day later, in England, the ambassadors of more than 100 countries will raise their national flags in Stratford-upon-Avon, then follow a procession from Shakespeare's birthplace to his grave. Thus will begin Shakespeare Year, honoring the 400th birthday of the Bard. Playwrights who would construe a caress by Kerr and applause in Sardi's to be the pinnacle of mortal achievement may well have to assess their values again. No writer has ever had a birthday party, let alone a 400th one, to match the plans England has for Shakespeare this year.

With the Fair at Flushing Meadows bubbling all summer and into the fall, and lesser Shakespearean splutterings rocketing off in Britain until the first days of October, there ought to be enough at hand to occupy the most frenetic soul at least until the main Olympic Games open, as they do on October 10 in Tokyo.

Of all of these events, some will be grander, and others more cerebral, but certainly none will be more cheerful or more festive than the winter games at Innsbruck. There is a special gaiety to the winter season in the Alps, particularly in Austria. While it is too large to have that cozy gay air of the candy-box villages of Zürs and Lech, the 700-year-old city of Innsbruck reposes in an incomparable setting, split by the River Inn, studded with onion-dome churches, decorated with ancient squares, tunneled with *Bauernstuben*, and ringed with a massive frosting of white mountains. All this will be the aspect to the 60,000 spectators gathered in the ski jump stadium for the opening ceremony at 11 A.M. on January 29. The splendid plan will perhaps be even more awesome to the jumpers themselves, who, standing atop the slide on a 600-foot hill, there on the city's edge, will see Innsbruck spread before them, the audience neatly arranged in tiers below, and a church and a cemetery waiting at the edge of the run.

Almost all the stadiums and arenas, indeed virtually the whole winter sports plant, was built especially for these games. The construction program, which has been going on for the last two years, has produced a stunning set of facilities. Since Innsbruck is too low for assured ski conditions, a new ski area had to be created. A site called Lizum, twelve miles south of town, was chosen, and a mountain road was

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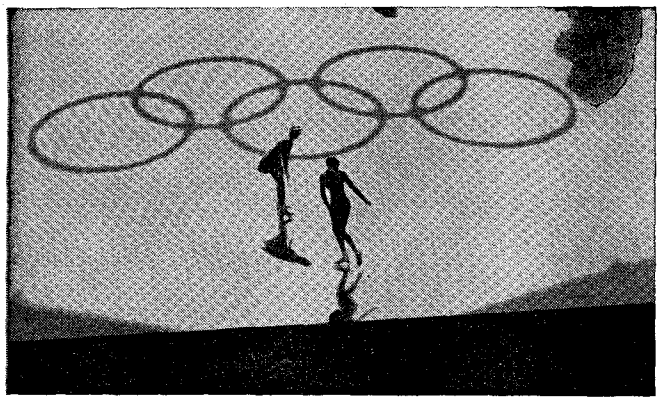
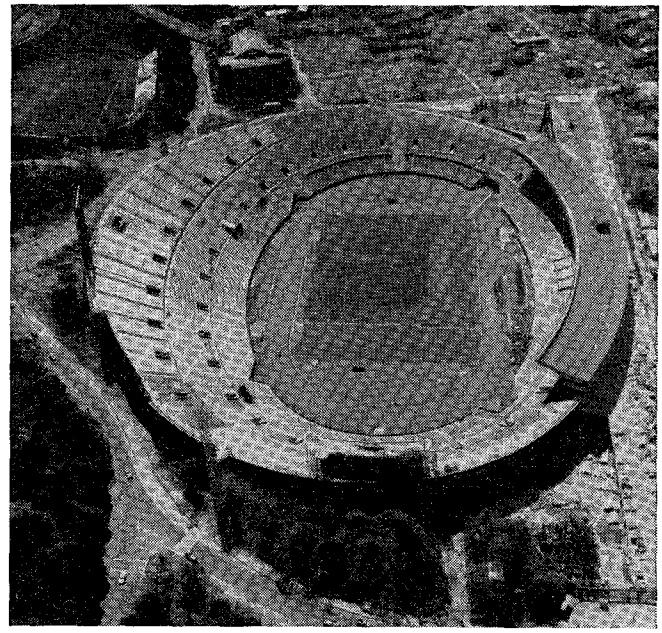


—*Magnum.*



Above, ice skaters gliding among the interlocked rings that are the Olympic symbol; right, the stadium in Tokyo where the first Olympiad to be held in Asia will open October 10.

chopped in the wilds. At road's end the Austrians flung two ski lifts up the mountain, then set about clearing the trails. Grass to hold the snow was planted last summer, and a hotel with room for 200 is just about finished at the base of the lift. With all the facilities at hand and the setting so superb, the hotel seems certain to be the first building of the new Alpine village of Lizum that is expected to grow up around it.

A new covered ice rink with seats for 11,000 has been built in the shadow of Innsbruck's masses of six-story flats. An open-air speed skating track has been laid out alongside it, with grandstands growing up the outside wall of the ice house. As with Cortina and Squaw Valley, an elaborate Olympic Village has been prepared for the world's athletes. The eleven-story buildings, which scrape the sky in Austria, will be turned into public housing areas after the games, but meanwhile each has been fitted with a special kitchen designed to please the tastes of the visitors. Teams with Austrian and German appetites will be housed in one area, English and American in another. The Slavs, Asians, and Orientals, heaven help the culinary amalgamation, will all be pooled in a third. A fourth kitchen will prepare what the Olympic people term "romance" cooking, which is, one supposes, what Europe eats from the Channel ports westward to the Slavic borders. More than fifty hospital beds have been set aside where hospital personnel can tend not only broken bones but also the ministrations of those visitors who have upset their digestion by stumbling into the wrong ethnic dining room.

Noncompeting visitors who only want to watch the games will have to face no such problems, for they will subsist on Austrian fare. More than likely they will have to eat it where they sleep, for hotels of Innsbruck and Igls, none of which have any rooms anyway, are requiring their guests to take, or at least to pay for, breakfast and dinner. Hotels in both centers are also asking for a flat reservation for the entire twelve-day period with a down payment to seal it. After all, the Olympics won't come to Innsbruck again for quite some time, and the idea, apparently, is to get rich while you can. Tomorrow the hotelkeepers will have to make do with the ordinary travelers who have thought of Innsbruck as a charming city and a center for excursions. If all this hasn't persuaded you to sit the whole thing out at St. Moritz, then maybe trying to copy the address will: Quartierzentrale der IX Olympisches Winterspiele, Postamt 2, Postfach 600, Austria. American Express has tickets for the games. For forty-four dollars they will pass along a ducat entitling you to stand at all the events except ice skating, hockey, and the final awarding. Standing room for each skating event costs $4.40, and the right to sit can be secured for anywhere from $11 to $22. Bring your own anti-freeze.

For those who have any money left, the Shakespeare festival in London opens in February, two months before the true April birthday celebration in Stratford. A World Theatre Season will commence on March 20, when the Comédie Française will come to the Aldwych Theatre, the first of a veritable pilgrimage of classic theatre companies arriving in London from all over the continent. They will be followed by the Schiller Theatre of West Berlin, by the Abbey Theatre of Dublin, and later in the spring by the Moscow Arts Theatre. Other companies from Italy, Poland, and Greece are to follow. Britain's own offerings will appear in thirty-two places in the realm, but none is expected to be more dazzling than Sir Laurence Olivier's appearance as the Moor in Othello, to open on Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, in the National Theatre at the Old Vic. Later, Olivier will direct a year-long season, the performances including Peter O'Toole, late of the Arabian wars of *Lawrence*, playing *Hamlet*.

Elsewhere in London, the stage at the Mermaid Theatre alongside the Thames is being rebuilt in the shape of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre. It will play *Macbeth*, *The Tempest*, and the "Elizabethan Entertainments" so popular in Shakespeare's day. *Henry V* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* will be performed outdoors all summer in London's Regent's Park; *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Fulham Open Air Theatre near the first Queen Elizabeth's favorite palace. It will be repeated again at the George at Southwark, London's oldest inn, near the original Globe Theatre. Covent Garden is reviving Verdi's *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Falstaff* and Benjamin Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Shakespeare concerts are scheduled, too, and the Bard's influence on the easel will produce a number of exhibitions at galleries in London, Stratford, and Edinburgh.

At Sunderland *King Lear* will be played in the rugged north country that sets the mood of the play; *All's Well That Ends Well*, a gay comedy, will be played in Grimsby, Lincolnshire, and after you've had Shakespeare every other way, you can have it at the Royal National Eisteddfod, where it will be done in Welsh.

There is nothing, as far as I can tell, requiring quite as much exercise of the frontal lobes at the World's Fair, which opens in the spring, on the familiar

(*Continued on page* 69)

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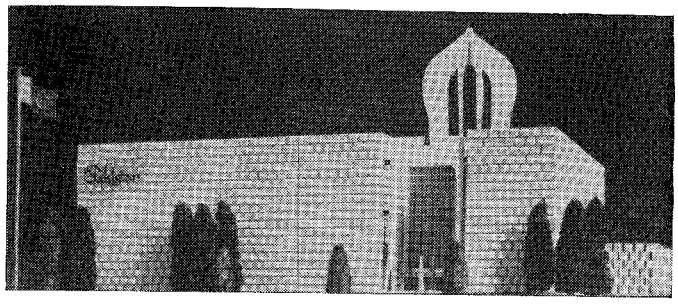
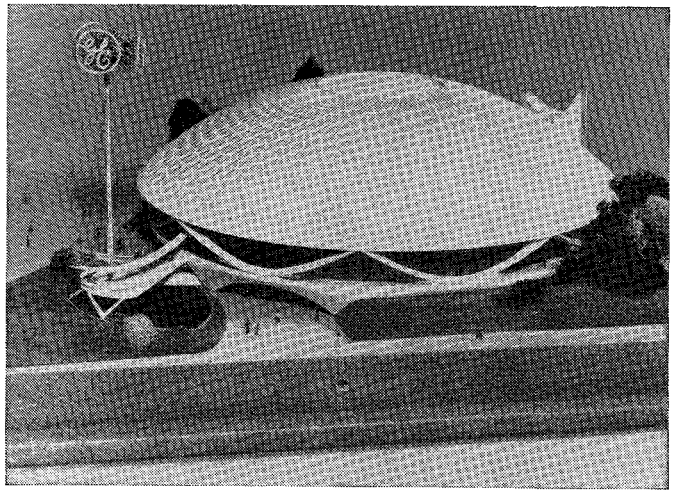
Faces of the Fair

Sprawling and soaring on the same site as the '39 World's Fair, this year's version is expected to bring 40,000,000 people to New York, dazzling them with exhibits from around the world, a look at the new New York, and snarling knots of traffic.



Pakistan



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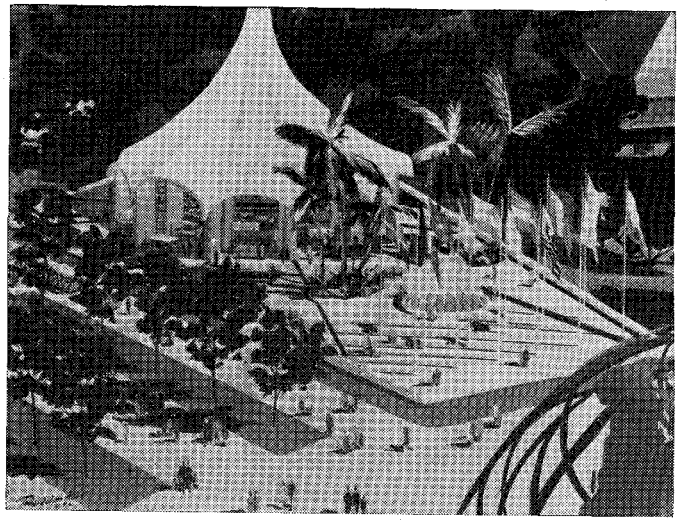
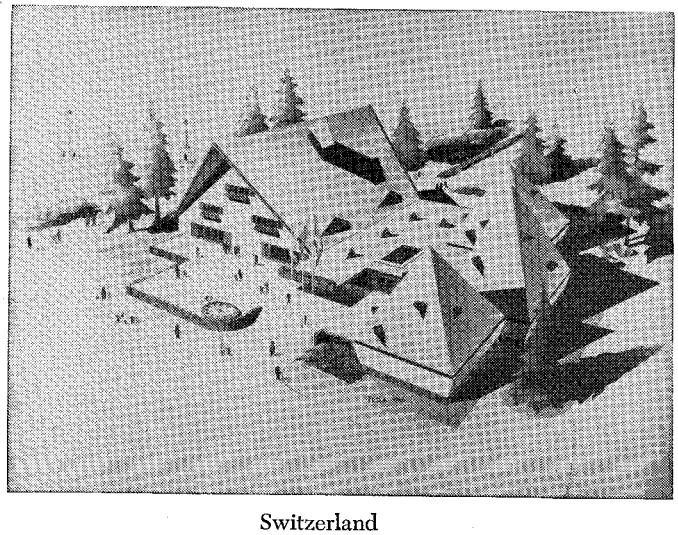
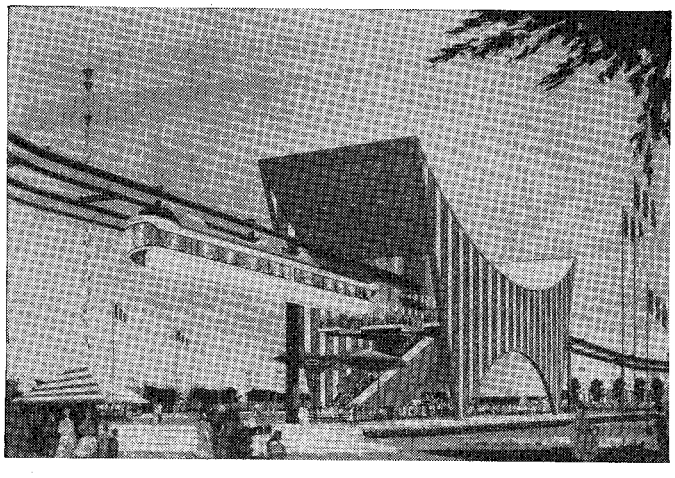


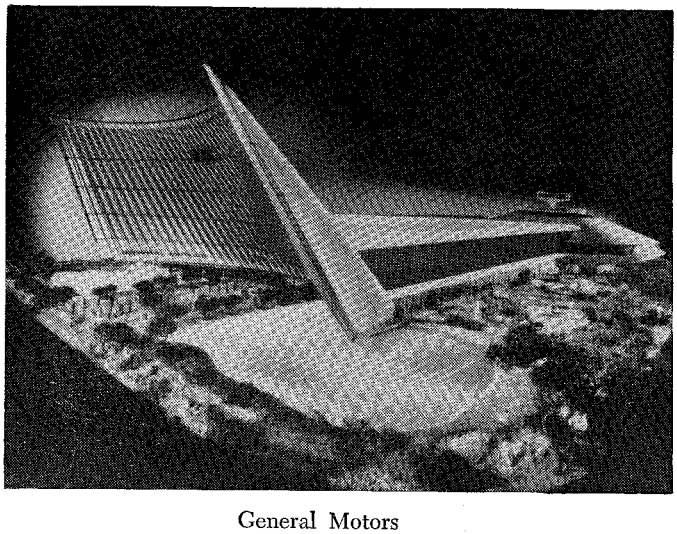
Sierra Leone



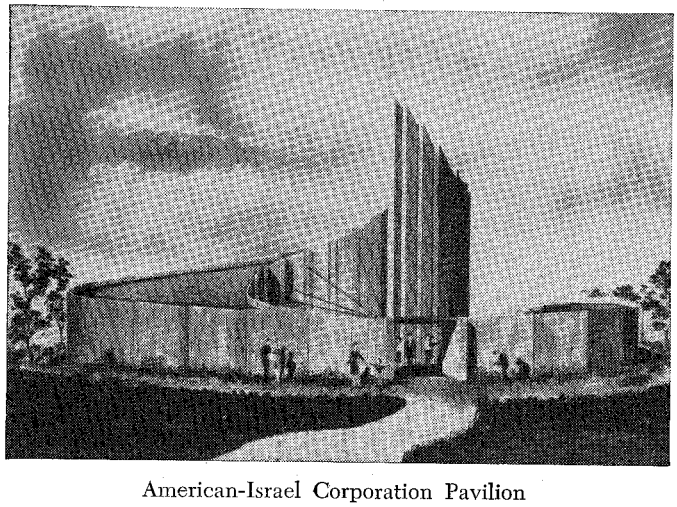
Switzerland



Monorail



General Motors



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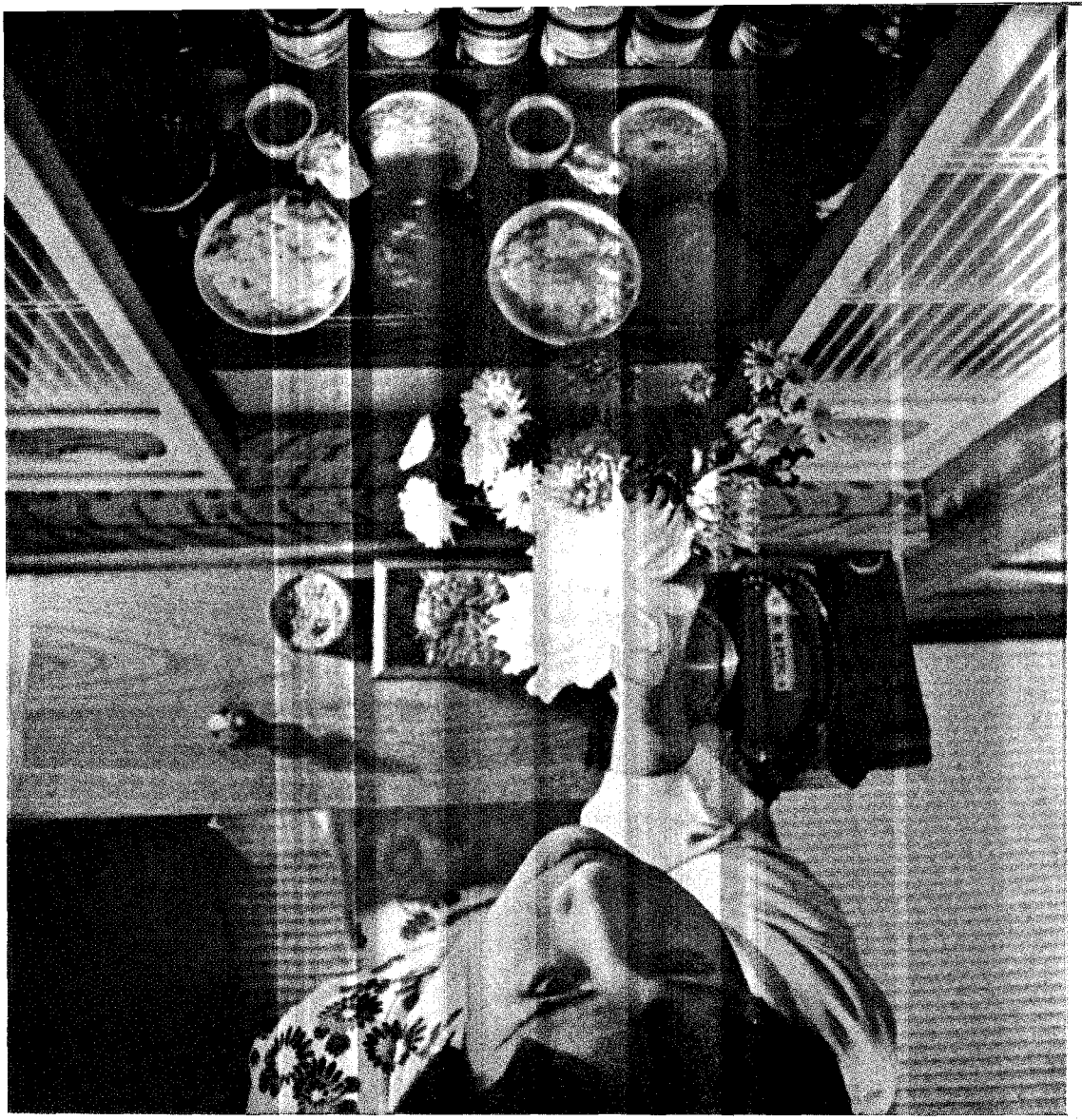

Tribute to a gracious heritage:
JAL hostess Shoko Yamamoto
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The sea drapes a lacy lei of white spray along the curving, palm-fringed shoreline of Keanae on the Island of Maui.

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HOTELS I HAVE KNOWN

By FRED SPARKS

I'VE BEEN delighted to read that the new American-financed hotels springing up around the world are to be so rich in gadgetry that a guest will have to do nothing but show his credit card.

Each room, I understand, will have Muzak, TV, air conditioning, tub-side phones, dictaphones, instant coffee makers, and ice cube dispensers that, if allowed free run, would quickly emit a rink large enough for Dick Button.

If *that* isn't enough, even Rabat, Tunis, Addis Ababa, and Kuwait—where insect life has eternally circulated unhampered—can expect hotels to be guaranteed flea, fly, and germ free. Water closets in those underdeveloped areas are to be sprayed, sealed, signed, and dated, like coffee, by "doctors of sanitation," who, for all I know, may have interned at the Mayo Clinic. In cities of the public drinking gourd, tooth-mugs are to be boiled, then wrapped in that clinging plaster harder to open than Fort Knox. Food will be untouched by human hands, and water, naturally, will be flown in from Croton Reservoir.

I regret that such disinfected inns are only now appearing on the air and caravan routes. I would have appreciated their creature comforts during the twenty years I globe trotted as a foreign correspondent, with trench coat, portable, and bug bomb, willing to settle for little more than a passable meal, some hot water, and a bed not excessively populated.

I wonder, though, if the automated hotels can meet emergencies like some of the old-timers? What will happen to them when the electricity goes off? And it does, often, in exotic locales.

The Grande Bretagne in Athens could rise to any occasion. I resided in that wedding cake of a hotel during wars and insurrections and it never failed to dispense food, drink, and personal service. The staff had a sixth sense. Before the current would fail, my room boy would appear with candles. Before the faucets would gurgle dry, my maid filled tub and sink.

WHEN there was indiscriminate street fighting during the civil war, the pastry chef cycled to work in a steel helmet. Sandbags were available at the porter's desk. The considerate British military mission seconded to the hotel an armored half-track to transport, from a *caïque* in the Piraeus, casks of *retzina* for the depleted wine cellars.

However, in 1944 fuel was nonexistant and even the reliable G.B. could not prestidigitate a chunk of coal. The hotel was a marble icebox. During that year's freezing Yuletide, Winston Churchill negotiated in the Grande Bretagne a brief, internal peace. When Greek cabinet members entered the Prime Minister's suite, Mr. Churchill lumbered to greet them like Smokey the Bear, a huge brown blanket draped around his bulk.

The next afternoon the hotel's personnel showed themselves as agile as a carrier's crew. Mr. Churchill was stepping out of the G.B., his entourage and the press about him, when there was a long burst of machine gun fire in *his* general direction. Aides and reporters took to ground like so many fallen dominoes, but the Prime Minister remained erect, puffed his cigar and snorted: "Some cheek!"

Minutes later, plasterers, painters, and glaziers materialized to yank bullets from woodwork in the cavernous lobby, dress nicked walls, and replace shattered panes. One of the maids, a very old lady in a nanny's uniform, mended a hole in a drape.

Several new foreign hotels plan to copy the New York Hilton's robot bookkeeper. There, when you sign for a drink or magazine, the sum is simultaneously flashed *and* added to your account in the cashier's cage. If you have to depart rapidly, like during a fire, your ever-ready bill can be handed to you as you run out the door, or are carried down the ladder.

In Europe or Asia today it can take half a morning's patience to get your bill totaled, usually by the *patron's* wife on a tablecloth, or his son on an abacus. American tourists, ever suspicious, will

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be reassured by electronic billing. Abroad I've seen them question item after item, like Mr. Goldwater scrutinizing a foreign aid appropriation bill.

The bookkeeping may be by mama, not IBM, but I insist that overseas hotels are honest. When I returned to the Albergo Angleterre in Rome after the war, I received a rebate of thirty-four lire for a telegram I had apparently *not* sent in 1939.

I won't say European guests are equally honest; they delight in clipping hotels. When North Korea attacked South Korea there were two correspondents in Seoul's Chosen Hotel, Walter Simmons, of the Chicago *Tribune*, and a Frenchman. Overnight, the city was threatened and Simmons suggested they take off.

"I've been in these situations before," said the Frenchman. "Wait a bit; soon the staff will decamp and we won't have to pay our bills."

"Not me," said Simmons, paying *his* bill.

The Chicago *Tribune* car was one of the last over the Han River bridge before it was blown up and Seoul was surrounded.

The Frenchman did save money. He was not billed for the thirteen months he stayed in prison camp.

The U.S. chains aren't confining themselves to metropolitan areas; they visualize motels with coffee shops on "ancient paths of travel." *I'm* not sure how the Saudi Arabians would accept a Howard Johnson's on the road to Mecca.

Knott is reportedly contemplating motels in the Balkans with all the sybaritic trappings, including musical alarm clocks. The last time I was in a Balkan "motel"—enroute from Sarajevo to Belgrade—my awakening was *not* musical.

Par for the Balkans, the motel consisted of two barrackslike rooms—one for sleeping; the other, with a long, planked table, for eating.

I had roommates. A New York girl volunteer on the "Serbian Youth Highway." One of Tito's strapping young officers. Three peasants crossing snowy Bosnia in ox carts. And a man from the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The potbellied stove spluttered and died early. The peasants pitched clusters of live fowl, legs strung together, under their cots, then climbed in wearing their clothes; it was *that* cold. Everyone followed suit. The officer didn't shed his jackboots and the girl kept on her beaver coat; said it was from S. Klein-on-the-Square. What with new guests arriving, and the officer having a noisy visit with the girl, I didn't fall asleep until past two.

Almost immediately, it seemed to me, I was shocked awake. The cocks had begun a persistent crowing, amplified in the closed quarters into a devil's symphony.

At least I knew *where* I was—unlike the much-traveled Bob Considine, who wrote that several times he awoke in strange hotel rooms without a clue as to where *he* was. He asked the telephone operator. I don't think Mr. Considine was stretching a point. After enough hotels even Jim Farley would forget their names. In the hectic year of 1954, when I kept track, I slept in seventy-two hotels in fourteen countries from West Berlin to Pusan. If I'd carried off a key from every foreign hotel I've visited, I'd be in the scrap metal business with over 1,000!

Since a ghastly experience in London, the night before the 1948 Olympics opened, I keep my key with me, or jot down the hotel's name. A car from my bureau picked me up at the airfield and drove me to a strange hotel near Piccadilly Circus; the city was packed. I sent my luggage to my room and, being ravenous, immediately went out to find a restaurant still open.

After supper I started strolling back to the hotel. What hotel? Where? I had never noted the name or street. My bureau was closed; I walked aimlessly through the jigsaw puzzle of central London and asked twenty hotels if I was their guest. Defeated, I looked for another room. They said not even the Queen Mother could find accommodations. A kindly YMCA clerk allowed me to sleep on a massage table.

Pan American's Intercontinental Hotels, which has blueprints for thirty-six hostelries out of the U.S., prints desk-blotter-sized menus in several languages. I'm sure they're more informative than the fractured English menu that mystified me at the Güney Palas Hotel in Iskenderun, Turkey, near the Syrian border. It offered, as an appetizer, "lamb's eggs." Then "wedding soupe." Main courses included "Queen's meat rissole," "bors with cream," "bailed meat," "beef thing" and "lamb thing." I was most intrigued by "pieces of, with peas."

Flawless menus notwithstanding, I doubt if the antiseptic hotels are the stuff of romantic history; E. Phillips Oppenheim would still have favored the baroque Hotel Paris in Monte Carlo. *I* cannot picture Mata Hari operating from a Sheraton, or conspirators plotting a coup in a Hilton.

For that sort of thing, I feel, you need cracked, *not* cubed, ice, brought

(*Continued on page 66*)

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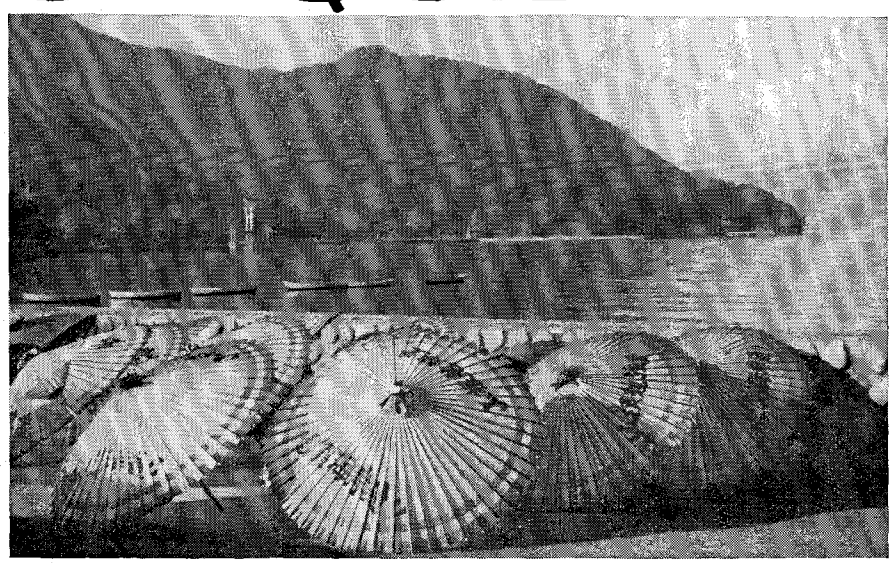

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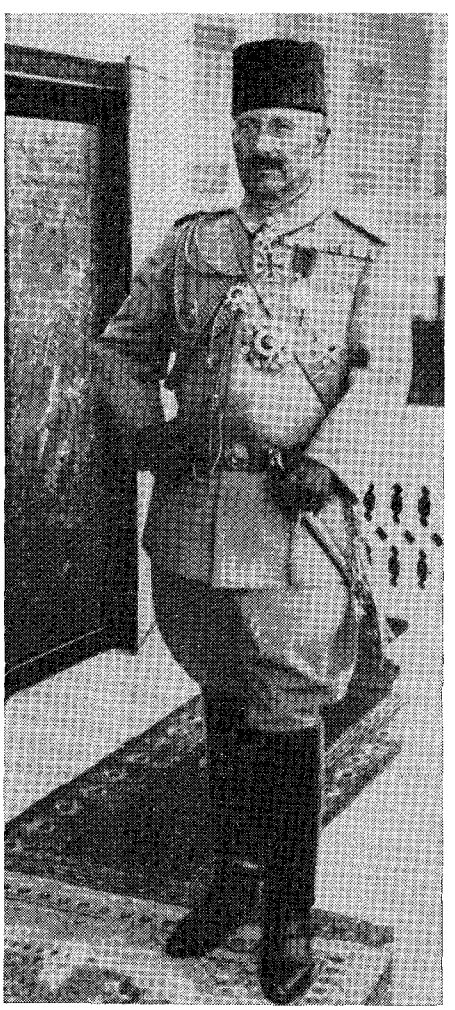
—Bettmann Archive.

Above, Emperor Wilhelm II, a self-styled "simple pilgrim," enters the Holy City through a triumphal arch; below, he wears a native hat in a 1914 Turkish propaganda picture.



THE KAISER IN THE HOLY LAND

Hohenzollern Mixed Religion with Real-politik on a Pilgrimage to Palestine

By TREVOR L. CHRISTIE

IN THE AUTUMN of 1898, six hundred years after the forces of Islam threw the soldiers of the Cross out of Palestine, His Majesty Emperor Wilhelm II of Germany became one of the first crowned heads of Europe to set foot on the Holy Land since the Crusades. He remains the last one, until the scheduled visit of Pope Paul VI this month. Ostensibly he was a Christian pilgrim planning to consecrate a new Protestant Church in Jerusalem. But he also wanted to cement his military alliance with the Ottoman Empire and advance the aims of his "Drang nach Osten" (Drive to the East) in Asia.

The spectacular expedition of Queen Victoria's grandson "Willy" was fraught with controversy from the start. On the eve of departure Pope Leo XIII, successor to Urban II, who launched the Crusades in the eleventh century, showed his disapproval by reminding the Emperor that France was the "traditional protector" of Catholics in Palestine. The French and Russians openly suspected his motives, but the British elected to play it cool and keep a watchful eye on his progress. His own people were hotly divided over the project, mostly along Protestant or Catholic lines, and questions were raised in Parliament.

On October 12 the Emperor, Empress Augusta Victoria, Foreign Secretary Baron von Bülow, and about 120 high officials and functionaries left Potsdam for Venice. They traveled in eleven large coaches drawn by two locomotives, carrying 110 pieces of baggage, including presents worth several million marks for their future hosts. Pausing overnight as guests of the King and Queen of Italy, they sailed the following day aboard the royal yacht *Hohenzollern*, convoyed by two armed cruisers, *Hertha* and *Hela*, for Constantinople. They would pay a state visit to Sultan Abdul-Hamid II of Turkey, the self-proclaimed Caliph of Islam, ruler of Palestine, and the Guardian of the Holy Places.

The assassination of hapless Empress Elizabeth of Austria by an Italian anarchist was still fresh in their minds. All the authorities involved therefore took extraordinary police precautions for the safety of the party. The discovery of an anarchist plot in Alexandria to kill the Kaiser and the Khedive abruptly cancelled a planned visit to Egypt. Dissident

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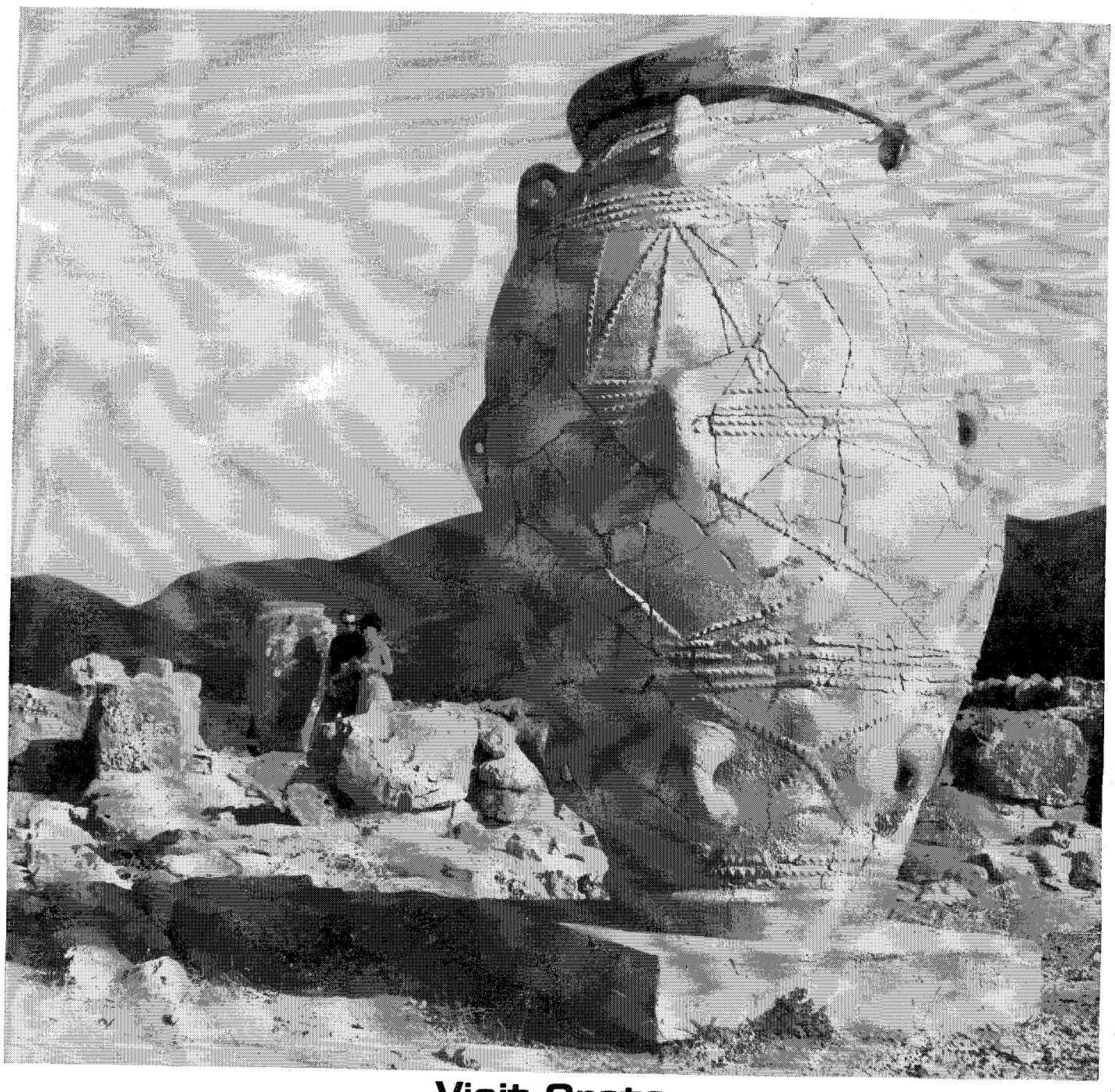

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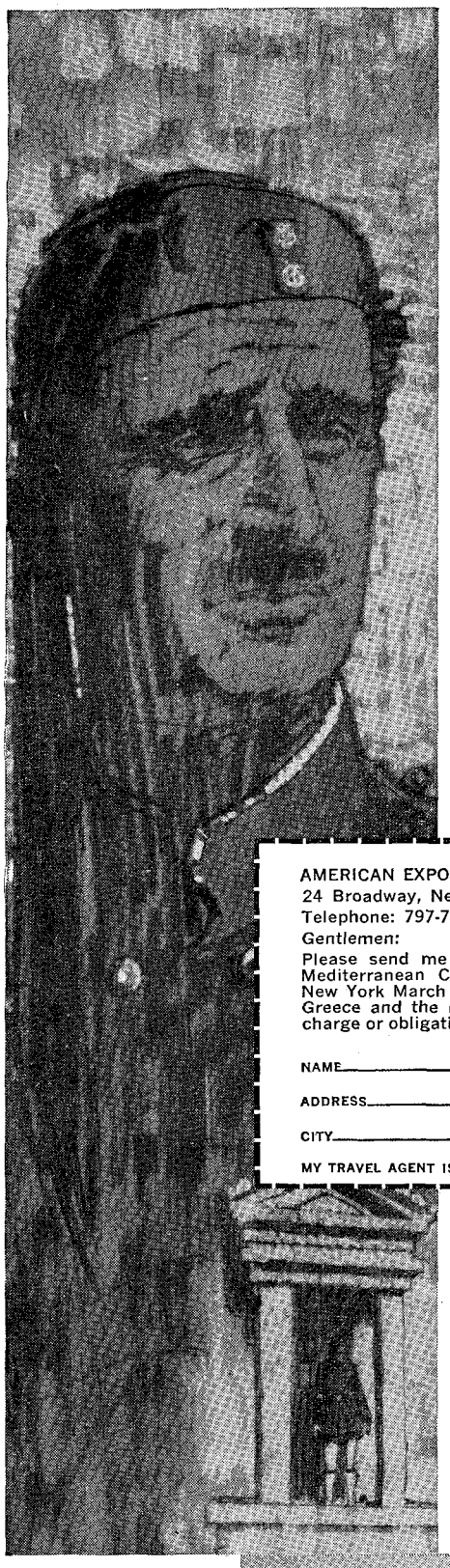

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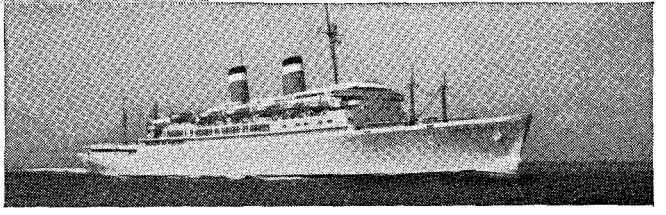

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Italians, Greeks, and Armenians especially were placed under close surveillance; if they acted suspiciously, they were expelled for the duration of the visit. Turkish troops by the thousands were mobilized to watch the crowds. A famous German detective specializing in celebrity protection was rushed to the scene. Owners and tenants of buildings along the line of march in Palestine were forbidden to watch the scene from their balconies. Precautions even included barring hooded Moslem women from the streets, lest they secrete stilettos beneath their veils.

Five days later, after a rough voyage through the Adriatic and Aegean, the *Hohenzollern* steamed through the Bosphorus and dropped anchor in the Golden Horn. Turkish batteries on shore let loose with a volley in salute; the German warships responded with a salvo, while hundreds of boats decorated with Turkish and German flags circled, their sirens screaming. At the jetty the Sultan, surrounded by bodyguards and flanked by his ministers and a group of top German officers on loan to him, effusively welcomed the Kaiser, wearing a Hussar uniform, and his entourage, while crowds cheered. From then on it was the "red fez" treatment.

At a state dinner in Yildiz palace that night, the Emperor answered a toast by asserting, "The excellent relations subsisting between his Imperial Majesty the Sultan and myself show how the two empires, despite differences of race and religion, can remain on terms of friendship for their mutual advancement." The Sultan presented the Kaiser with a bejeweled Damascene sword and the Kaiserina with a glittering diamond necklace as proof of his friendship. The smartly garbed guests applauded under newly installed gas chandeliers. "The whole made a magnificent display," wrote the correspondent of the *New York Times*.

The splendor of the occasion was marred by only one incident. The Emperor, mistaking her for someone else, assured Mrs. Oscar Straus, wife of the United States Minister, that he knew "your Queen very well." Said she: "I assume your Majesty refers to Mrs. McKinley." The Emperor was said to have been "much amused." Mrs. Straus promptly invited him to visit the U.S., but he begged off on the grounds that the country was "so large" it would take "too much time."

For the next few days the royal visitors were shown the sights, including the beautiful Mosque of St. Sophia, originally a Christian church. Wearing the uniform of a German general with a resplendent array of Turkish decorations, the Kaiser reviewed a detachment of 15,000 soldiers with his handlebar mous-

(*Continued on page* 62)

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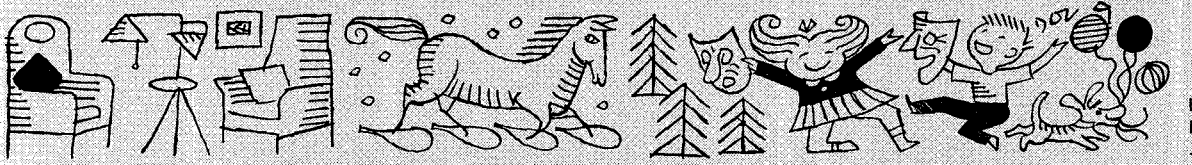
JANUARY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
			1 Football Bowl Games: Pasadena, Calif.; Miami, Fla.; N.O., La.; Dallas, Tex.	**2** International Boat Show, Earls Court, London, England, Jan. 1-11.	**3** Calypso Tents, weekends to Carnival time, Port of Spain, Trinidad, to Feb. 12.	**4** Senior Football Bowl Game, Mobile, Ala. Bofana Fair, Rome, Italy, Jan. 5-6.
5 Grand Prix Skiing Race, downhill, slalom, Courchevel, France, Jan. 4-5.	**6** Firemen's Festival, procession gymnastics, Meiji Shrine, Tokyo, Japan.	**7** The 8th annual Hotel Trade Fair, Amsterdam, Netherlands, Jan. 6-9.	**8** Cresta Run, major winter sports contest, St. Moritz, Switzerland, Jan. 8-9; 11	**9** Black Nazarene Festival, popular religious celebration, Manila, P.I.	**10** Festival of Popular Music, Zagreb, Yugoslavia, Jan. 9-12.	**11** The 50th anniversary of air service, St. Petersburg-Tampa, Fla.
12 Finnish Ice Skating Championship, Helsinki, Finland, Jan. 11–12.	**13** Fools' Monday, pre-Lenten celebration, Ronse, Belgium.	**14** "Pongal," harvest festival, in South India. Unique bull fight, Madras, Feb. 15.	**15** Acrobatic Skiing Competition, Ceilo, Norway, Jan. 4-18.	**16** Cricket Festival, Kingston, Jamaica, Jan. 3-25.	**17** Fair, carnival marking Feast of St. Anton, Obidos, Portugal.	**18** European Speed Skating Championship, Oslo, Norway, Jan. 18-19.
19 Brazilian Football Championship, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.	**20** Monte Carlo Auto Rally, Monte Carlo, Monaco, Jan. 18-25.	**21** Narcissus Festival, including Chinese New Year, Honolulu, H.I., Jan. 10-Feb. 16.	**22** Winter Festival, regatta, golf, folk dancing, Malaga, Spain, Jan. 15-Feb. 15.	**23** Pre-Lenten Winter Carnival, parades, sports contest, Quebec, Canada, to Feb. 11.	**24** Winter Carnival, ice skating, ski jumping, Vernon, B.C., Canada, Jan. 24-Feb. 1.	**25** National Fast Draw Contest, Phoenix, Arizona, Jan. 24-25.
26 Montgomery Cup, skiing contest, Gstaad, Switzerland.	**27** India's Republic Day; celebration in New Delhi, Jan. 26-29.	**28** "Thaipusam," Hindu religious festival, Penang, Malaya.	**29** IX Winter Olympics, Innsbruck, Austria, Jan. 29-Feb. 9.	**30** Annual commercial fair, Vila Vicosa, Portugal, Jan. 29-31.	**31** California Golf: San Diego, Jan. 8-12. Palm Springs, Jan. 29-Feb. 2.	

FEBRUARY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
						**1** Furniture Fair, Cologne, Germany, Jan. 28-Feb. 2.
2 Horse race on snow, St. Moritz, Switzerland. Boats, S.F., Calif., Feb. 1-9.	**3** Lantern Festival, Kasuga Shrine, Nara, Japan, Feb. 3 or 4.	**4** Arts Assn. Centennial, Helsinki, Finland, Feb. 2-23.	**5** 10th West German Film Festival, Oberhausen, Germany, Feb. 3-8.	**6** Almond Blossom Time, Agrigento, Sicily, Feb. 3-10.	**7** Crufts Dog Show, Olympia, London, England, Feb. 7-8.	**8** Samba Schools Parade, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Carnival in Rio, Feb. 8-11.
9 Carnival: N.O., La.; Nice, France; Viareggio, Italy; Binche, Belg., Feb. 8-11.	**10** Miami-Nassau Yacht Race. Azalea Trail, Mobile, Ala., Feb. 1-Mar. 15.	**11** Shivratri, important Hindu Festival, Banares, India.	**12** International Furniture Fair, Stockholm, Sweden, Feb. 12-16.	**13** Chinese New Year: New York, N. Y.; San Francisco, Calif.; Hong Kong; Taiwan.	**14** Date Festival, camel races, Arabian Nights, Indio, Calif., Feb. 14-23.	**15** International Spring Fair, Frankfurt, Germany, Feb. 15-20.
16 First Lenten performance, "La Pasion," Olesa de Montserrat, Spain.	**17** New Zealand swimming championships, Blenheim, N.Z., Feb. 17-18.	**18** Fur Rendezvous, dog sled races, blanket toss, Anchorage, Alaska, Feb. 16-23.	**19** Traditional Carnival, Basel, Switzerland, Feb. 17-19.	**20** Swedish Skiing Championship, Rattvik, Sweden, Feb. 16-23.	**21** Javelina Derby, Phoenix, Arizona, Feb. 21-Mar. 8.	**22** World Skating Championship, Helsinki, Finland, Feb. 22–23.
23 Latin Fiesta, street parades, dancing, Tampa, Fla., Feb. 22-29.	**24** Yugoslav Slalom Championship, Kranjska, Gora, Yugoslavia, Feb. 23-24.	**25** Richard Strauss Festival, Munich, Germany, Feb. 23-Mar. 15.	**26** Annual Children's Carnival, Bologna, Italy, Feb. 24-26.	**27** Holi, India's major fun festival, Mathura, India, Feb. 27-28.	**28** Alpine Skiing Championships, Tarnaby, Sweden, Feb. 27-Mar. 1.	**29** Sourdough Rendezvous, winter sports, songfest, Yukon Territory, Feb. 28-Mar. 1.

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MARCH

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1 Vasa Skiing Race, Salen/Mora, Sweden, Auto Show, Copenhagen, Den., Feb. 28-Mar. 3.	**2** Moomba, fun festival with parades, concerts, Melbourne, Australia, Feb. 28-Mar. 9.	**3** XVI Samples Fair, Cagliari, Sardinia, Feb. 29-Mar. 10.	**4** Religious Pilgrimage, Chalma, Mexico. Slalom, Jahorina, Yugo., Mar. 3-4.	**5** Annual pilgrimage to old homes, Natchez, Miss., Mar. 1-31.	**6** International Textile Fair, Ghent, Belgium, Mar. 6-10.	**7** Salpausselka Winter Games, Lahti, Finland, Mar. 7-8.
8 Swiss Skiing Championship, St. Moritz, Switzerland, Mar. 8 and 15.	**9** 82nd Spring Fair, Utrecht, Netherlands, Mar. 9-17.	**10** Fallas de San Jose, opening of bull fighting season, Valencia, Spain, Mar. 10-19.	**11** Adelaide Arts Festival, Adelaide, Australia, Mar. 7-21.	**12** Holmenkoln Skiing Week, Oslo, Norway, Mar. 12-15.	**13** Gornergrat Ski Derby, Zermatt, Switzerland, Mar. 13-15.	**14** French Week, exhibition of French products, Curaçao, Mar. 13-21.
15 International Boat Show, Copenhagen, Denmark, Mar. 13-22.	**16** Four-day March in Israel, climax in Jerusalem, Mar. 16-19.	**17** St. Patrick's Day, throughout Ireland; main show in Dublin.	**18** International Trade Fair, Vienna, Austria, Mar. 15-22.	**19** Collegiate Sports Meet, Kingston, Jamaica, Mar. 19-21.	**20** College Weeks, dances, queen contest, Bermuda, Mar. 14-Apr. 4.	**21** Grand National Steeplechase, Aintree, Liverpool, England.
22 Buddhist Memorial Day, throughout Japan, Mar. 21 or 22.	**23** Holy Week, processions in Cadiz, Grenada, Toledo, Spain, Mar. 22-27.	**24** Royal Easter Show, Sydney, Australia, Mar. 23-Apr. 4.	**25** National Independence Day, parade, Athens, Greece.	**26** National Flower Exhibition, Lisse, Netherlands, Mar. 15-Apr. 15.	**27** Seder Nights, throughout Israel, Mar. 27-28.	**28** Cambridge vs. Oxford, boat race, London, England.
29 Explosion of the Cart, at the Cathedral, Florence, Italy.	**30** South African Olympics, Johannesburg, S.A., Mar. 29-Apr. 15.	**31** Pilgrimage to Our Lady of Guadalupe, Serpa, Portugal.				

APRIL

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
			1 Festival of States, parade, carnival, St. Petersburg, Fla., Mar. 30-Apr. 12.	**2** Wine Tasting and Wine Fair, Grevenmacher, Luxembourg.	**3** Traditional kite flying contests, Nagasaki, Japan.	**4** Arts Festival, Indian pageant, dances, concerts, Tucson, Ariz., Apr. 2-14.
5 The 29th Mountain Folk Festival, Berea, Ky., Apr. 2-5.	**6** Danish Products Show, Odense, Denmark, April 3-12.	**7** Spring Fiesta, old homes tours, parties, New Orleans, La., Apr. 3-18.	**8** National Cherry Blossom Festival, Wash., D.C., Apr. 7-12.	**9** Spring Fair, bull fights, folk dancing, Seville, Spain, Apr. 8-12.	**10** Plantation Tour, Georgetown, SC., Apr. 9-11.	**11** International Fair, Osaka, Japan, Apr. 9-29.
12 Cherry Festival, Seoul, Korea. Byzantine Art Show, Athens, Greece, to June 15.	**13** Baisaki, Hindu New Year, throughout India.	**14** International Samples Fair, Milan, Italy, Apr. 10-25.	**15** International Spring Fair, Zagreb, Yugoslavia, Apr. 12-21.	**16** Israel's Independence Day, Jerusalem, Israel.	**17** Flag Day, patriotic ceremonies, parade, Pago Pago, Samoa.	**18** Arkansas State Band Contest, Hot Springs, Ark., Apr. 16-18.
19 Day of the Indian, throughout Brazil.	**20** Swiss Industries Fair, Basel, Switzerland, Apr. 11-21.	**21** Historic Garden Week, trips to private gardens, Richmond, Va., Apr. 18-25.	**22** Fiesta San Jacinto, parades, concerts, San Antonio, Tex., Apr. 19-25.	**23** New York World's Fair, New York, N.Y., Apr. 22-Oct. 25.	**24** Shakespeare's 400th Birthday Party, Stratford-on-Avon, England, Apr. 23-Dec. 31.	**25** Arkansas State Choral Contest, Hot Springs, Ark., Apr. 23-24.
26 International Flower Festival, Paris, France, Apr. 24-May 3.	**27** German Industries Fair, Hanover, Germany, Apr. 26-May 6.	**28** Floral Pageant Week, flower parade, dances, Bermuda, Apr. 27-May 2.	**29** German Industries Fair, Hanover, Germany, Apr. 26-May 6.	**30** Swiss National Exposition, Lausanne, Switzerland, Apr. 30-Oct. 25.		

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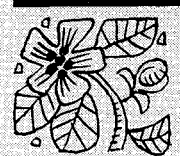
MAY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
					1 Lei Day, Honolulu, Hawaii. Prizes for exhibits at Waikiki Park.	**2** Apple Blossom Festivals: Winchester, Va.; Wenatchee, Wash., Apr. 30-May 2.
3 King Crab Festival, Kodiak, Alaska, May 1-3.	**4** Belgian Industries Fair, Brussels, Belgium, Apr. 30-May 11.	**5** Royal Dublin Spring Show, Ballsbridge, Dublin, Ireland, May 5-9.	**6** Byzantine-European Art Exhibition, Athens, Greece, Apr. 1-June 15.	**7** Sardinian Cavalcade, a spring festival, Sassari, Sardinia.	**8** Joan of Arc Festival, Orléans and Rouen, France, May 7-8.	**9** Annual May Music Festival, Ann Arbor, Mich., May 7-10.
10 Auto Grand Prix, Monte Carlo, Monaco. Major sports car event.	**11** Spring, Summer Game Fishing Tournament, Bermuda, May 1-Nov. 30.	**12** Religious pilgrimage to world-famous shrine, Fatima, Portugal, May 12-13.	**13** Adelaide Cup, famous horse race, Adelaide, Australia.	**14** B. C. International Trade Fair, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, May 13-23.	**15** National Brass Bands Contest, Christchurch, N.Z., May 15-17.	**16** Little Norway Festival, Petersburg, Alaska, May 16-17.
17 Elaintarha Grand Prix, auto and motorcycle races, Helsinki, Finland.	**18** Drama, Dance, Music Festival, Hierapolis, Turkey, May 17-20.	**19** Youth, Sports Day, Ankara, Istanbul and Izmir, Turkey.	**20** Glyndebourne Opera Festival, Glyndebourne, England, May 20-Aug. 16.	**21** Firewalking, dancing on embers, near Thessaloniki, Greece.	**22** The 47th Swedish Trade Fair, Gothenburg, Sweden, May 15-24.	**23** Moharram, Muslim Festival, Delhi and Lucknow, India.
24 Lilac Festival, parade, concerts, sports, Spokane, Wash., May 16-24.	**25** Feast of the Gypsies, Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, France, May 24-25.	**26** "500" Festival, auto race, parade, Indianapolis, Ind., May 26-30.	**27** Edward Grieg Music Festival, Bergen, Norway, May 22-June 6.	**28** Corpus Christi Day, Laguna de Negrillos and Sitges, Spain.	**29** Stockholm Arts Festival, opera, ballet, Stockholm, Sweden, May 25-June 8.	**30** 14th Royal Danish Ballet, Music Festival, Copenhagen, Denmark, May 15-31.
31 1200th anniversary of Benedictine Abbey, Ottobeuren, Bavaria.						

JUNE

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
	**1** Apple Blossom Festival, Kentville, N.S., May 31-June 3.	**2** May Music Festival, Florence, Italy, May 15-June 15.	**3** National Day, parade, concerts, Singapore, India.	**4** Triennial Musical Festival, Norwich, England, May 29-June 6.	**5** Blossom Time Ski Festival, Solfonn, Norway, June 5-6.	**6** Shrimp Festival, Biloxi, Miss., June 6-7. Parade of shrimp boats featured.
7 Cultural Festival, opera, concerts, Bath, England, June 4-14.	**8** The 46th Skane Fair, Malmo, Sweden, June 5-14.	**9** American Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Conn., June 9-Sept. 13.	**10** Sun Fun Festival, beauty pageant, parade, Myrtle Beach, S.C., June 10-14.	**11** Kamehameha Day, salute memory of departed king, Honolulu, Hawaii.	**12** Philippine Independence Day, parades, fireworks, Manila, P.I.	**13** Vienna Festival Weeks, cultural events, Vienna, Austria, May 23-June 21.
14 Dragon Boat Races, Festival. Major celebration in Hong Kong.	**15** Brisbane Cup, horse race, Queensland, Australia.	**16** Alaska Music Festival, Anchorage, Alaska, June 15-25.	**17** U.S. Open Golf Tournament, Wash., D.C., June 16-20.	**18** Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Ont., Canada, June 15-Sept. 28.	**19** Red River Exhibition, Winnipeg, Man., Canada, June 19-27.	**20** Festival of Two Worlds, Spoleto, Italy, June 19-July 20.
21 Singing on the Mountain, Grandfather Mountain, Linville, N.C.	**22** City God Celebration, Taipei, Taiwan. Homes Show, Sydney, Australia.	**23** New York City Shakespeare Festival, Central Park, June 18-Sept. 5.	**24** Aspen Music Festival, symphony concerts, Aspen, Colo., June 24-Aug. 23.	**25** "The Lost Colony," Manteo, N.C., except Sundays, June 24-Aug. 30.	**26** Sanno Festival, Hie Shrine, Tokyo, Japan, June 15-30.	**27** Barnum Festival, parade on July 4, Bridgeport, Conn., June 27-July 5.
28 50th State Fair, Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, Hawaii, June 25-July 5.	**29** Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival, Kutztown, Pa., June 27-July 5.	**30** Ravinia Music Festival, Ravinia, Ill., near Chicago, June 27-Aug. 11.				

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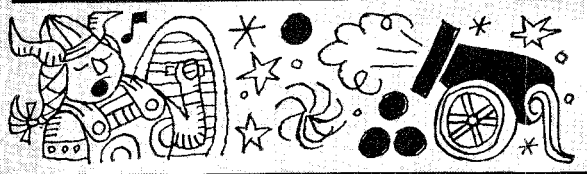
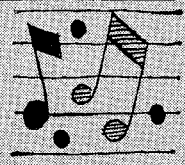
JULY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
			**1** South Pacific Bowling Championship, Suva, Fiji, June 29-July 12.	**2** Berkshire Music Festival, Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass., July 2-Aug. 23.	**3** Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, Lee, Mass., July 2-Aug. 29.	**4** American Independence Day, Wash., D.C.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Rebild Park, Den.
5 Deep Sea Fishing Rodeo, Gulf of Mexico, Gulfport, Miss., July 1-5.	**6** Calgary Stampede, famous rodeo, Calgary, Alta., Canada, July 6-11.	**7** The 16th White Mountain Festival of Arts, Pike, N.H., July 6-19.	**8** National Bathing Festival, beach parties, Penang, Malaya.	**9** Mid-summer Curling Bonspiel, Nelson, B.C., Canada, July 6-11.	**10** Aquatennial, Minneapolis, Minn., parades, water sports, July 10-19.	**11** Rath Yatra, chariots festival, Puri, India. N.Y. is a World's Fair and Summer Festival, June 16-Sept. 7.
12 Swedish Horse Derby, Malmo, Sweden, July 12 or 19.	**13** Lobster Festival, Summerside, P.E.I., Canada, July 13-18.	**14** "La fête du 14 juillet," Papeete, Tahiti, July 13-20.	**15** Early Music and Instruments Festival, Haslemere, England, July 10-18.	**16** Indian Days, ceremonials, parade, Banff, Alta., Canada, July 16-19.	**17** Highland Games, athletic contests, Antigonish, N.S., July 17-18.	**18** Fireworks Display, Sumida River, Tokyo, Japan.
19 Festival of the Wild Horse Chase, Soma, Japan, July 16-19.	**20** Marlboro Festival, Marlboro, Vt., Saturdays, Sundays, June 27-Aug. 18.	**21** Mohammed's birthday celebrated throughout Malaya.	**22** 82nd Royal Canadian Henley Rowing Regatta, Port Dalhousie, Ont., Canada.	**23** Wagner Opera Festival, Bayreuth, Germany, July 18-Aug. 21.	**24** Music, Arts Festival, King's Lynn, England, July 18-25.	**25** Bregenz Festival, operetta, ballet, Bregenz, Austria, July 24-Aug. 23.
26 Music in Vineyards, Saratoga, Calif., June 13-14; July 25-26; Aug. 29-30.	**27** Golden Days, Fairbanks, Alaska, revive gold rush times, July 22-28.	**28** "Unto These Hills," Cherokee, N.C., June 23-Sept. 2.	**29** "Stephen Foster Story," Bardstown, Ky., June 28-Sept. 6.	**30** Seattle Seafair, Seattle, Wash., Gold Cup boat race, July 31-Aug. 9.	**31** Salmon Derby, Juneau, Alaska, July 31-Aug. 2.	

AUGUST

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
						1 National Championship High School Rodeo, Albert Lea, Minn., July 29-Aug. 2.
2 Hula Festival, Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, Hawaii. Weekends in August.	**3** Danish Industries Fair, Fredericia, Denmark, Aug. 1-10.	**4** Royal National Eisteddfod, Swansea, Wales, Aug. 3-9.	**5** Oldest Regatta in North America, St. John's, Newfoundland.	**6** Royal Dublin Horse Show, Dublin, Ireland, Aug. 4-8.	**7** Peach Festival, Penticton, B.C., Canada, Aug. 5-8.	**8** International Sports Meet, Kingston, Jamaica, Aug. 7-8.
9 Feast of Hungry Ghosts, Hong Kong, Aug. 8-21.	**10** Gaelic Mod, Scottish festivities, St. Ann's, N.S., Aug. 9-15.	**11** Orange Festival, Highland Games, Tauranga, N.Z., Aug. 10-20.	**12** Lobster Festival, Shediac, N.B., Aug. 12-13.	**13** Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial, Gallup, N.M., Aug. 13-16.	**14** Eisteddfod, Adelaide, Australia, Aug. 1-24. Maiden's Festival, Hong Kong.	**15** Independence Day, throughout India, Delhi, India.
16 Lantern Festival, Kasuga Shrine, Nara, Japan.	**17** Edinburgh International Festival, Edinburgh, Scotland, Aug. 16-Sept. 5.	**18** Deep Sea Fishing Festival, Stavanger, Norway, Aug. 17-22.	**19** Bavarian Opera Festival, Munich, Germany, Aug. 18-Sept. 28.	**20** Harvest Festival, Kerala, South India, Aug. 21-24.	**21** Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, Ont., Canada, Aug. 21-Sept. 7.	**22** Pacific National Exhibition, Vancouver B.C., Canada, Aug. 22-Sept. 7.
23 Onam Harvest Festival, Kerala, India, Aug. 21-24.	**24** Deep Sea Fishing Festival, Sonderborg, Denmark, Aug. 24-28.	**25** "Semana Grande," summer festival, Bilbao, Spain, Aug. 18-25.	**26** Anniversary of Balintawak Revolt, Quezon City, P.I.	**27** Canadian Junior Golf Championship, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Aug. 25-28.	**28** Sultan's Birthday Party, Ipoh, Malaya.	**29** Oregon Shakespeare Festival, Ashland, Ore., July 22-Sept. 10.
30 Birthday of Lord Krishna, observed throughout India.	**31** Independence day, patriotic parade, Trinidad and Tobago.					

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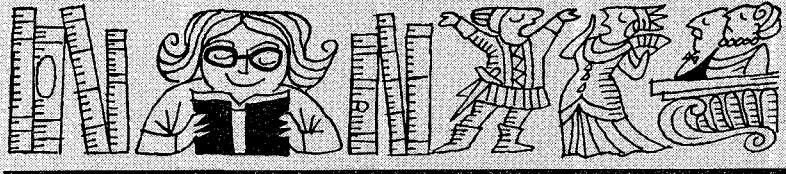
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
		1 Student Festivals, Bergen, Oslo and Trondheim, Norway, Sept. 1-3.	**2** Chinese Market Festival, Johore Bahru, Malaya, Sept. 2-4.	**3** The 22nd International St. Erik's Fair, Stockholm, Sweden, Sept. 2-13.	**4** Applied Arts Exhibit, Charlottenberg, Denmark, Sept. 4-20.	**5** Championship Stock Car Races, Myrtle Beach, S.C.
6 Whaling Spree, Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii, Sept. 5-7.	**7** William Tell Festival, New Glarus, Wis., Sept. 6-7.	**8** Traditional Three Choirs Festival, Hereford, England, Sept. 6-11.	**9** Feast of Elephant-headed God, Bombay, India.	**10** Canadian Plowing Championship, Dundas, P.E.I., Sept 9-10.	**11** Vintage Festival, Jerez de la Frontera, Spain, Sept. 5-12.	**12** Eastern States Exposition, West Springfield, Mass. Sept. 12-20.
13 The 45th Comptoir Suisse, Lausanne, Switzerland, Sept. 5-20.	**14** Scandinavian Design Cavalcade, Oslo, Norway, Sept. 1-30.	**15** Theatre Festival, Dublin, Ireland, Sept. 14-27.	**16** Malaysia Day celebrations, Singaore. Mid-Autumn Festival, Taiwan.	**17** Carolinas Open Golf Match, Myrtle Beach, S.C., Sept. 15-18.	**18** Fisheries Fair, Lunenburg, N.S., Sept. 15-19.	**19** President's Cup Regatta, Wash., D.C., Sept. 19-20.
20 Autumn Festival, Hong Kong. Trade Fair, Marseilles, France, Sept. 17-28.	**21** Carnival of Flowers, Toowoomba, Australia, Sept. 21-28.	**22** Furniture, cabinet-making Show, Copenhagen, Denmark, Sept. 18-Oct. 4.	**23** Oktoberfest, beer, food festival, Munich, Germany, Sept. 19-Oct. 4.	**24** Women's British Open Amateur Championship, Princes, Kent, England.	**25** Wildflower Show, Perth, West Australia, Sept. 24-25.	**26** Hibiscus Festival, Suva, Fiji, Sept. 19-26.
27 Grape Festival, folk dancing, Cagliari, Sardinia.	**28** San Geronimo Fiesta, Taos Pueblo, N.M., Sept. 28-30.	**29** Marathon Race, Seoul, Korea. Berlin Festival, Berlin, Germany, Sept. 20-Oct. 4.	**30** Music, Dance, Drama Festival, Seville, Spain, Sept. 19-Oct. 5.			

OCTOBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
				**1** Literature Festival, Cheltenham, England, Oct. 1-3.	**2** Gandhi's Birthday, at his grave in New Delhi, India.	**3** Celebrate Relief of Leyden in 1574, Leyden, Netherlands.
4 Texas Prison Rodeo, Huntsville, Tex., Oct. 4, 11, 18, 25.	**5** National Gaelic Mod, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, Oct. 4-10.	**6** Korean Olympics, Seoul, Korea, Oct. 4-10.	**7** Auto Show, Paris, France, Oct. 1-11. Tobacco Festival, Richmond, Va.	**8** Columbian Celebration, Genoa, Italy, Oct. 6-12.	**9** Independence Day, patriotic parade, Guayaquil, Ecuador.	**10** Double Ten Day, Republic's anniversary, Taipei, Taiwan.
11 Feast of Our Lady of Pillar, Zaragoza, Spain, Oct. 4-12.	**12** Water Ski Championship, Montego Bay, Jamaica, Oct. 7-12.	**13** U. of Panama's Anniversary celebration, Panama City, Panama, Oct. 7-14.	**14** Flaming Foliage Festival, Renovo, Penna., Oct. 10-12.	**15** International Wine Fair, Montpellier, France, Oct. 10-19.	**16** 10th Italian Opera Festival, Lausanne, Switzerland, Oct. 10-18.	**17** Caulfield Cup, Caulfield, Victoria, Australia.
18 Alaska Day, marking transfer of Alaska from Russia to USA, Sitka, Alaska.	**19** Lord of Miracles Procession, Lima, Peru, Oct. 18-19.	**20** XVIII Olympiade, Tokyo, Japan, Oct. 10-24.	**21** The 11th Electronics Fair, Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, Oct. 17-25.	**22** National Gaelic Cultural Feast, Dublin, Ireland, Oct. 17-25.	**23** Watch, Jewelry Show, Geneva, Switzerland, Oct. 2-25.	**24** Aloha Week, Honolulu, Hawaii, Oct. 18-24. Exhibits, dancing.
25 Opera Festival, Wexford, Ireland, Oct. 18-25.	**26** Constitution Day, Vietnam. Craftsman's Fair, Gatlinburg, Tenn., Oct. 20-27.	**27** Norwegian Football Cup Final, Oslo, Norway. Pilgrimage, Richmond, Va.	**28** St. Demetrios Celebration, Thessaloniki, Greece, Oct. 26-28.	**29** Fisheries Fair, Gothenburg, Sweden, Oct. 29-Nov. 9.	**30** Okunchi Festival, Karatsu, Japan, Oct. 28-30.	**31** Agricultural Fair Colima, Mexico, Oct. 30-Nov. 3.

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NOVEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1 Veteran Car Run, London to Brighton, England.	**2** Irish Cesarewitch, horse race, Curragh, County Kildare, Ireland.	**3** Melbourne Cup, horse race, Melbourne, Australia.	**4** Festival of Lights, throughout India, Nov. 3-4.	**5** Furniture Fair, Utrecht, Netherlands, Nov. 2-7.	**6** Grand Prix, horse race, Porto Alegre, Brazil.	**7** Lord Mayor's Show, London, England. Chrysanthemum Show, Taipei, Taiwan.
8 Autumn Fair, Basel, Switzerland, Nov. 1-8. Film Fête, San Francisco, Calif.	**9** Gastronomic Fair, Dijon, France, Nov. 2-9.	**10** Our Lady of Solitude Festival, Cavite City, Philippines.	**11** Independence celebrations, Cartagena, Columbia.	**12** Fishing Tournament, Bonaire, Nov. 12-15. Winefest, near Vienna, Austria.	**13** Book Fair, Berlin, Germany, Nov. 6-21. St. Martin's Fair, Golega, Port.	**14** New Zealand Auto Championship, Rotorua, N.Z.
15 Three Glorious Days, wine festival, Beaune, France, Nov. 14-16.	**16** Grand Prix Auto Race, Guia Circuit, Macao, Nov. 16-17.	**17** Festival of the Pacific, Honolulu, Hawaii, Nov. 16-23.	**18** Contemporary Chamber Music Festival, Brunswick, Germany, Nov. 17-20.	**19** Parade, highlight of National Holiday, Monte Carlo, Monaco.	**20** Anniversary of Revolution, Mexico City, Mexico.	**21** Regional Jazz Festival, Baden, Switzerland.
22 Japanese Wrestling Tournament, Fukuoka, Japan, Nov. 10-25.	**23** Onion Market, celebration, Berne, Switzerland.	**24** Skin Divers' Meet, Heron Island, Australia, Nov. 7-27.	**25** Sheep-shearing, dog trials, Auckland, N.Z., Nov. 24-25.	**26** Post-war industrial design show, Oslo, Norway, Nov. 8-30.	**27** 37th Grand Prix Auto Race, Buenos Aires, Argentina, Nov. 22- Dec. 6.	**28** Orange Festival, Buras, La., Nov. 28-29. Boat Race, St. Thomas, V.I.-P.R.
29 Fair, native dances, singing, Comonfort, Mexico, Nov. 25-30.	**30** Army-Navy Football Game, Philadelphia, Pa.					

DECEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
		1 Iceland's Independence Day, main celebration in Reykjavik.	**2** Royal Smithfield Agricultural Show, London, England, Dec. 1-4.	**3** Auto Speed Weeks, Nassau, W.I., Dec. 1-9. Christmas Market, Berlin, Germany, Dec. 1-24.	**4** Grand Prix, horse race, São Paulo, Brazil.	**5** Sailors' Week, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Dec. 5-11.
6 Buddha Enlightenment Day, throughout the Orient.	**7** Peace Pageant, Wash., D.C., Dec. 6-12. Gold Tournament, Dorado Beach, P.R.	**8** 23rd Annual Band, Choral Festival, Stillwater, Okla.	**9** Whirling Dervishes Festival, Konya, Turkey, Dec. 8-15.	**10** Nobel Prize Presentation, Oslo, Norway and Stockholm, Sweden.	**11** Industrial Exhibition, Barbados, Dec. 10-11.	**12** Junior College Rose Bowl Game, Pasadena, Calif.
13 Skansen Christmas Fair, Stockholm, Sweden, Dec. 6 and 13.	**14** Christmas Exposition, Dearborn, Mich., Dec. 7-Jan. 5.	**15** Santon Fair, Marseilles, France, Dec. 11-Jan. 1.	**16** Christkindlesmart, fairs, Nuremberg and Frankfurt, Germany, Dec. 1-24.	**17** Kaomise Kabuki Plays, Kyoto, Japan, Dec. 1-26.	**18** Religious procession, fireworks, Asillo, Peru.	**19** Norwegian Artists Christmas Exhibit, Oslo, Norway, Dec. 5-23.
20 Eden Ski Cup, Grindelwald, Switzerland.	**21** Wahoo Roundup, Nassau, Dec. 1-31. Fishing Tournament, Miami, Fla., Dec. 15-31.	**22** Hong Kong Products Show, Hong Kong, Dec. 15-31.	**23** Opera Season, Milan, Italy, Dec. 5-June 10.	**24** Pilgrimage to Church of the Manger, Bethlehem, Jordan.	**25** Eskimo Christmas Games, Kotzebue, Alaska. Indian Dances, Taos Pueblo, N.M.	**26** Shrine East-West Football Game, San Francisco, Cal.
27 Koshare Indian Winter Dances, La Junta, Colo.	**28** Ross Memorial Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N.C., Dec. 27-28.	**29** Mid-winter Sports Carnival, track, tennis, football, New Orleans, La.	**30** Carnival, climaxed by street parade, Dec. 31, Rotorua, N.Z., Dec. 26-31.	**31** End of Year Fireworks: Pikes Peak, Colo.; Funchal, Madeira.		

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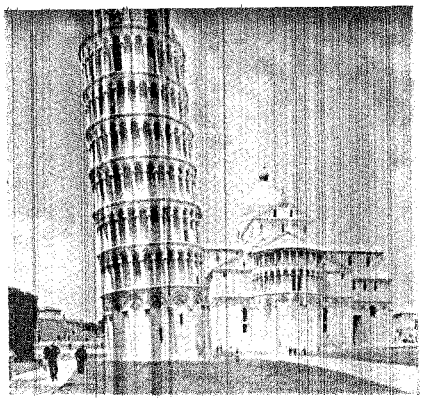
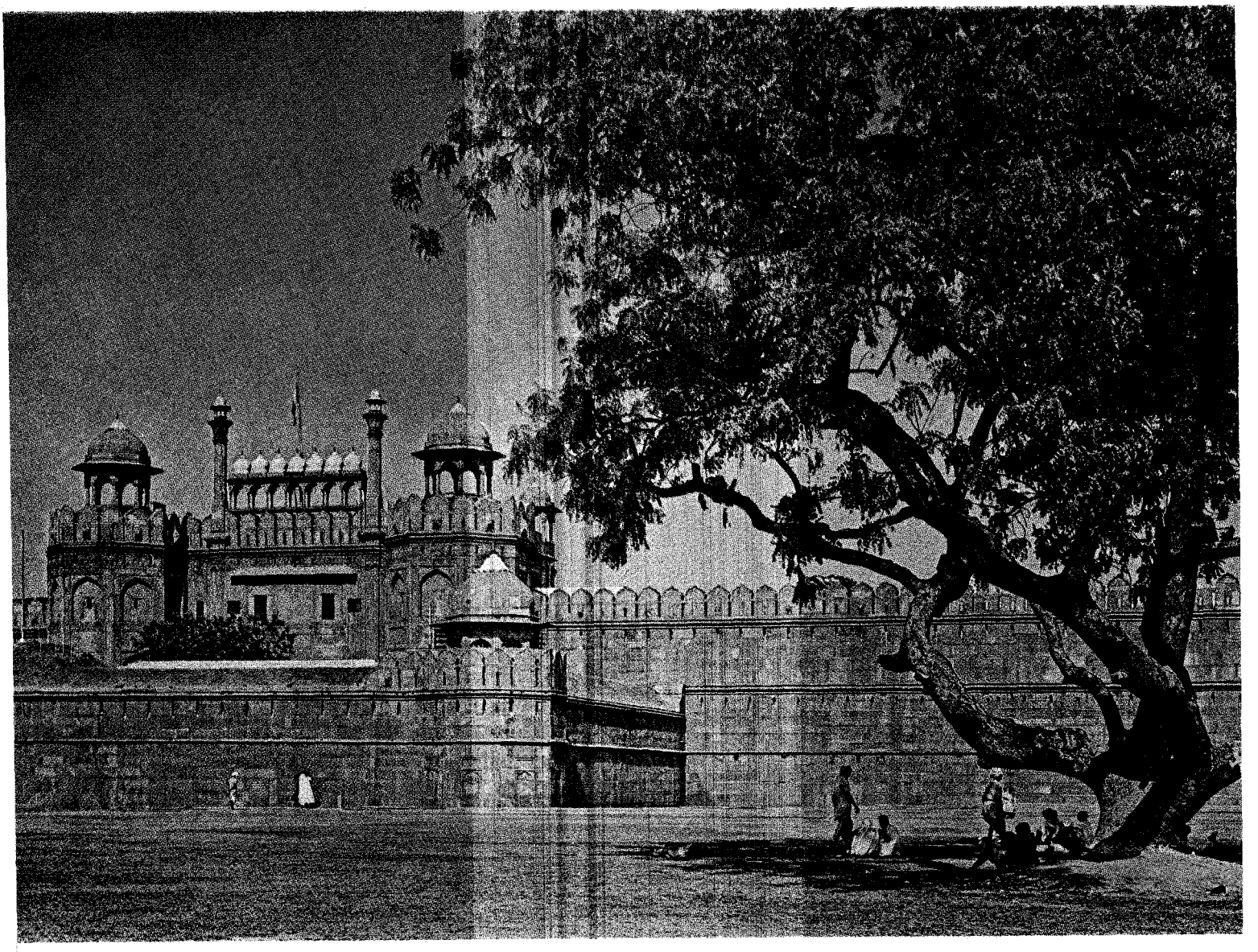


So what else is new?



Delhi

Leaning over backwards to find somewhere fresh? Try India. Visit Delhi's magnificent Red Fort, the glory of Emperor Shah Jahan. Built in 1639 of brilliant red sandstone, marble and precious stones, it's described by the gold letters that grace her Hall of Private Audience, "If there be a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this!" ■ Delhi has much to delight you. Festivals, exotic foods, sidewalk bazaars. India is a land whose people pamper you as a guest, and speak your language. For colorful brochures, see your Travel Agent, or write the Government of India Tourist Office.

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India

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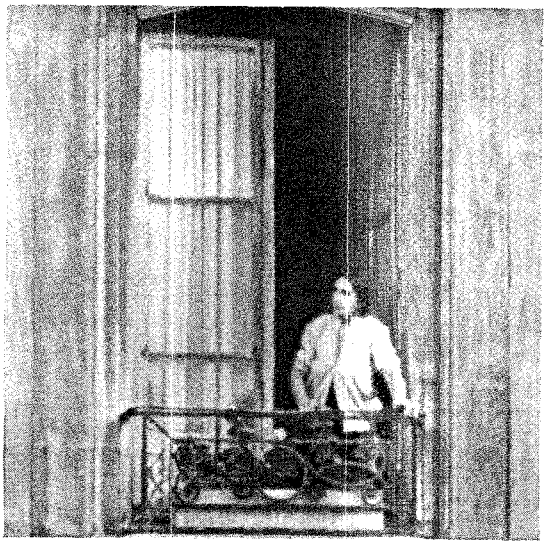

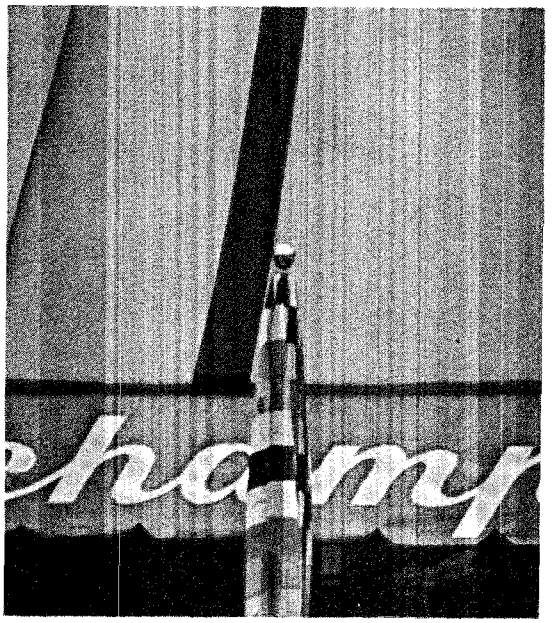

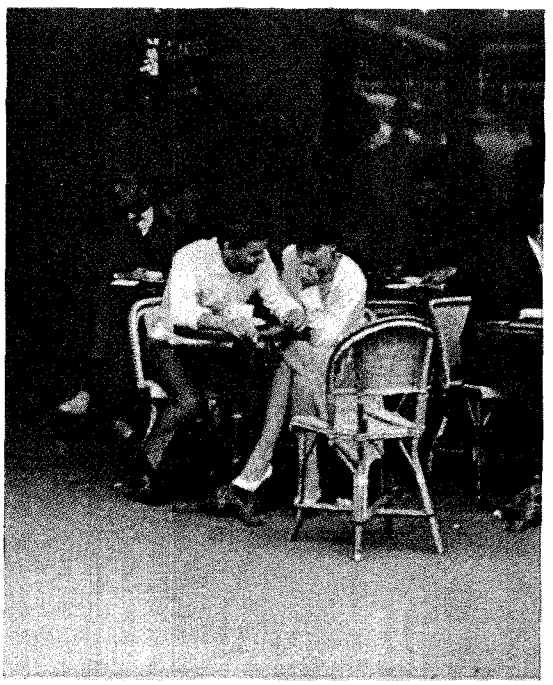

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Next time you're in France, forget you're a tourist. Join the fun in the nearest sidewalk café. (Even the smallest country town can't get along without one.)

Pull up a chair, kick off your shoes, and watch the world go by.

Sit all day over one café au lait. (The waiter will know you didn't come just for the coffee.) Have a brandy in Roquefort. Nibble cheese in Cognac.

Write poetry or postcards. Fall in love in the middle of the afternoon.

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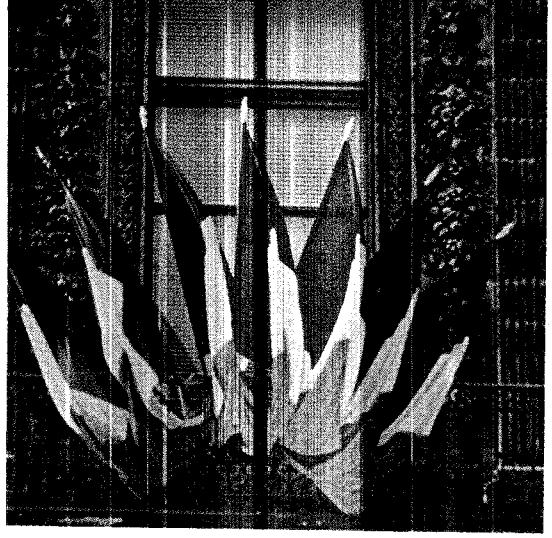

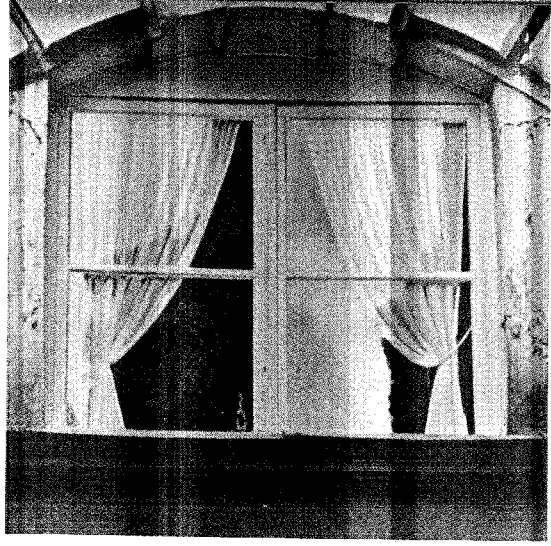

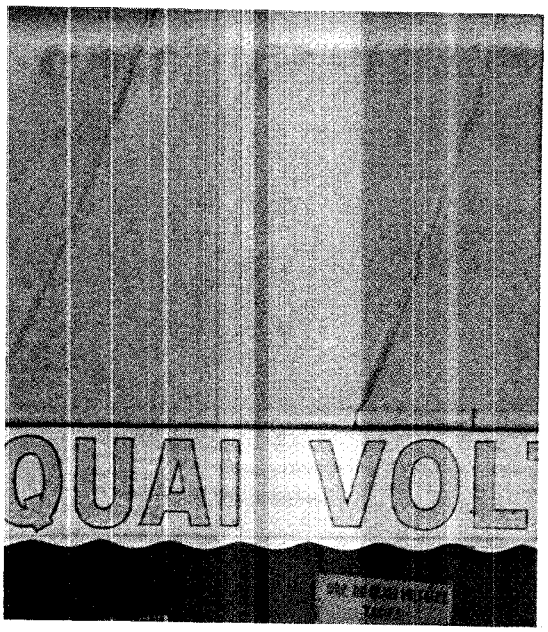

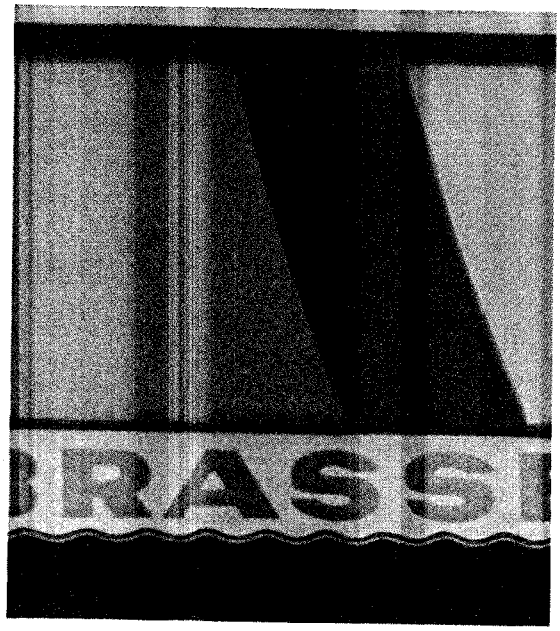

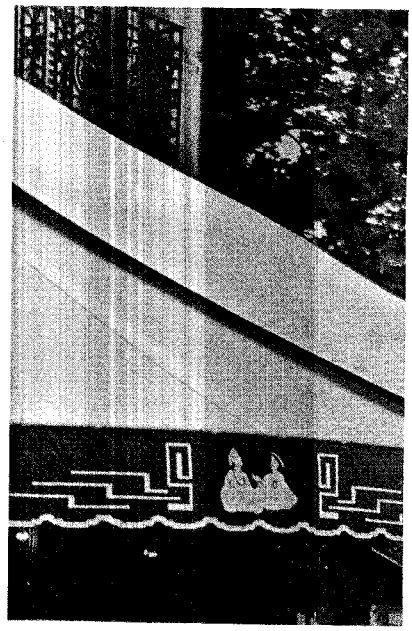

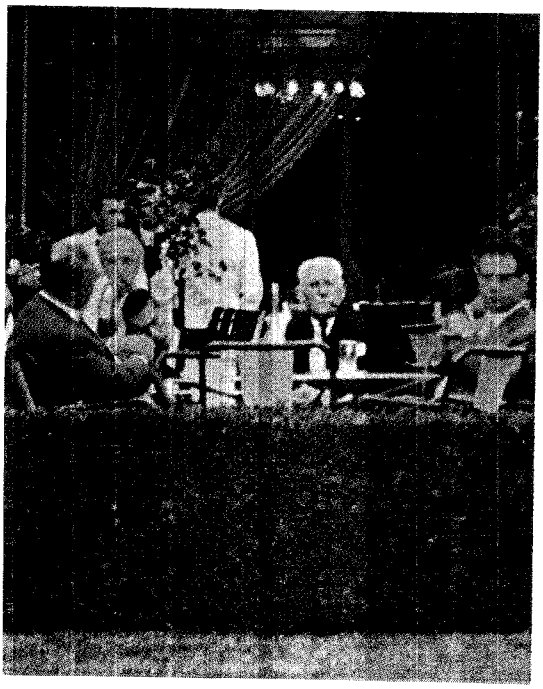

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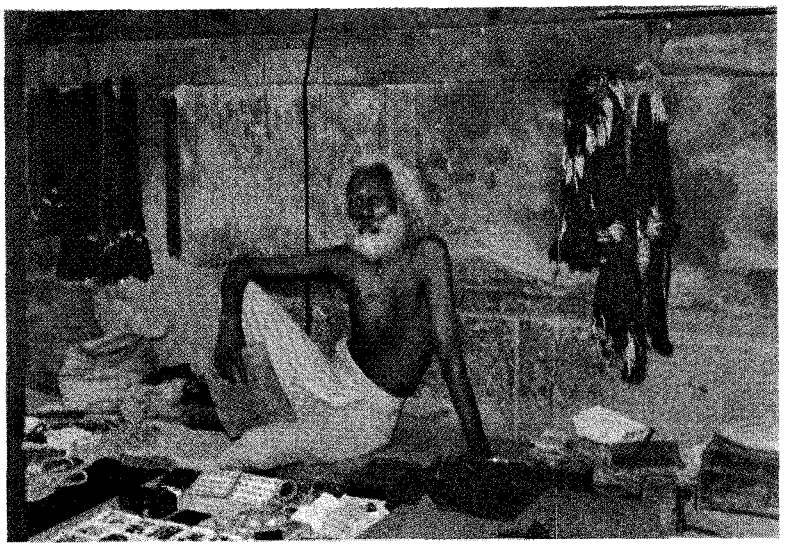
1963 PHOTO PRIZE WINNERS

A Gallery

No. 2 Color—Sylvia Kramer, New York, N.Y. Carmel, Calif. Miranda; Kodachrome II



No. 3 Color—Ann Lindemuth, Long Beach, Calif. Benares, India. Kodak Retina; Kodachrome.

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No. 1 B & W—Rosalind Joseph, New York, N.Y. St. Malo, France. Rolleicord; Plus X-120.

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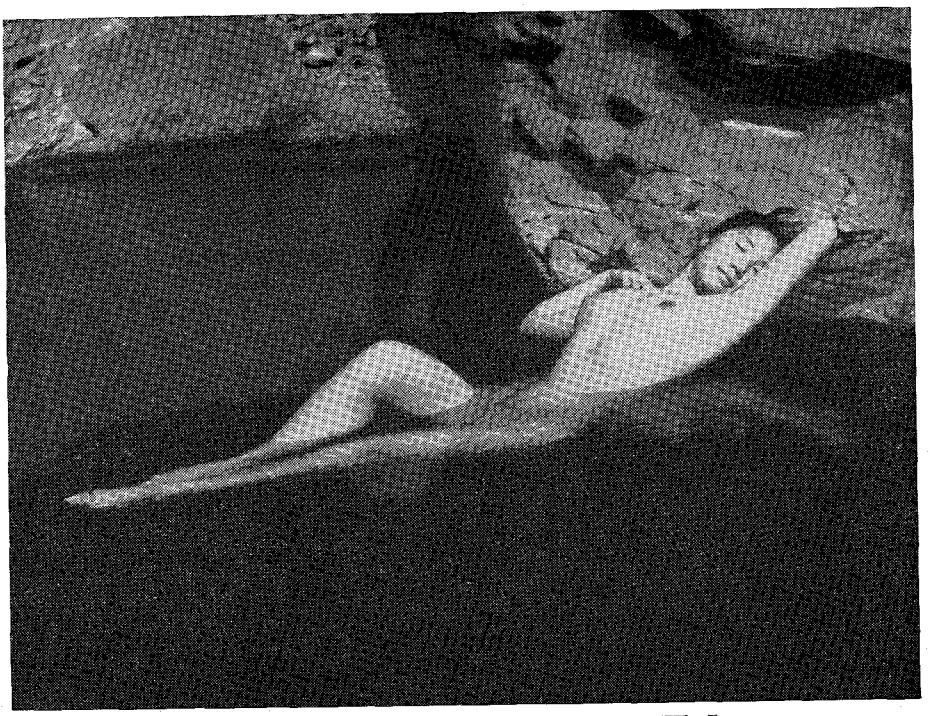
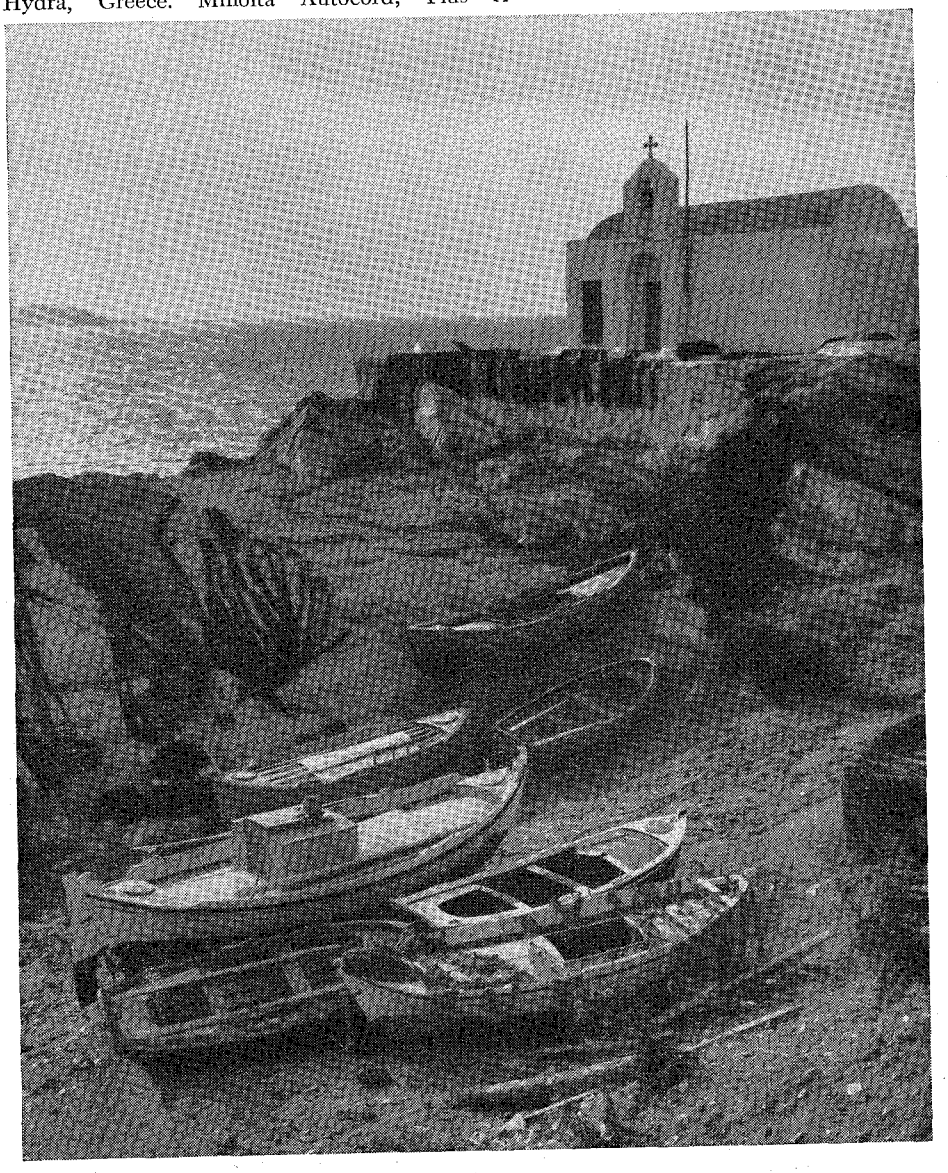


No. 2 B & W—John Wu, Taipei, Taiwan. Taiwan. Leica IIIF; Perutz.

No. 3 B & W—John Colombaris, New York, N.Y.
Hydra, Greece. Minolta Autocord; Plus X



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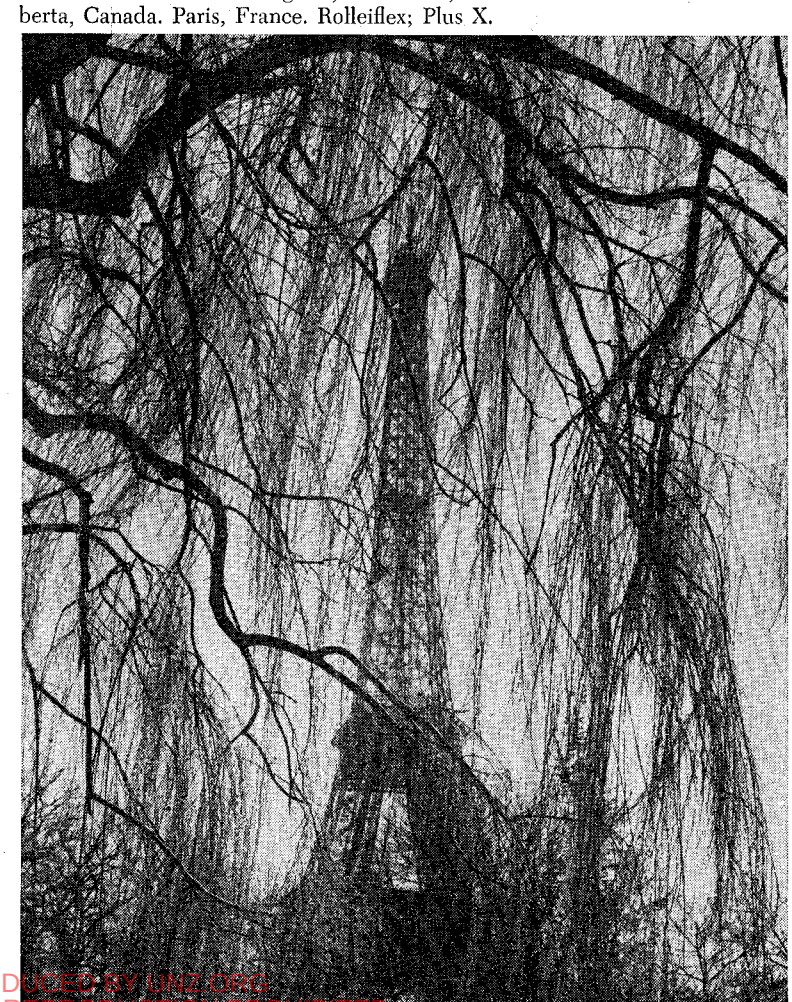
No. 4 B & W—Sonya Branch, Gainesville, Fla. Mykonos, Greece. Zeiss Contaflex; Ilford FP-3

No. 5 B & W—Gene Gregoret, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Paris, France. Rolleiflex; Plus X.



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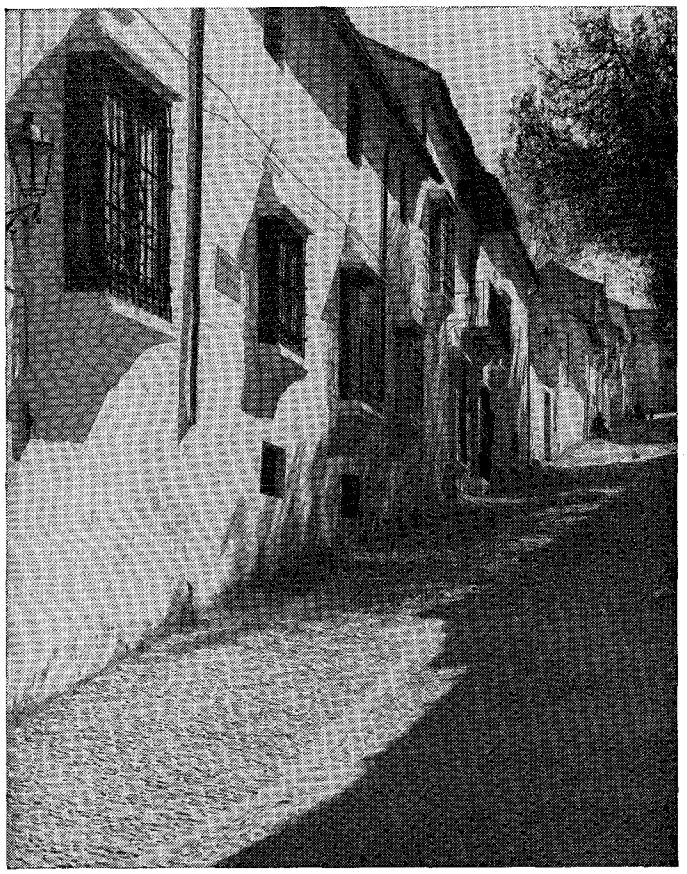
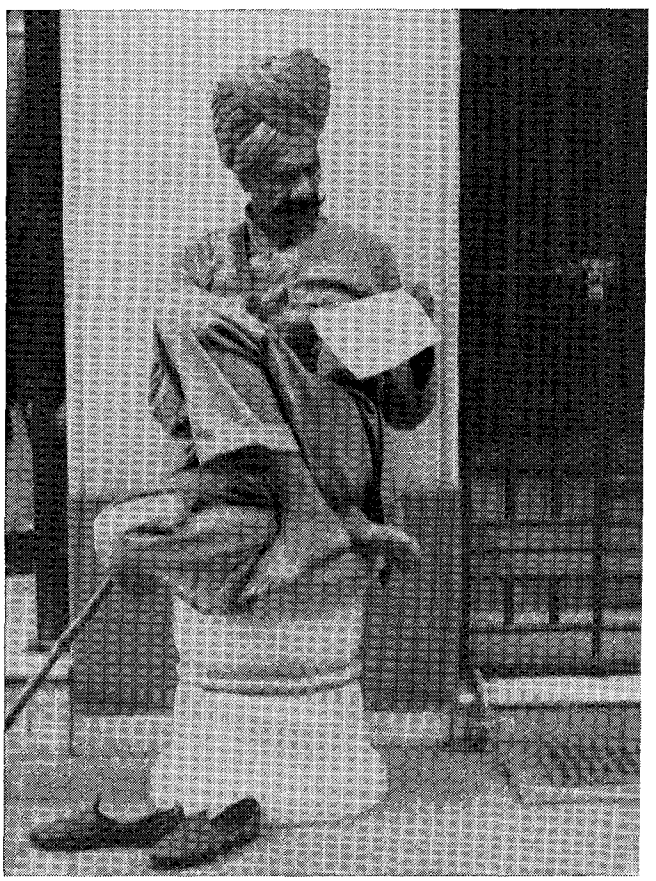


No. 6 B & W—P. Exton Cuckes, Camden, Maine. Ronda, Spain. Plaubel Makina IIIR; Eastman Plus X.



No. 9 B & W—Robert Finkelstein, Woonsocket, R. I. Old Delhi, India. Rolleiflex; Tri-X.

No. 7 B & W—Virginia L. Stone, Los Angeles, Calif. Lake Patzcuaro, Mexico. Minolta SR-1; Kodak Tri-X.

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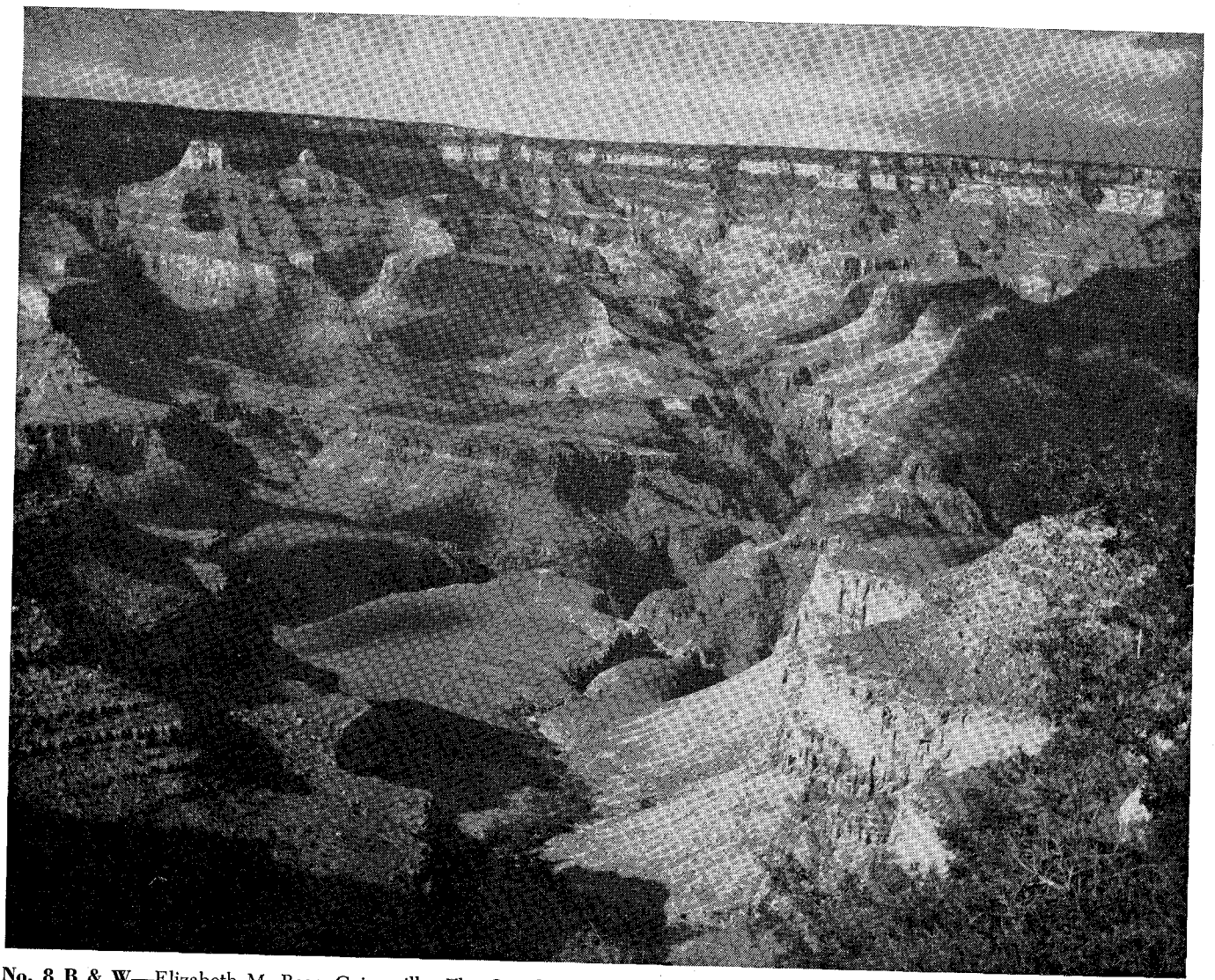
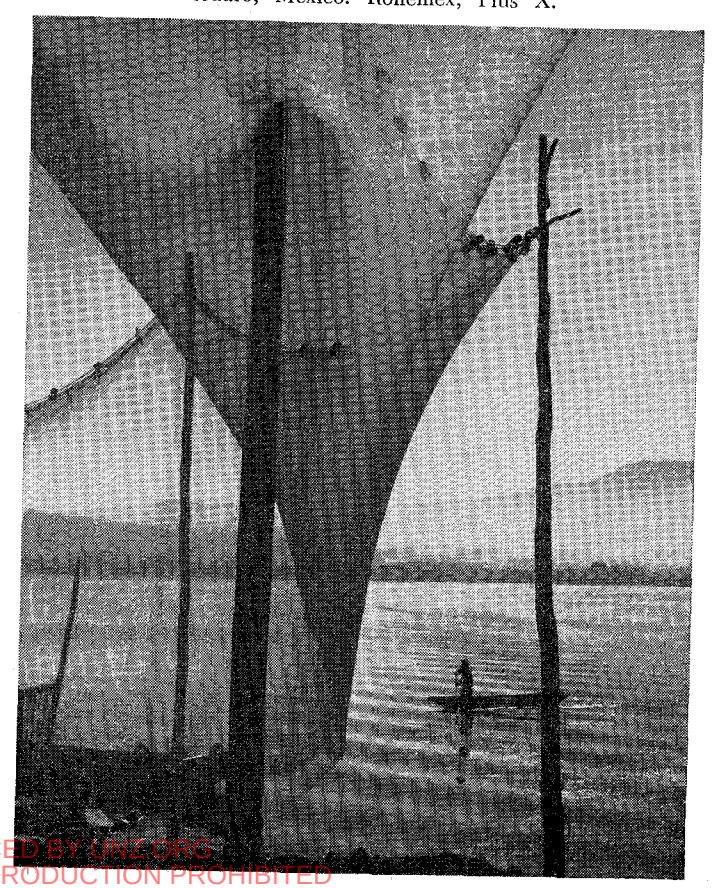


No. 8 B & W—Elizabeth M. Bear, Gainesville, Fla. Grand Canyon, Arizona. Ricoh; Kodak Pan.

No. 10 B & W—Alfred C. Schwartz, New Rochelle, N.Y. Lake Patzcuaro, Mexico. Rolleiflex; Plus X.



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TRAVEL IN FOCUS

By MARGARET R. WEISS

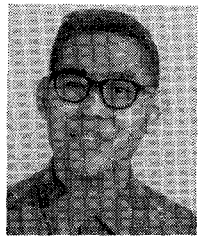
PEOPLE like to travel, and people enjoy taking pictures. Add these facts together and the result should be some excellent travel pictures—which is exactly what happened in *SR*'s 1963 World Travel Photo Contest.

Whether their owners were transported by motor, mule, or *Mauretania*, more cameras must have been carried to more places than ever in the past twelve months. The number of contest entrants represented an increase of about 50 per cent over last year. They came from every continent; from every state in the Union except Mississippi and Wyoming; from twenty-seven foreign countries ranging from Greece to Guinea, Israel to Iceland, Sweden to Senegal, East Pakistan to Peru.

Because of the unprecedented quantity and the unusually high quality of entries in the color category, the jury—Ivan Dmitri, Leopold Godowsky, and Norris Harkness—found that their screening sessions lasted twice as long as those of previous years. Technical and pictorial values were painstakingly examined during screen projection; a final close-range appraisal was made, with the judges wearing elaborate, rather Martian-looking magnifying glasses.

The jury's most emphatically voiced comments were these: "This is good—but we have too many better ones" . . . "First-class photography" . . . "These are so good that many are out of the running that would have been winners before."

On the cover and the preceding pages are photos that not only remained in the running but ran away with the prizes, too.



Robert Ishikawa topped thousands of color entrants to take first prize for the transparency reproduced on *SR*'s cover. Appropriately enough, the small photo in this column is Mr. Ishikawa's passport picture—forwarded from his Peace Corps post in a remote mountain village of northern India, some eighty-five miles from the Indo-Tibetan border.

On brief holiday from the weavers' colony where he works, he found his prize-winning subject at the site of the famed Buddhist caves in Ajanta-Ellora. Weary from his third-class train journey, he had half-forgotten the camera at his side until his eye caught the colorful, rhythmic composition made by a procession of women carrying dirt from a nearby excavation.

To his father (a physician at San José College) must go credit for competence as a photo editor. "Bob has not even seen the prize-winning slide. In fact, he has not seen any of the 650 pictures he has taken in India. He mails each exposed roll of film to Kodak in Palo Alto, and the finished slides come to our home. When I read about your contest, I thought it would be a good idea to enter some of his slides. After repeated screenings I finally selected two and entered them."

As for the prize trip to Tokyo, it meshes neatly with Mr. Ishikawa's plans. After his Peace Corps service ends in June, he will travel—with camera—to Thailand, Hong Kong, the Philippines, and Japan before returning to California to divide his time between graduate studies in oceanography and further practice in art and photography.

Rosalind Joseph greeted the announcement that she had won this year's grand prize in the black-and-white category with more than just the customary surprise and excitement. There was a note of relief in her voice, too, as she added, "I guess that settles our vacation plans for 1964!" (The "our" includes her husband, writer Elliott Joseph, who recently recorded in *SR*'s PHOENIX NEST his wash-by-wash battle with the Chinese laundry.)

Mrs. Joseph's entry was only the second one she had ever submitted to a contest. (Her first netted an honorable mention in *SR*'s 1962 competition.) This year she decided to enter one of the 350 pictures she had taken while vacationing in France and Spain. The first morning in St. Malo was spent exploring the view from the ramparts of the town. "I marveled at the scene spread out below us, the incredible postwar reconstruction work, the impressive vista overlooking the Channel. Then from my vantage point I saw a dog taking his ease near a café. The shadow pattern cast by the sun somehow looked like a cat, and the dog seemed to be watching it, too."

The winning print is an enlargement Mrs. Joseph made from a 2¼ x 2¼-inch negative. Usually she does her own photofinishing, though this time she didn't. "I've just completed setting up a darkroom at home—and the requested picture of myself is the first effort that came out of my new set-up."

Asked about her other hobby interests, she replied, "I have a full-time job as assistant registrar at CCNY—so homemaking and decorating are really my number-one hobbies!"

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Photo Prizewinners

GRAND PRIZE IN COLOR
(Round-trip flight to Tokyo)

ROBERT ISHIKAWA, San Jose, Calif. Ajanta-Ellora, India. Nikon; Kodachrome II.

GRAND PRIZE IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Round-trip flight to London)

ROSALIND JOSEPH, New York, N.Y. St. Malo, France. Rolleicord; Plus X.

SECOND PRIZE IN COLOR
(Cash Prize—$200)

SYLVIA KRAMER, New York, N.Y. Carmel, Calif. Miranda; Kodachrome II.

SECOND PRIZE IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Cash Prize—$200)

JOHN WU, Taipei, Taiwan. Taiwan. Leica; Perutz.

THIRD PRIZE IN COLOR
(Cash Prize—$100)

ANN LINDEMUTH, Long Beach, Calif. Benares, India. Kodak Retina; Kodachrome.

THIRD PRIZE IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Cash Prize—$100)

JONN COLOMBARIS, New York, N.Y. Hydra, Greece. Minolta; Plus X.

FINALISTS IN COLOR
(Cash Prizes—$50)

J. E. WILSON, Dayton, Ohio. Colorado National Monument. Leica; Ektachrome.

JOHN A. CRANSHAW, Wellesley, Mass. Maine. Pentax; Kodachrome II.

DR. HUGH M. MILLER, Albuquerque, N.M. Oregon. Zeiss Contaflex; Kodachrome II.

DR. EDWARD ZERIN, Des Moines, Iowa. Safad, Israel. Argus; Kodachrome II.

NANCY K. MASTERMAN, Ithaca, N.Y. Amarillo, Texas. Kodak Retina; Kodachrome.

FRANK WRIGHT, Granada Hills, Calif. Grand Canyon, Ariz. Agfa Silette; Kodachrome II.

RICHARD E. ESKILSON, New York, N.Y. Taxco, Mex. Nikon; Kodachrome II.

FINALISTS IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Cash Prizes—$50)

SONYA BRANCH, Gainesville, Fla. Mykonos, Greece. Zeiss Contaflex; Ilford.

GENE GREGORET, Edmonton, Alta., Can. Paris, France. Rolleiflex—Plus X.

P. EXTON GUCKES, Camden, Me. Ronda, Spain. Plaubel Makina; Plus X.

VIRGINIA L. STONE, Los Angeles, Calif. Lake Patzcuaro, Mex. Minolta; Tri-X.

ELIZABETH M. BEAR, Gainesville, Fla. Grand Canyon, Ariz. Ricoh; Kodak 120.

ROBERT FINKELSTEIN, Woonsocket, R.I. Delhi, India. Rolleiflex; Tri-X.

ALFPRED C. SCHWARTZ, New Rochelle, N.Y. Lake Patzcuaro, Mex. Rolleiflex; Plus X.

HONORABLE MENTION

ELIZABETH BERTELSMANN, New York, N.Y. Yellowstone National Park, Wyo. Rolleiflex; Ektachrome.

E. BLECHMAN, Inglewood, Calif. Beersheba, Israel. Pentax; Plus X.

DR. R. A. BOOLOOTIAN, Los Angeles, Calif. Rolleiflex; Anscochrome.

CECILE BRIGGS, Brattleboro, Vt. Hanover, N.H. Exakta; Plus X.

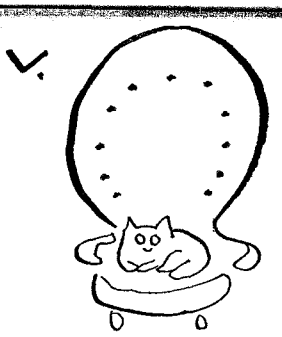
MARY E. CARLISLE, Alexander City, Ala. Dolores Hidalgo, Mex. Kodak Pony; Kodachrome II.

ROGER P. COOK, Oradell, N.J. Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany. Rolleiflex; Ektachrome.

NEALE E. CREAMER, Beverly Hills, Calif. San Berbardino Nat'l. Forest, Calif. Rolleiflex; Tri X.

JEAN DEBROT, New York, N.Y. Antigua, Guat. Rolleicord; Ektachrome.

E. BEVERLY FIELD, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Tintern Abbey, Monmouthshire, England. Nikon; Kodachrome II.



STEVEN FOX, Tenafly, N.J. Stockholm, Sweden. Classic; Kodachrome II.

JOHN P. GERMAN, Bryan, Texas. San Miguel de Allende, Mex. Pentax; Kodachrome II.

VIRGINIA HOELZLE, Grosse Pointe, Mich. Agra, India. Leica; Kodachrome II.

ELLIOTT JOSEPH, New York, N.Y. Les Baux, France. Zeiss Contaflex; Kodachrome II.

T. W. KAUGHER, SR., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. Millbrook, Ohio. Exakta; Kodachrome II.

JANE M. KLAUSMAN, Syracuse, N.Y. Ostend, Belgium. Anscoset; Kodachrome II.

LEONARD J. LAPKA, Cleveland, Ohio. Venice, Italy. Exakta; Kodachrome I.

RICHARD LOEB, Los Angeles, Calif. Mt. Baldy, Calif. Leica; Plus X.

MRS. K. R. MCKINNEY, Alamosa, Col. Volendam, Holland. Rolleiflex; Tri-X.

F. L. MITCHELL, Westmount, P.Q., Can. Milford Sound, New Zealand. Leica; Kodachrome II.

WILL H. ROGERS, Dallas, Texas. Guanajuato, Mex. Agfa Speedex; Ektachrome.

CHARLES A. STEVENS, Grand Blanc, Mich. Puebla, Mex. Argus; Super X.

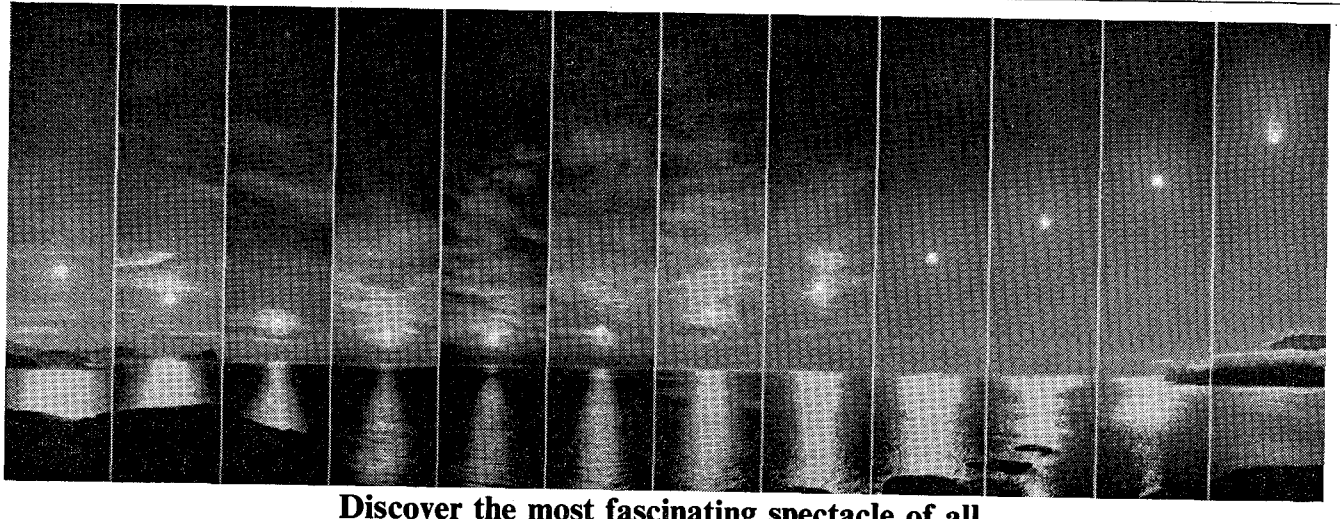
GERALDINE SYDNEY-SMITH, Swarthmore, Pa. Ubeda, Spain. Zeiss Contarex; Kodachrome II.

KATHLEEN THOMSON, Detroit, Mich. Tschenglar by Bludenz, Austria. Kodak Pony; Kodachrome II.

URSULA TOOMEY, Springfield, Mass. Jaipur, India. Hasselblad; Ektachrome.

EDITH WEHLE, Philadelphia, Pa. Marrakech, Morocco. Ricoh; Ektachrome.

FRANCES WOLFSON, New York, N.Y. Rockland, Me. Exakta; Kodachrome I.



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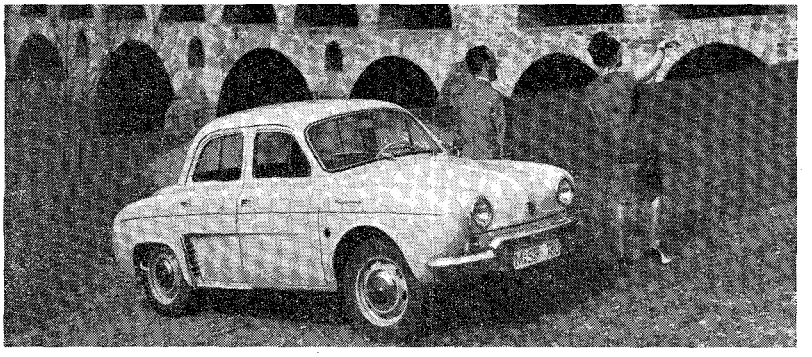

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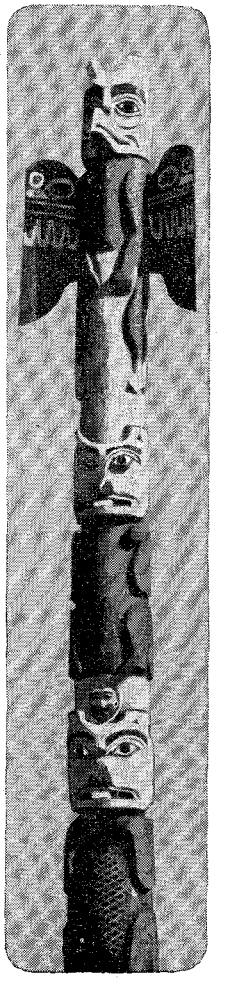

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Kaiser in Holy Land

Continued from page 44

tache bristling in the breeze, his withered arm hanging limply at his side. When the ceremony ended, the German Naval Ensign was hoisted to the top of Galata Tower, where it flew beside the Turkish flag by the Sultan's order—the first time the Cross and the Crescent had appeared together since the Ottoman Turks conquered Constantinople in the fifteenth century.

The Sultan also conducted the Kaiserina and her maids of honor on a tour of the harem to meet the Sultana, princesses, and ladies of the court; there is no evidence that the Kaiser was permitted to enter these precincts. Anyway, His Majesty had larger eels to hook. He inspected the German-built Anatolian Railway that ran from Constantinople to Konya. He and his technical advisers discussed the extension of the line to Baghdad and the Persian Gulf, and made a deal with the Turks. (Four years later the Turkish government granted a concession to the Deutsche Bank of Berlin to build the Baghdad Railway 1,400 miles to the oil fields of Mesopotamia.)

Despite unrest in Turkey, the "Sick Man of Europe," and placards being posted denouncing the Sultan's lavish hospitality to the visitors, the remainder of the visit went smoothly except for one episode. As Abdul-Hamid bade farewell to his guest after a five-day stay, a petty official tossed a covered object into the Sultan's carriage at the royal feet shouting that he had not been paid for months and was starving. "They are going to murder my father!" one of the Sultan's sons cried in panic, but the "bomb" turned out to be the employee's baby. The Sultan, so distrustful of his associates that he pulled his own teeth and mixed his own medicines, settled the complaint on the spot.

THE Sultan took great pains to remake the face of the Holy Land for the visit of his imperial friend. He had a jetty built at Haifa especially for the Emperor's landing, knocked down part of the Old Wall to afford him special entry into Jerusalem, and carved a new road to the Mount of Olives for his passage. Some critics protested that he was "vandalizing" the Holy Places in his zeal. They cited the fact that the House of Simon the Tanner in Jaffa, where the apostle Peter once lived, had been painted a bright blue and enclosed in a gaudy fence.

When the *Hohenzollern* hove to off Haifa, the Kaiser's party, increased by a Turkish delegation of nearly 150 pashas sent from Constantinople, was met not only by the military Governor of Pales-

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tine but by the ubiquitous "Man from Cook's." Young Frank Cook, grandson of the founder of a travel agency (Thos. Cook and Son) experienced in shepherding pilgrims to Palestine, took over all arrangements. This led the magazine *Punch* to refer to the royal clients as "Cook's Crusaders." The port was gaily festooned with German and Turkish flags, and the streets swarmed with troops, The visitors paid their first call on a German-American mission colony at the foot of Mt. Carmel while the residents' chests puffed with pride.

Escorted by a cavalcade of Turkish and Bedouin cavalry, the party traveled south on the sandy coastal road to Jaffa in carriages, while the cruisers steamed along just off shore with guns unlimbered just in case. With forced marches, they covered the sixty miles in two days, despite intense heat; the trail was littered with dead horses and exhausted horsemen. As they rumbled along, the Kaiser must have recalled that not far away the great Kurdish warrior Saladin impaled Crusader forces on the Horns of Hattin in 1187, crushing their power forever.

CAMPING at Bab-el-Wad near Jaffa for the night, the pilgrims made the last lap of fifteen miles to their destination in thirteen hours, setting up permanent camp west of Jerusalem. By this time they were about 2,000 strong, including 600 picked Turkish lancers and 800 Bedouin muleteers as baggage smashers, and 1,200 horses and mules. From the ramparts of Jerusalem they looked like an invading army.

When the "Crusaders" bivouacked on an empty plain outside the walls it was a wondrous sight. Cook's had provided nearly 100 huge tents, including 75 for sleeping, six for dining, and six for cooking. The Kaiser had also brought two prefabricated wooden huts from Germany with a dining room, lighted, ventilated, and screened against insects, and two three-room apartments for himself and the Kaiserina, with hot and cold water and private baths.

The Emperor made his entry on a white steed into the Holy City on October 29 via a triumphal arch next to the Jaffa Gate. While cannon boomed, a Turkish band played the German national anthem and the crowds roared. Although he had styled himself a "simple pilgrim," he wore full military uniform with a white silk duster and a spiked helmet (with the German Eagle), and his chest was covered with medals. Six mounted equerries and trumpeters preceded him, and carriages followed with the Empress, her ladies-in-waiting, and imperial staff members. Savoring his triumph, the Emperor's thoughts must have been on Godfrey of Bouillon, the first Christian king of Jerusalem, and

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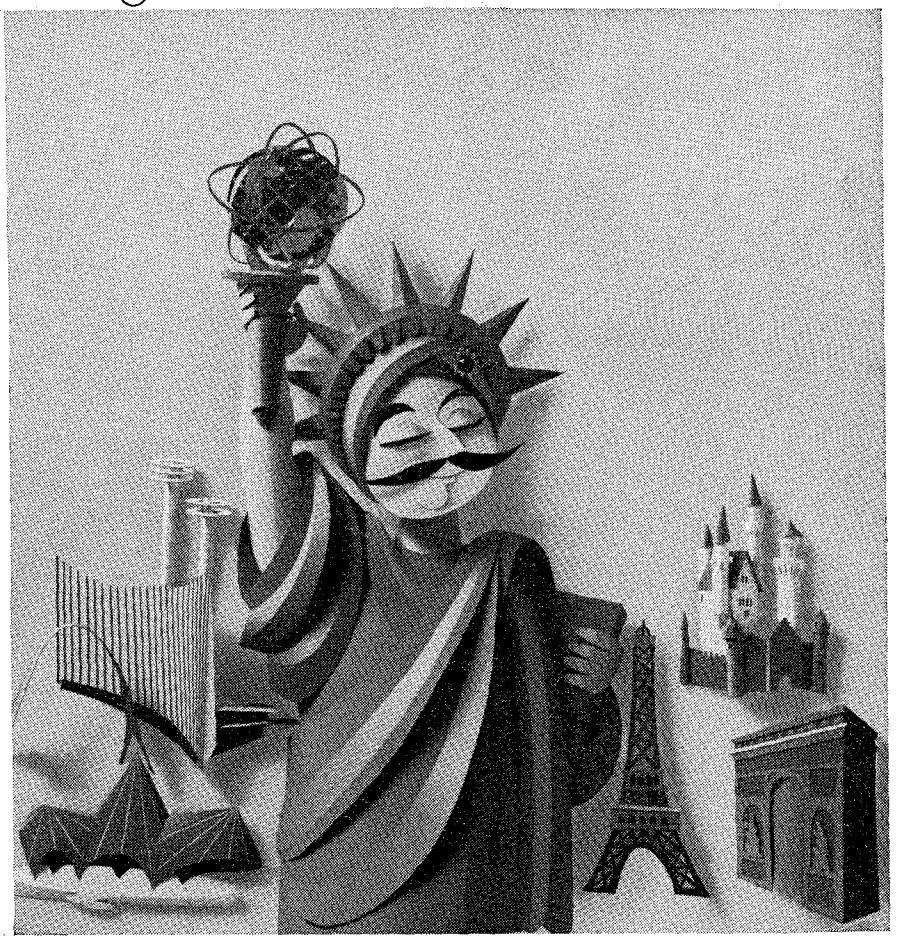

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Wilhelm's predecessor, Frederick II of Germany, the last one.

Dismounting, the Kaiser proceeded on foot to the nearby Church of the Holy Sepulchre, originally built by Constantine the Great. Here he was received by the Latin (Roman Catholic), Greek, and Armenian Patriarchs of Jerusalem. He passed ten minutes in devotion at the traditional site of Calvary. When he left he walked on cobblestones covered with Turkish carpets and strewn with palm leaves.

Two days later, on October 31, anniversary of Luther's nailing of the 95 theses of protest against Catholicism to the Wittenburg Church in 1517, the Kaiser fulfilled his mission to the Holy Land by consecrating the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer. This had been reconstructed at a cost of 700,000 marks ($175,000), to which Wilhelm had contributed a substantial sum. It stood near the Holy Sepulchre on the site of the headquarters of the Knights of St. John and their Hospitalers, who had ministered to pilgrims during the Crusades. Its tower topped the Holy Sepulchre by a good margin and was known to scoffers as "Willie's Extinguisher," because of its resemblance to a candle-snuffer.

For the occasion, the Kaiser wore the gleaming white uniform of the Teutonic Knights, an order of chivalry, and was attended by fifty Knights of St. John in splendid array. He entered the church to Handel's "See the Conquering Hero Comes" and made a fervent plea for the unity of the Christian faith and for world peace. "Voicing my ardent hope," he said, "I repeat to all the cry that rang out nearly 2,000 years ago: 'Peace on Earth.' " Renewing the vow of his ancestors, he pledged, "I and my house will serve the Lord." He departed to Handel's "He Shall Feed His Flock."

As head of the Protestant Church of Prussia, the Emperor made a conciliatory gesture to his Catholic subjects back home by presenting a small plot of ground on Mt. Zion, given to him by (or bought from) the Sultan while in Constantinople, to the German Catholic Society of the Holy Land. He promptly got off a message to this effect to the Pope. The Pope thanked him curtly.

For the next few days the Kaiser visited all the shrines of Jerusalem, including the Crusader Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. Once he drove along the new road up the Mount of Olives, traditional site of Jesus' Ascension. On the way the party stopped at a hairpin bend for some minutes, which led to the circulation of a sinister and perhaps apocryphal story.

Mrs. Elizabeth Spafford Vester, an American who has spent eighty-two of her eighty-five years in the Holy Land and remembers the Emperor's sojourn,

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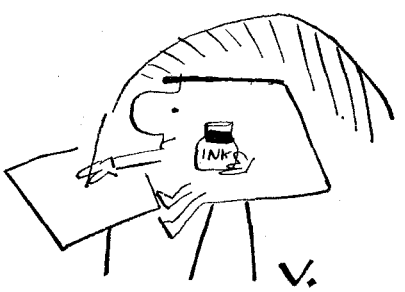
tells the tale in her book *Our Jerusalem*:

> The Kaiser had been explaining to his Turkish hosts that the bend was far too sharp and narrow to allow cannon to pass that way. We gave our informant incredulous smiles but we lived to see German and Austrian howitzers and cannon roll down that widened bend on their way to fight the British.

(General Edmund Allenby entered Jerusalem in December 1917 at the head of the Allied Forces and raised a Christian flag over the Holy City for the first time since the thirteenth century.)

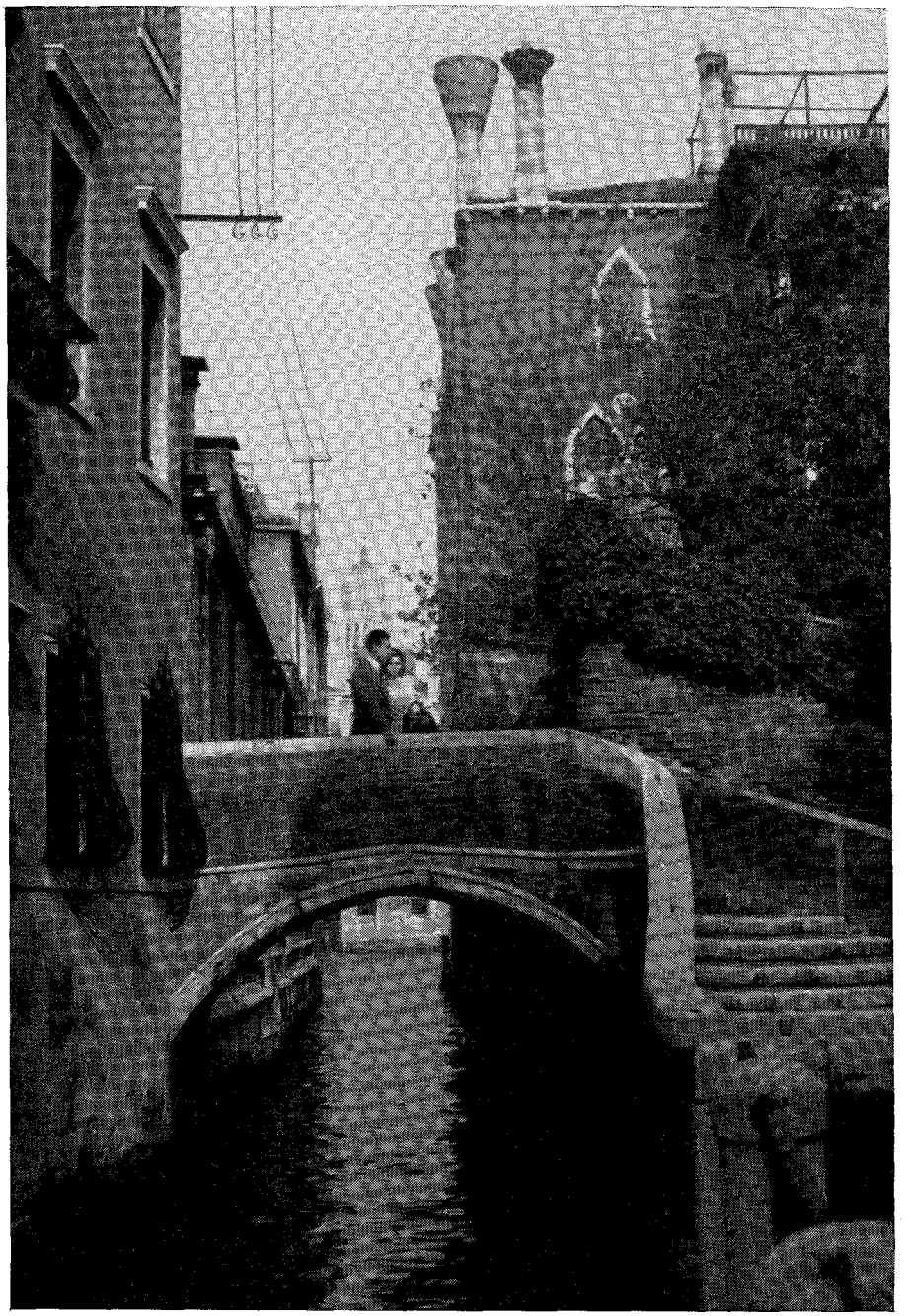
A few days later the Emperor announced that he was curtailing his visit because of "excessive heat and the discomfort of travel" in Palestine, but perhaps it was also due to rumblings of war in Europe. He made a quick trip to the port of Beirut, the ruins of Baalbek, Roman "City of the Sun," and Damascus, which had eluded capture by the Crusaders for 200 years, contributing to their downfall. Then he sailed for home through the Mediterranean.

As the pilgrimage began, so it ended, in criticism. The German journal *Simplicissimus* had one of its issues confiscated by the Munich police for publishing a poem in which it quipped that "Golgotha will not only be able to boast of hearing the last words from the Cross but the first words of Wilhelm." The Parisian satirical weekly *Le Rire* published a special edition headlined "The



All Highest Goes to Jerusalem," purporting to be taken from his private diary while en route. While the text was hilarious, the drawings were devastating —one showed the Kaiser entering Jerusalem on an ass in emulation of Jesus.

The *New York Times* pontificated: "Probably no important political move has ever been masked by so simple and naïve a pretext. For not only does the Kaiser wish to be considered as a sort of Protestant Pope, but he would relieve the Holy Father of the trouble that he must have communicating with Roman Catholics [in Jerusalem] . . . . There can be no doubt that it would have been better for the world in general and for Germany and Palestine in particular if the Kaiser had not gone to Jerusalem."



"The Romance of Venice: that's the only thing my husband could talk about all the way over.

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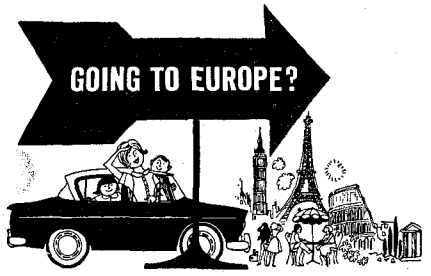

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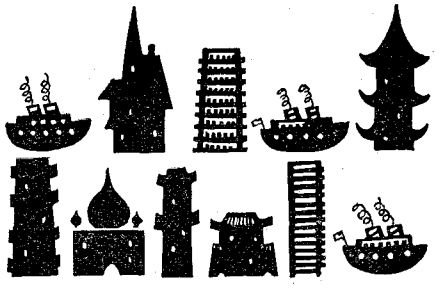

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Continued from page 40

up on a chipped silver tray by a charming old rogue in a shiny tailcoat, who is in the pay of the Fascists, Communists, Royalists, and the CIA.

One time, in Shanghai's Broadway Mansions, I inquired about my favorite room boy, absent that day. "Poor Ling was spying again," said an assistant manager. "Yesterday afternoon he was detected going through a diplomat's attaché case. Last night he was executed."

The assistant manager hastened to add that, never mind, Ling's son would be given a job.

LAST year an American hotel manager ordered his guests evacuated after an anonymous bomb threat. He certainly differed from the man who managed Saigon's Hotel Continental during the anti-French uprising. When I returned to the Continental at two o'clock one morning there was a heavy, nervous traffic in the lobby of Foreign Legion tommy-gunners and French sappers. The distraught manager, splendid in an ankle-length red bathrobe, complained to me: "These damn soldiers, running around like that, will wake the guests."

"What are they doing?" I asked.

The manager shrugged: "A cache of fused explosives was found in the cellar. They think there are more hidden bombs."

I encountered an equally fatalistic hotel manager in Ipoh, Malaya, during the terrorist troubles. The window of my ground floor room was protected from the throwing of hand grenades by a screen similar to one behind home plate. The screen was *not* protection against bullets, and the manager had tacked on my door a card reading:

IN CASE OF FIRING FROM THE STREETS
GUESTS ARE REQUESTED TO LAY ON THE FLOOR.

Will our hoteliers export their morality? Back home they're quick to demand: "Get *that* woman out of your room!" I can't believe Hilton is that strict in its Royal Teheran.

Hotels in Iran's capital are notably tolerant, even cooperative. Five minutes after I was shown to my room in the gracious old Teheran Park, a strange female phoned. Said she'd like to have dinner with me and stay for breakfast. She could only have been alerted, with such dispatch, by a hotel employee. Hilton hands would *never* be a party to such dalliance.

Twelve years ago, when I was covering the Korean War, I saw the American belief in celibate hotels exported to—of all places!—Tokyo. Each combat soldier was granted five days' leave in Japan, which, for those who seek it, is a twentieth-century Sodom and Gomorrah with plumbing.

Assigned to report the unique furlough, I accompanied a group of infantrymen to Tokyo. We were housed in an "approved" hotel, owned and operated by Japanese. However, a tough sergeant was installed in the lobby, as a sort of house mother to enforce a "no females" rule.

That poor man was the world's busiest house detective, ever evicting "geishas" who boldly invaded the lobby loudly advertising an amazing variety of amusements. For enough yen, I'm sure, they would have re-enacted, in living pornography, the Battle of Bull Run.

The first evening I watched two G.I.s in the adjacent room pull a rope tied around a girl. As she passed the floor below she was seized and pulled inside.

"They've swiped Hatsumi-san!" cried one G.I.

"Hijacked!" cried the other.

The soldiers thundered downstairs. There was fist fighting and property damage.

However, American hotels abroad have been assimilated, to some extent. The Nile Hilton in Cairo is no longer shattered when an oil-rich Arab signs the registry: Mr. and Mrs. and Mrs. and Mrs. and Mrs. and Mrs. Abdul Mohammed Saud."

HOTEL men predict that, in several years, every capital will have two places fit to stay. This, I fear, will make foreign correspondence the harder by physically separating journalists attending major events. In my time there was only one hotel of consequence in smaller capitals.

When I was based in Paris, for example, my editor would cable: GO SOONEST RURITANIA. I'd know nothing about the situation in Ruritania, and had no time to find out. I'd hop in the *wagons-lit* and tell the porter to make sure I got off at the proper capital.

When I'd alight I'd tell the cab driver: "Excelsior Hotel." He'd shake his head. Then I'd ask to be taken to the "Palace"—they usually had one or the other.

After I'd get in my room I'd open the door and listen carefully. Somewhere I'd hear a typewriter going. I'd knock on the door and, invariably, the man behind the typewriter was an old colleague, Rene MacColl of the London *Express*, or Homer Bigart of the *New York Times*.

I'd ask him for a quick rundown and permission to read carbons of his stories. Then I'd go out and file my own.

Yes, it is the end of an era.

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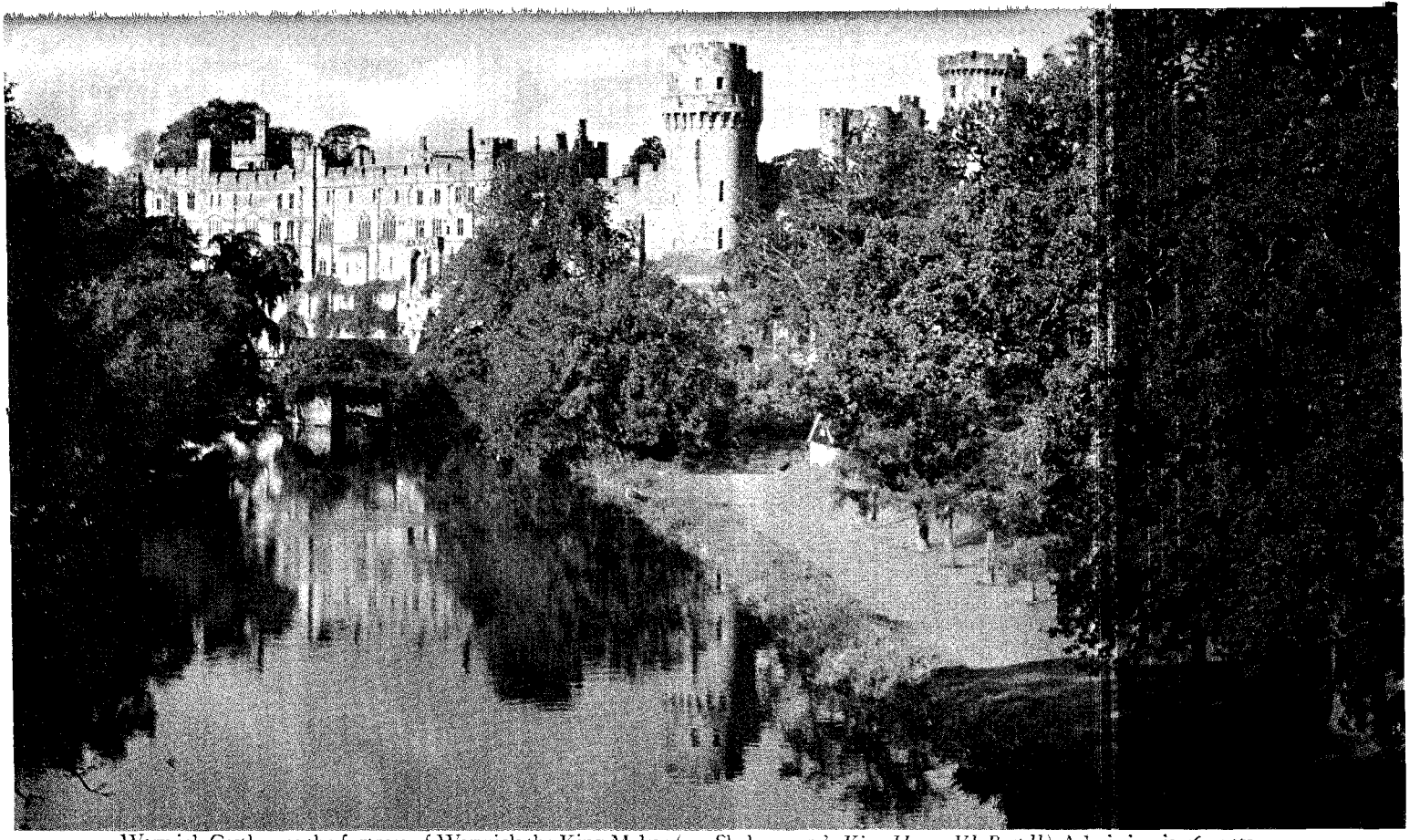

Warwick Castle was the fortress of Warwick the King Maker (see Shakespeare's *King Henry VI, Part II*). Admission is 56 cents.

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APRIL 23 is Shakespeare's birthday, and Britain is toasting it with *eight months* of festivals, fetes and pageants. These goings-on happen only once in 100 years. Try not to miss them—you won't get another chance until 2064.

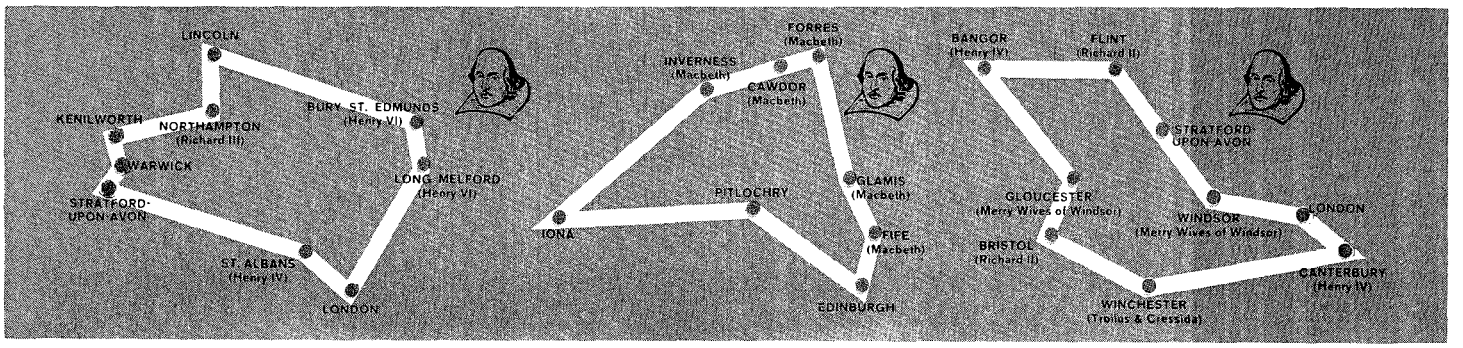
To help you catch the high spots of Shakespeare's Year, take a look at our three small charts. Each shows places Shakespeare knew or wrote about, and towns where you can see his plays performed. Each chart also gives you an idea of what you can see comfortably in 10 days. For a free *detailed* road map, write to one of the addresses below.

When you plan your trip, you'll notice that Britain is tiny—no bigger than Wyoming. You can go to the theatre in London, catch a night train and be in Edinburgh for breakfast.

More good news: even with all the special events, Britain's prices are remarkably low. Bed *and* breakfast in a village inn cost from $3.75. Lunch costs about two dollars. For $3.50 you can enjoy a full-course dinner. Bus or train travel costs about 3 cents a mile. And seats at Stratford's Royal Shakespeare Theatre start at 56 cents.

Add it up. In one day, you can stay at an inn, dine, travel a hundred miles, and attend a festival—all without spending more than $14. For dates, details and tickets, see your travel agent.

Meantime, you can be brushing up on your Shakespeare.



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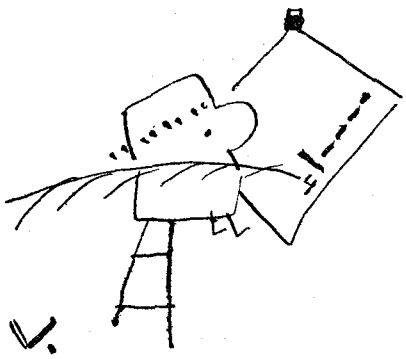
Sutton

Continued from page 34

ground of Flushing Meadows in New York City. It will prove familiar because roughly the same real estate was used for the Fair of 1939. Westinghouse, as a matter of fact, went back to the same site it occupied during the last exposition, where they plan to sink another time capsule updating the one they dropped into the earth twenty-five years ago. It will be a big fair: Seattle's show could fit in its Transportation Section. It will be a fair with a purpose: "Peace Through Understanding." It's a noble aim and no one who is against sin is expected to knock it. It has discovered an occasion befitting the celebration: the Tercentenary of New York City. It has a theme: "Man's Achievements in an Expanding Universe." Now who is going to stand against that?

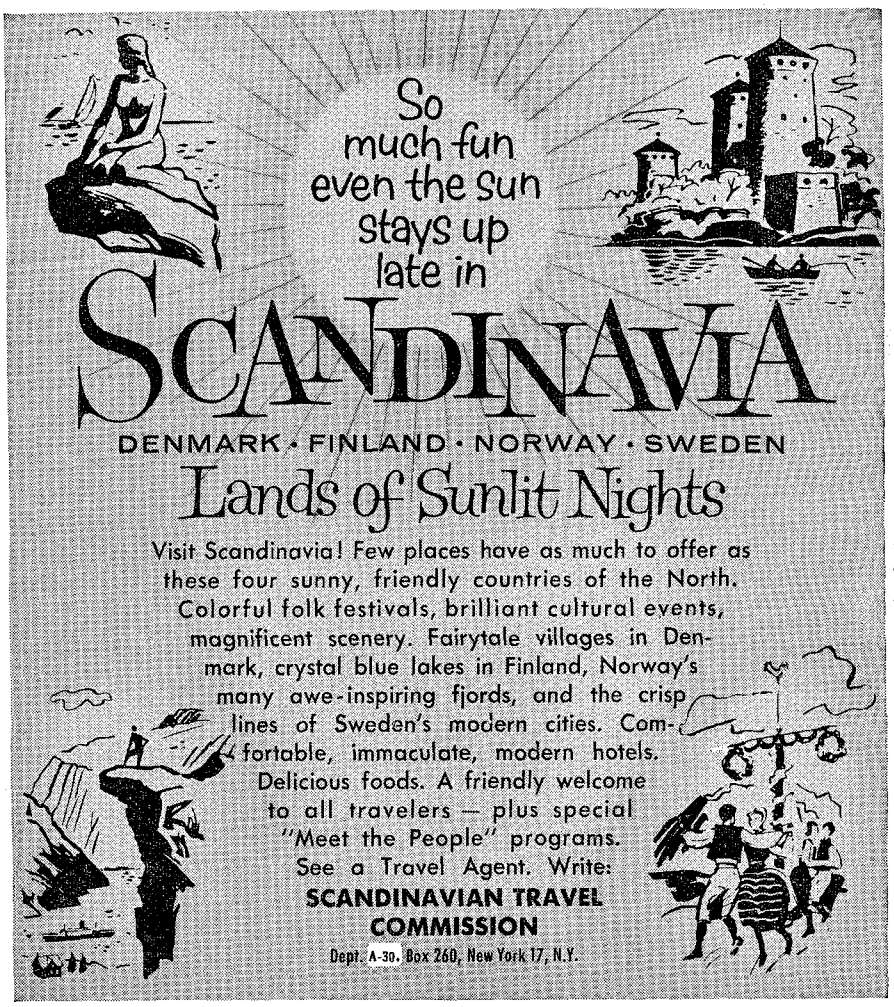
To be sure, the fair has a symbol, perhaps not as dazzling as the Eiffel Tower, the Space Needle, or even the Trylon and Perisphere which stood on these acres in '39, but a symbol all the same. It is a globe called the Unisphere, and since it was presented by the United



States Steel Company, one is expected to say "Presented by United States Steel" each time it is mentioned or photographed.

Much of the criticism of the fair at New York has derived from allegations of commercialism. Many major nations elected not to participate, and others are represented by commercial, and therefore unofficial, interests. There will be no pavilions representing Britain, Canada, Russia, or Australia, to mention some outstanding recalcitrants. On the other hand, there are to be pavilions for nations generally considered to be having difficulties with their national budgets. Indonesia has a huge exhibit, India's building is large, and the territory surrendered by the Soviets is being covered by a mammoth Spanish pavilion. Whatever trouble they may be having at home, it was not enough to deter Argentina, Korea, and Guinea from plunging into the show.

But the great representations will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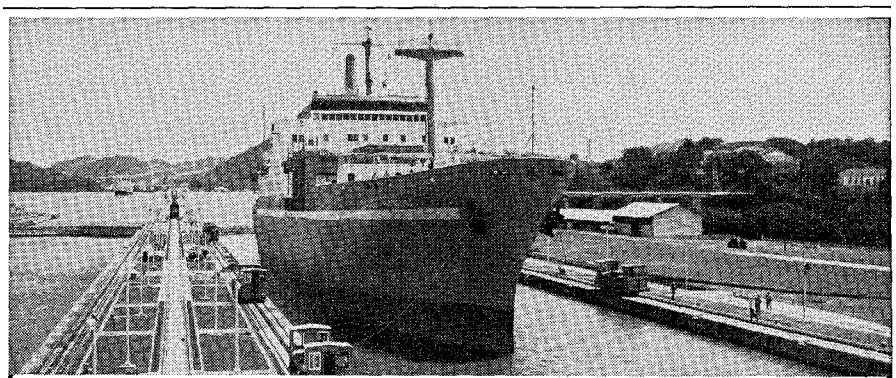

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come from huge American concerns—from Ford; from General Motors, which is reviving its World of Tomorrow of '39; from Eastman Kodak, which will invite fairgoers to photograph each other against a lunar landscape; from Sinclair, which has already installed a park full of fearsome dinosaurs; from Chun King, which will dish up a seven-course Chinese dinner for ninety-nine cents; from RCA, which has carved out a 30,000-square-foot parcel of land just inside the main gate where it will push color television; from Pepsi-Cola and Seven-Up and Coca-Cola; from IBM and Scott Paper. The amusement area has clearly been held back, and although there are to be a "Flume Ride" and monorail trips, the Lake Amusement Area is not likely to press Coney Island for kicks. And besides, one can always take the tire-shaped ferris wheel of U.S. Rubber, or travel through the past, present, and future with Ford.

Besides the proselyting on behalf of products, religions will be promoted, too. Edward Durell Stone has done two pavilions. One is for Christian Science; the other is the Billy Graham Pavilion, which, of course, will feature Billy Graham. Sermons from Science, sponsored by the Christian Life Convention and the Christian Businessmen's Committee, will have a 600-seat theatre for lectures and demonstrations. The Protestant and Orthodox Center will bring two sects together under one modern roof, but the Russian Orthodox Church will have a house of its own where it will display the Virgin of Kazan, known as the Miracle Ikon of Russia. From Salt Lake City the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is sending the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, and the Vatican Pavilion, of course, will feature Michelangelo's *Pietà*, displayed in a setting prepared by the famed Broadway designer Jo Mielziner.

Despite the suggestions of commercialism, there is no doubt that it is going to be a mammoth, dazzling show. Opening April 22 this year and running until October 18, and opening and closing a day earlier in 1965, it will bring an estimated 70,000,000 people to New York—40,000,000 this year, 30,000,000 next. New York, which erupted in a hotel building spree—the New York Hilton, the Americana and Summit, as well as a score of motels within the city and along its edges—is not expected to have much trouble housing visitors. But with the streets dug with more excavations than Rome and the Holy Land, the traffic tied in snarling knots most of the time, 40,000,000 more people in town this year might just get tied in a traffic tangle that can't be untied. New Yorkers eying the fairgrounds, the new Met's Stadium which will open this spring alongside it, and Aqueduct Race track beyond it, are wondering just how they are going to get to the airport when the fair is on, the Mets are playing, and they're off at the track. The answer is probably helicopter, for which purpose the fair has already installed a heliport with a huge restaurant and bar hanging underneath. If the heliport is open atop the Pan Am building by that time, it will be possible to take leave of all this like a lemming. Many New Yorkers are threatening to do just that. The further advantage of renting one's Manhattan or Queens flat to an exhibitor makes the thought of spring and summer exile on some far-flung isle for the next two years an enticing proposition.

Those New Yorkers who elect to leave town for the fair might well be cautioned not to turn up in Tokyo where the Olympics open October 10. The games will run through the 24th and are expected to bring 30,000 people a day into town. Since Tokyo has room for

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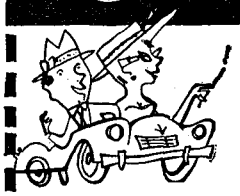

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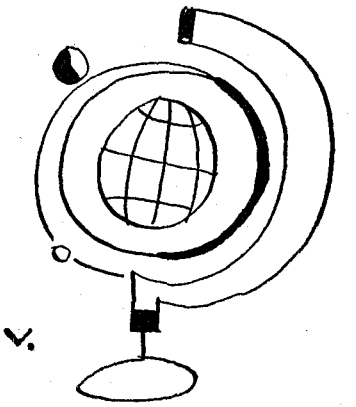

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only 11,000 visitors even when the hotels and ryokans, or Japanese inns, are counted, things are liable to get a bit sticky. As usual, some rather involved reservations systems have been put into effect. Those who wish to make reservations for the entire Olympic period of two weeks, adding a day preceding the events and a second day after they end, are entitled to submit an application through their travel agent listing such personal data as age, nationality, occupation, and adding three hotels in order of preference and 50 per cent of the rate of the room for the period. The other half of the bill has to be paid by July 24; otherwise the first half is forfeit. "This regulation," says an official booklet, "is necessary to avoid any confusion arising from attempts to speculate on reservations." Hoo, hah!

Most visitors going that far will fashion Tokyo into a tour of the East, a chore that has already been done by American Express and Thos. Cook, as well as a number of lesser travel agents. American Express, for example, has tacked Olympic-viewing extensions on an around-the-world tour leaving New York August 15, and a westbound Orient tour that takes twenty-two days. Both include hotel rooms at the Imperial or the Hilton and game tickets without any further ado. Cook is sending the 1960 pole vault champion, Don Bragg, as leader of an Olympic-orchestrated world tour that departs on Pan American October 8 and arrives in Japan for the opening ceremonies. It's tidily packaged at $2,725 per person in a twin-bedded room, including stops in Hong Kong, Bangkok, New Delhi, Agra, Cairo, Rome, and Paris, tickets to the game and a room at Tokyo's Palace Hotel or the Ginza Tokyu included.

The Tokyo games mark the first time an Olympiad has been held in Asia. A new Olympic torch route had to be laid out, and in deference to all it was originally intended to send the runner through every country of the Orient. The situation on land made that impossible, so a new plan was evolved to bring the torch from Athens to Istanbul, then south into Syria and across the Middle East to Baghdad, Tehran, and Kabul to India. From East Pakistan it will move southward to Rangoon, Kuala Lumpur, and Djakarta, then north again to Singapore, Manila, Hong Kong, and Taipei. The way things are planned now, the torch will appear in twenty-three cities in nineteen countries, traveling everywhere by plane. It will stay the night in each capital city, no doubt at the best hotel, and be carried off to the airport the following day. It is a highly civilized way for a torch to travel and one suited to the heady age in which we find ourselves.

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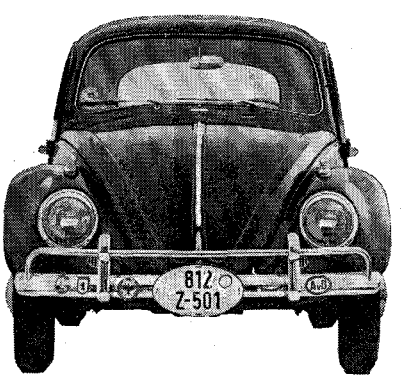

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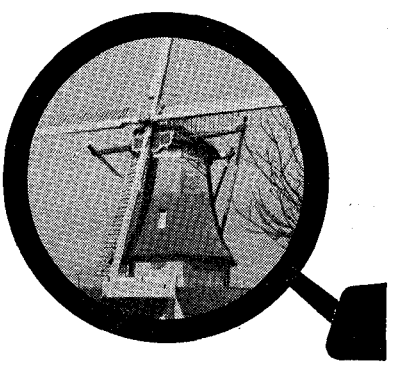

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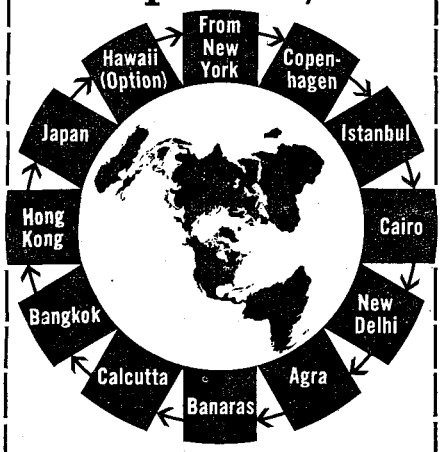

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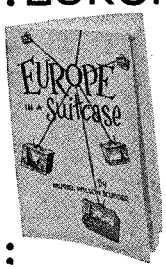

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One Man's Guide to England

By REUBEN ABEL

IN FOYLE'S famous bookstore in London, there is a shelf of old volumes of sermons, with a sign over it, reading, "Doctrine—Second Hand." I began to feel, during a recent stay in England, that most of our accepted American opinions about the English people are just that—second-hand doctrines, not in very good condition.

English sentimentality, for example, takes curious turns. They have a Decayed Gentlefolk's Aid Society, a Cats' Protection League, and a Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings (the new buildings are just built *around* the old ones). During the recent excitement in North Africa, the Dowager Viscountess Galway advertised, "Please help us to rescue abandoned pets in Algiers and Oran!" Another *Times* item described a reception given by the Lord Mayor and his wife to 400 charwomen because "some tribute ought to be paid to those who help to keep the City and its offices clean." A man in Cheshire wrote to the paper:

> Sir: My grocer is neither fool, knave, nor profiteer and has served me faithfully for two decades. I now find that a garish establishment opposite is selling my particular tea at 5*d*. less per quarter and I am tempted to "rat" across the road. Taking the long view, however, I think I will change my tea and stick to my grocer. There is something vaguely sinister and un-English about this cut-price racket. Yours, etc.

Sometimes this antique approach is merely quaint. Thus, many banks still use quill pens, high desks, and pan scales to weigh coins. The Reading Room of the British Museum lists its books not in loose card catalogues but in bound volumes. It costs you threepence to cross a footbridge in the park, and you get a written receipt. The flowers are watered in Chelsea by two ladies in wheelchairs.

The British often display an unexpected no-nonsense literalness. Thus public washrooms are not called "rest rooms" or "ladies' rooms," but "toilets." Sunday schools are held on Wednesday evenings—frankly, in order to secure regular attendance. In a Cambridge college there is posted a list of instructions on what to do in case of fire. The first of these is, "Shout in a loud voice, 'Fire!'"

The outstanding aspect of British character is its simple, unassuming honesty. Thus no deposit is required on the milk bottles at the grocer's, and the coin-rental opera glasses at the Old Vic are not fastened down. The bus driver does not question the amount of the fare you offer (it depends on distance traveled). Outside the theatre or cinema is posted its seating plan, with pillars and obstructions undisguised.

And let no one tell you that the English are cold. No one is more unfailingly cheerful than the taxi driver or bus conductor. If you ask someone on the street for directions, he will stop what he is doing and take you where you want to go. The waitress will say "Thank you!" to you when she does something for you.

Even the flaws in the English character were unexpected. We went once to noontime services at Westminster Abbey. The theme of the sermon was the barren fig tree, which Jesus cursed. The minister explained that the fig tree was a symbol for the Jewish people who, in their long career, had never borne any fruit; furthermore, when the son of God came to them, they not only rejected him, but crucified him. Finding this quite shocking and highly dubious, I wrote a letter to the London *Times* describing my dismay. By return mail there came this note:

> Dear Sir: The Editor thanks you for your letter of July 19. He has noted with interest both the points you make and he asks me to say how glad he is to be in touch with the feelings of those who come to visit Britain from America.
>
> Yours faithfully, etc.

While waiting for a sightseeing bus one day, I got to talk to the tiny old lady next to us. She was eighty years old, she said, down from Lancashire to visit a sick sister. It was her first trip to London. She lived a very austere life in the country, she told us, but managed to save some money out of her widow's allotment. She was entitled to claim a supplementary government pension, but refused to do so. She went on to say (within ten minutes!) that her mother had never really cared for her when she was a child, because she was actually not her father's child, but her uncle's! She also explained that the weather in England used to be much better, before all the airplanes began to muddle it up.

We really know very little about the British.

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New Trick at the Old Vic

LONDON.

GREAT BRITAIN'S new National Theatre has taken over the premises and the audiences of the Old Vic and appears to be off to a start that is quiet but ambitious, sound but not undaring. For its inaugural, the theatre's managing director, Sir Laurence Olivier, has bravely assumed the responsibility of staging *Hamlet*, with Peter O'Toole in the title role.

While Sir Laurence's program notes lead one to expect a focus on Hamlet's individual position, the production itself emerges as a highly pictorialized story in which the Prince dominates the proceedings less than usual. Desmond Heeley's richly romantic costumes and Sean Kenny's revolving, cragged ramp and archway, recalling Lee Simonson's famous setting for the same play, give the proceedings a Wagnerian feeling, and much of the time one feels as if one were watching exotic fish swimming in an aquarium.

Mr. O'Toole, from whom one expects angry rebelliousness, disappoints by starting out in a low key and tends to be more thoughtful than thought-provoking. He shares the stage a bit too graciously with a distinguished cast that includes Sir Michael Redgrave as Claudius and Rosemary Harris (on loan from Michigan's APA company) as Ophelia.

While this makes for an often languid evening, the production is not without its surprises and original interpretations. Mr. O'Toole attempts a few unorthodox line readings ("Frailty, *thy* name is woman," and ". . . that *is* the question," etc.); he also breaks away from mere adequacy on several occasions. One of these is when he laughs at himself in the beginning of the "O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I" soliloquy and continues for several lines softly sharing his thoughts with the audience, as if the need for "acting" had suddenly ceased to matter. Another is his exchange with the grave-digger, in which he and Frank Finlay stimulate each other actually instead of nominally. And near the end his "Let be," as he reconciles himself to his premonition of early death, is miraculously relaxed and sunny.

Another original conception by Sir Laurence is the mad scene, in which Miss Harris appears a well-bred young lady suddenly determined to be as lascivious as possible. She enters dressed in the sort of ridiculous *décolleté* a teenager might practice in front of a mirror while privately luxuriating in a prostitute fantasy. Miss Harris carries it out unevasively and fully, to leave us with perhaps the most memorable vision of a mad Ophelia yet performed.

But the most noticeable innovation is having Gertrude overhear Claudius's plot to poison Hamlet's wine, so that her drinking the lethal cup during the duel now becomes a suicide rather than an accident. If one cannot rave about this *Hamlet*, one can at least say that it did sustain the size of a large work and offered some fresh moments.

THE second and third plays in the National Theatre repertoire come as gifts from the Chichester Festival. The first, Sir Laurence's production of *Uncle Vanya*, is a classic that should remain in the repertoire permanently. For it, Sean Kenny has designed a marvelously simple setting of stained wood with a minimum of furniture in front of it.

Sir Michael Redgrave as Vanya combines with Sir Laurence as Dr. Astrov to have a field day. Wisely making no attempt to appear Russian, the knighted pair treat the story of wasted lives on a farm with wildly humorous stoicism. And this is exactly the point of Chekhov—to portray the tragedy of futility, waste, and missed opportunity by trying to laugh it off. "Why be miserable?" Vanya sensibly asks. But in the very asking he exposes his own misery more intensely than he might with tears. Redgrave is also rightly farcical when he enters bringing a bouquet to the unattainable woman he worships, only to find her being kissed by Astrov. Heartbroken and embarrassed, he surreptitiously flips the flowers out the door at the first opportunity he gets.

Miss Harris makes a tremendous contribution as the useless, beautiful, young wife of the irritable old professor, using superb technical control to perform a moment of utter emotional confusion as a perfect miniature aria.

But it is Olivier who must delight us most. His interpretation of Astrov has deepened since he played it with the Old Vic fifteen years ago, perhaps because he now knows that he can hold his audience through almost anything he wants to attempt. Such a minor embellishment as breaking out in an ill-advised, one-legged dance that terminates with a sudden pain in his knee enriches the play and the character. And his rupture of the decorums (followed by "Don't look at me like that. I'm an *old* sparrow") is hilarious.

Yet all the highly entertaining farce doesn't hurt the play at all. Indeed, it helps us to understand even more fully the monumental irony that a group of fashionable city idlers can unintentionally destroy the contentment of a few farm people and then sail back to the city, oblivious to the enormity of the destruction they have left behind.

Saint Joan, as directed by John Dexter, is also a creditable presentation. In the Shaw classic Joan Plowright plays the title role with a common sense simplicity and the North Country dialect she used so effectively in *Roots* and *A Taste of Honey*. While this is better than playing Joan as a radiant saint from beginning to end, the part also requires the capacity for religious ecstacy that Siobhan McKenna gave it. Whereas we would follow Miss McKenna to hell when the spirit rose in her, we would follow Miss Plowright only as far as her logic held. Oddly enough, when Miss Plowright comes to the play's final speech, she abruptly abandons her dialect, to speak the line so exquisitely that we can only believe that her entire performance would have benefited from a similar approach.

THE fourth and latest entry, Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer* has been put together from scratch by William Gaskill, a young director with his own method of work. In his hands the production turns out to be solidly entertaining and free of the stilted mannerisms with which plays of this period are customarily performed. Robert Stephens makes a sunnily practical Captain Plume and Maggie Smith is delicious as his equally realistic sweetheart, Melinda. Colin Blakely's nefarious Sgt. Kite becomes strangely sympathetic because he makes it clear that his villainy is entirely professional and because he doesn't delude himself. Olivier contributes a masterful cameo of Captain Brazen, the bragging soldier who has learned the rules of survival in the game of bluff he plays. He like the rest of the company sacrifices guffaws for chuckles, but the 1706 comedy now emerges as more compellingly true and therefore more truly funny.

Since the National Theatre deliberately declines to work toward one approach, the way the Royal Shakespeare Company so brilliantly has, the pressure will always be on it to make each of its eight annual presentations a success in itself. Happily its first four offerings would seem to indicate that it can maintain a high production standard and a high quality acting company in depth.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Books

16 SR's Check List of Current Books
75 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "The Wapshot Scandal," by John Cheever
76 On the Fringe, by Haskel Frankel
77 UNESCO: Assessment and Promise, by George N. Shuster
78 Prospects for the West, by J. William Fulbright
79 The Anatomy of Liberty, by William O. Douglas; The Quest for the Dream, by John P. Roche
80 Morality and Beyond, by Paul Tillich
81 The Vindication of Liberal Theology, by Henry Van Dusen
81 Faust Revisited, by Marshall Fishwick
82 Summer Storm, by Charles Angoff
82 Elective Affinities, by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
83 Don't Knock the Corners Off, by Caroline Glyn
83 E. M. Forster: A Tribute, edited by K. Natwar-Singh
84 A World More Attractive, by Irving Howe

LITERARY HORIZONS

Where Have All the Roses Gone?

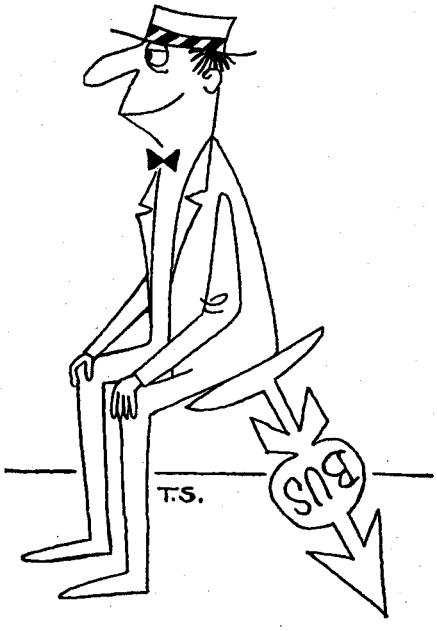
LIKE its predecessor, *The Wapshot Chronicle*, John Cheever's new book, *The Wapshot Scandal* (Harper & Row, $4.95) is distinguished by a remarkable vitality, springing out of the author's fascinated awareness of the variety and unpredictability of human behavior. But in spite of the vigor of the narrative, the tone is elegiac. Leander Wapshot, the dominating figure of the earlier book, died at its close, and his sons, Moses and Coverly, always smaller men, are in bad shape at the conclusion of the present volume. Aunt Honora, the last of the older generation, plays a lively part in the story, but she has quietly met her death before the final chapter. In that final chapter the narrator, coming briefly on stage, says his farewell to St. Botolphs.

Again like its predecessor. *The Wapshot Scandal* is episodic, and rather large parts of it have been published as short stories in *The New Yorker*. There are three principal themes. One concerns Aunt Honora, who has to flee to Italy because she has never bothered to pay an income tax. (One might regard her casualness as implausible if one did not think of Edmund Wilson and James Landis.) The second series of episodes describes Coverly's disillusioning experiences with the new masters of the Space Age. The third portrays the unhappy infatuation of Melissa, Moses's wife, with a grocer's boy.

In all this one feels not merely the decline of the Wapshots but also the decay of a culture. In the opening chapter Cheever describes a Christmas Eve in St. Botolphs, not so very long ago, I take it, but at a time when the traditional values of a small New England community were still alive. Cheever does not take a romantic view of the human condition: in the village that evening there are lust and drunkenness and aridity of the spirit and sudden death. But one nevertheless feels the dignity of man.

It is with the loss of this dignity that Cheever is concerned in most of the novel. The quality of life, he says again and again, has changed. For instance:

> The Moonlite Drive-In was divided into three magnificent parts. There was the golf links, the roller rink and the vast amphitheatre itself, where thousands of darkened cars were arranged in the form of an ancient arena, spread out beneath the tree of night. Above the deep thunder from the rink and the noise from the screen, you could hear—high in the air and so like the sea that a blind man would be deceived—the noise of traffic on the great Northern Expressway that flows southward from Montreal to the Shenandoah, engorging in its clover leafs and brilliantly engineered gradings the green playing fields, rose gardens, barns, farms, meadows, trout streams, forests, homesteads and churches of a golden past. The population of the highway gathered for their meals in a string of identical restaurants, where the morals, the urinals, the menus and the machines for vending sacred medals were uniform. It was some touching part of the autumn night and the hazards of the road that so many of these travelers pleaded for the special protection of gentle St. Christopher and the blessings of the Holy Virgin.



There is an element of intentional hyperbole in this—note "a golden past"—but I think that Cheever seriously offers the expressway as an example of what he feels to be wrong with our civilization. Another and even more seriously considered example is Dr. Cameron, head of the Missile Research and Development site at which Coverly Wapshot is humbly employed. Cameron, a liar, a monstrous egoist, a bully, and a barbarian at heart, may decide the fate of the world. When he is asked by a Senate investigating committee whether he believes that hydrogen warfare is inevita-

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ble, he calmly says, "Yes," and adds that, if we were losing the war, he would be in favor of destroying the planet.

An aged Senator speaks, beginning, "I was born in a small town, Dr. Cameron. I think the difference between this noisy and public world in which we now live and the world I remember is quite real, quite real." He continues:

> We possess Promethean powers but don't we lack the awe, the humility, that primitive man brought to the sacred fire? Isn't it a time for uncommon awe, supreme humility? If I should have to make some final statement, and I shall very soon for I am nearing the end of my journey, it would be in the nature of a thanksgiving for stout-hearted friends, lovely women, blue skies, the bread and wine of life. Please don't destroy the earth, Dr. Cameron. Oh please, please don't destroy the earth.

Even Cheever's humor, and he can be one of the funniest of American writers, is often grim. Aunt Honora's twice crippling a vast steamship by plugging in her ancient electric curling iron is farcical, but it points to the vulnerability of a mechanized society. We laugh at Gertrude Lockhart's struggle with her household appliances, but her frustration ends in suicide. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the story of Emile's hiding the Easter eggs, but what an indictment it is of human greed!

There is a lot about sex in the book, and no one is better than Cheever in describing the sexual drive, with all its ridiculous and all its glorious aspects. But even sex, he suggests, is not what it was. Of Emile at the drive-in he writes: "His sitting undressed in the back seat of a car might be accounted for by the fact that the music he danced to and the movies he watched dealt less and less with the heart and more and more with overt sexuality, as if the rose gardens and playing fields buried under the Expressway were enjoying a revenge."

I am afraid that I have not adequately described either the liveliness or the power of the novel, but I have wanted to emphasize the seriousness of Cheever's attitude: he is so serious that he is willing to risk the charge of sentimentality. One does not have to agree with every item in his indictment of contemporary society; what matters is the feeling he has for the world we live in, his sense that, whatever has been gained, much has been lost. As I said at the outset, he is no romantic; he knows that life has always been precarious; but he writes about the special perils of the moment with extraordinary effectiveness. In a peculiarly poignant way this is a novel of and for our times.

—Granville Hicks.

ON THE FRINGE

Spies, Saints and Sinners

In 1957, Lael Tucker Wertenbaker published *Death of a Man,* her painfully moving tribute to her late husband, Charles Wertenbaker. "I cut my guts out on that book. For a long time after, I couldn't go near any serious work, fiction or nonfiction."

Admirers of the afore-mentioned book and her well-known first novel, *Lament for Four Virgins,* will be happy to know that the waiting period for a new book from Mrs. Wertenbaker is over. On February 26 Little, Brown will publish her new novel, *The Eye of the Lion,* based on the life of Margaretha Geertruida Zelle Macleod, who made a name and a reputation for herself in World War I as Mata Hari. Speaking of her novel and its genesis, Mrs. Wertenbaker, a decidedly attractive lady who describes her 5′ 6″ height as rating her "tall in the South and short in the North," says:

"It began with a collection of Mata-Hariana sent to me by a man who thought I might be interested in the subject. At first I dismissed it as silly, but then I started reading and I became fascinated. Everything that was written about her was so insanely contradictory. There was a reminiscence by a head of Scotland Yard who got his dates wrong. And there were all sorts of semi-books called 'the real story,' each in conflict with the other. There was no real woman in any of them.

"Only in one book did I catch a glimpse of that little Dutch girl who pretended to be Javanese or whatever else she could get away with. In Geraldine Farrar's autobiography, the opera singer devotes a paragraph to a brief meeting with Mata Hari in Monte Carlo. They merely shook hands, but for one moment there is a live woman standing there. At least for a second I felt as if I had literally met Mata Hari.

"My book is a novel, you understand. I've used every fact that was certain about her. I had a romp with it, not that I mean that I didn't work like hell. I did, over two years, but I enjoyed it very much. One big reason was that Mata Hari's four big cities—Berlin, London, Madrid, and Paris—were all familiar to me. We had both known these cities in wartime, though Mata Hari and I knew them a world war apart.

"Now, that's enough about my book. I've just read a novel called 'Can I Get There by Candlelight?' Atheneum is publishing it on March 24. It's by Julian Horwitz whom I don't know and it's about London during World War II. I was there and Mr. Horwitz has caught it all brilliantly."

The last thing Mrs. Wertenbaker chose to say about her own work is that there was a new novel under way about which she did not choose to say anything.

Once upon a time, in so far as publishing circles were concerned, a play was something to bring out well after the Broadway production had departed the stage. At best, the printed play might show up in the bookstores during the second year of the Broadway run. Not so any more, judging by the news currently gushing from publishers' row. Theatrical publishing seems to have become as timely as a television newscast. To wit:

On January 23, the much-anticipated Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center raises its first curtain with Arthur Miller's new play, *After the Fall.* Viking will publish the play on the same day.

The same opening night will see the appearance, from Stein & Day, of *Theatre, Volume I,* subtitled "The 1964 Annual of the Repertory Theatre of Lin-

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coln Center for the Performing Arts." No souvenir program this, but a 7″ x 10″, 128-page hardbound book, profusely illustrated and intended to be of interest even to those theatre lovers who don't plan to be anywhere within miles of the Repertory Theatre during 1964. Contributions and contributors to this first volume in a series whose fate is entwined with that of the Repertory Theatre include a preface by S. N. Behrman, Harold Clurman writing on Arthur Miller, Arthur and Barbara Gelb on Eugene O'Neill, John Simon on S. N. Behrman, and Alfred Harbage on repertory theatre. Though opening night will find *Theatre, Volume I* on sale only at the Theatre, it will be available in bookstores across the country in February.

The second play on the Repertory Theatre's agenda is a revival of O'Neill's 1928 *Marco Millions*, long available from Random House, who will do the honors, at the proper time, for S. N. Behrman's *But for Whom Charlie*, the third play of the repertory season.

Quitting Lincoln Center, but still clinging to January 23 as *the* day, move now to the Metropolitan Opera House, readying itself for the American première of Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Last Savage*. Opening night and publishing day again meet to celebrate the event. *The Last Savage*, as published by the New York Graphic Society with the cooperation of the Metropolitan Opera Guild, will not be, as you might assume, a libretto. Instead, it will be straight storytelling by Menotti. On the printed page his American heiress and her abominable snowman will make their satiric journey from the Himalayas to Chicago without benefit of either aria or recitative to frighten away the opera-haters. Advance reports say that the Menotti fiction style pokes tongue into cheek and that the composer-librettist is not averse to a passing swipe at critics of his operatic works as he wanders among the prosies. The Menotti text will be accompanied, in color and black-and-white, by the art work of Beni Montresor, showing his sets and the costumed characters just as those who *do* love opera will see them at the Met.

Moving back one day to January 22 we come to a dramatic event tied up to nothing but the anticipation of admirers of playwright Eugene O'Neill. On this day Yale University Press will publish in both hard and soft covers *More Stately Mansions*, one of his last works. The play has never appeared in this country on either paper or stage.

All in all, January promises to be an exciting month on the boards and between the boards.

—Haskel Frankel.

AMERICA AND THE WORLD

World Worries for Education

***UNESCO: Assessment and Promise,** by George N. Shuster (Council on Foreign Relations-Harper & Row. 130 pp. Hardbound, $2.95. Paperback, $1.45), analyzes an often misunderstood Specialized Agency of the U.N. Richard H. Heindel, president of Pratt Institute, has been a member of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO.*

By RICHARD H. HEINDEL

BESIDES being a distinguished educator and scholar who is sophisticated in international cultural relations, George N. Shuster, former president of Hunter College, has had long personal experience with the affairs of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, both abroad and at home.

His brief and brilliant critique deals with a subject worthy of the Council's "Policy Book Series" on "important issues of United States foreign policy," a complex subject that is meshed with vast and vital areas of educational, economic, and cultural development.

The volume is so urbane in style that one hardly realizes that Dr. Shuster's assessment of UNESCO's problems and achievements, and of American participation, confronts with considerable forthrightness just about all of the complaints one has ever heard since its origin in 1945, even including some the American Legion missed. It is wise that he has done this, because it may help to gain acceptance among indifferent officials and the wider public for such justified conclusions as these: "UNESCO would have to be created if it did not exist. . . . UNESCO is becoming the world's indispensable liaison agency in the promotion of free trade in intellectual and cultural goods. . . . The increasing importance of UNESCO is indisputable." And he cites concrete reasons for such optimism.

In one sense, UNESCO is the creature of the Member States and often of excessive expectations. It is something like an international ministry of education, but without the powers of a national or a state ministry and, regrettably, without close ties with universities. The program can be described as (1) services to education, science, and culture; (2) indirect educational action; (3) offices of liaison; (4) direct educational action, and (5) operational activities within the United Nations.

It is in the last two categories that,

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

Do You Know Liz?

Here are sundry Elizabeths who have had some influence, direct or indirect, on literature. Elizabeth Mills, of Springfield, Missouri, asks that you identify them. Answers on page 81.

1. Elizabeth Barrett
2. Elizabeth Branwell
3. Elizabeth Gaskell
4. Elizabeth Haldane
5. Elizabeth Inchbald
6. Lady Elizabeth Lee
7. Elizabeth Linley
8. Elizabeth Minshull

( ) The aunt who helped to rear the Brontës
( ) The third wife of John Milton
( ) Novelist invited by Dickens to contribute to *Household Words;* author of a biography of Charlotte Brontë
( ) Author of "Mrs. [Elizabeth] Gaskell and Her Friends"
( ) Wife of Edward (*Night Thoughts*) Young; daughter of Charles II
( ) After her death her poet husband proposed marriage to Lady Ashburton
( ) Beautiful singer who became Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan
( ) Wrote, among other bits of sentiment, a play about the prison reformer John Howard. (She calls him Haswell.)

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in recent years, UNESCO has been propelled into a greater role, carrying responsibility for execution of projects to help the world solve the thorny, expensive problem of educational-economic development. The dimensions of the problem are documented in the conferences on Asian and African education held in 1960 and 1961. In meeting this "great expectation," Dr. Shuster observes that a major problem will be whether countries like the United States, able to provide substantial assistance, can effectively coordinate their unilateral efforts with those of the U.N. and UNESCO.

The supporting attitudes and mechanics of American participation in cultural affairs leave much to be desired, and this UNESCO could not escape, as the author illustrates with great restraint. The time, talent, and opportunity of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO, located by law in the Department of State and advisory to it and the nation as a whole, were largely wasted. Various recommendations are made that should receive immediate attention, especially those for the improvement of recruiting procedures so that more qualified Americans will wish to serve the international program.

Blueprint for Global Progress

Prospects for the West, *by J. William Fulbright (Harvard University Press. 132 pp. $3.25), analyzes some of the most pressing problems confronting the U.S., both abroad and at home. Frank Altschul is chairman, Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By FRANK ALTSCHUL

BASED on the William L. Clayton Lectures delivered in the spring of 1963 at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Senator J. William Fulbright's book deals first with relations between Russia and the West, then with the necessity for realizing a greater sense of unity within the Western world, and finally, turning his attention to the domestic scene, Senator Fulbright paints with a broad brush what he describes as an agenda for America.

In approaching the question of the antagonism that has colored our relations with the Soviet Union, the author is at pains to make the point that "it is not Communism which is at issue between the Soviet Union and the West but Communist *imperialism.*" And he urges that we "make it clear to the Soviets at every possible opportunity . . . that the Soviet Union, in so far as it renounces expansionist and subversive ambitions, can enjoy a safe and honorable life." He finds ground for hope in the fact that Soviet society and Soviet foreign policy "are in continuing change and evolution." Believing "that the trend over recent years . . . has been toward relative moderation by the Russians," he suggests that it is within the power of the West to encourage and reinforce this tendency.

Wishing to avoid undue optimism on the one hand or undue pessimism on the other, Senator Fulbright adds that "if it is ingenuous to predict the 'mellowing' of Soviet policy, it is equally ingenuous to regard Soviet policy and goals as absolutely intractable." Bringing the discussion within the framework of the nuclear age, he contends that "modern war—especially a nuclear war — . . . entails evils that outweigh any possible benefits of victory," a consideration likely to exert a determining influence on the Soviet Union no less than upon ourselves. And, suggesting in some detail the manner in which we should respond "to the Soviet challenge in the years to come," he expresses his confidence that "it is within our power, if we are wise and strong and patient, to shape our own destiny toward the fulfillment of the highest values of our civilization while encouraging the forces of moderation and common sense that are by no means entirely absent from Soviet society."

BUT if this dream is to be transformed into reality, we must avoid giving any impetus to Soviet intransigence. Conscious of the divisive forces currently at work and most dramatically evidenced by the recrudescence of histrionic nationalism in De Gaullist France, Mr. Fulbright devotes his second chapter to the advocacy of far closer bonds in the Western Alliance than exist today. In order that this trend toward extreme nationalism may be reversed—a trend "detrimental to the best interest of both Europe and America"—our policy must be based upon an understanding of its motivation. This lies in "the demand of a resurgent Europe for a status in the world commensurate with its new strength . . . a historical development which is based on much more permanent foundations than the personality and ambitions of General de Gaulle."

But if a resurgent Europe has provided the soil in which the seeds of De Gaullism have germinated, it is in some measure the shortcomings in our own society that have permitted them to put out roots and to flourish. These shortcomings are trenchantly reviewed in an adventure in self-examination that constitutes Mr. Fulbright's last chapter, entitled "The American Agenda." "In our zeal to defend the American way of life, we have lost interest in its sustenance and improvement," he writes, "permitting our priorities to become so inverted that the deterioration of our free society is accepted as the price of its defense."

The most striking inversion of these priorities appears to be the pre-eminent position we have assigned to the "$20 billion project for landing an American on the moon before 1970 and—what is more important—ahead of the Russians. Since the experts agree that the moon has no foreseeable value as a military base, we are doing this because we believe it essential to our prestige." Senator Fulbright then asks a penetrating question:

> If, at the end of this decade, the Russians should have reached the moon and we should not, but have instead succeeded in the renovation of our cities and of our transport, in the virtual elimination of slums and crime, in the creation of the best system of public education in the world, whose prestige would be higher, who more admired by the world? Is it not possible, if we were to do these things, that our prestige and influence would reach unprecedented heights in a world that is hungry for education, for a decent material life, and for human dignity?

After raising this question, which appears at last to be troubling an ever-widening circle of our people, the author turns his attention to those things to which, in his view, we might more usefully assign higher priorities. First of all, and at length, he deals with education, adding his voice to those who feel we have devoted far too little of our resources to a matter of prime importance in a democratic society. It is only natural that as a Southerner he finds complications, which we in the North have a tendency to ignore, in the connection between education and race relations. But even here he searches for solutions in a manner characterized by urbanity and good will.

Another matter to which the Senator ascribes high priority is "the condition of our cities and the character and quality of urban life in America." Here the

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remedy called for might well be described, for want of a better designation, as a Marshall Plan for America. A major effort of the Federal Government in cooperation with local authorities is required if we are to meet the most crying needs for transportation, housing, schools, and hospitals. The diversion of adequate resources to these purposes from such nebulous projects as the moon shot would not only vastly improve the image of America, but would contribute notably to the solution of the unemployment problem.

Dealing finally with "the need for reevaluation of the traditional relationships between citizen and government in a changing America and a changing world," Senator Fulbright brings to an end this slender volume which, documented with telling quotations from well-chosen sources, analyzes with wisdom and objectivity many of the major problems confronting the United States.

In the face of the civil rights struggle, Cold War fears of Communism, hate groups, and the "radical right," such optimism may seem unjustified. But Professor Roche proves his case by a lively survey of the turbulent fifty years that saw two world wars with their impact on our freedoms, the rise of Communism, the power of the KKK, the struggle for labor unions, and the violence of white supremacy.

Quite properly he credits the New Deal with the revolutionary shift in the protection of civil rights and liberties from the "tribalism" of States' rights. Holding that legal institutions "determine the concrete meaning of liberty," he singles out Frank Murphy, creator of the Civil Rights Division, whose "accession to the High Court signified the coming of age of civil liberty." Murphy merits that tribute. Although the study was made for a Jewish organization it does not overemphasize anti-Semitism, presumably because the Anti-Defamation League is sensitive to the larger framework of "intergroup relations." The anti-Semitism of Father Coughlin and Henry Ford get only the treatment that those high points in such propaganda deserve.

PROFESSOR Roche maintains that nonconformity and individual liberties can prosper in an urban society, rejecting the notion that an increasingly collectivist state will dissolve them. He pretty well demonstrates that, despite the nightmare of a tragic moment, we are in the long view well on our way.

One World Under Law

The Anatomy of Liberty, *by William O. Douglas (Trident. 194 pp. $3.95),* ***and The Quest for the Dream: The Development of Civil Rights and Human Relations in Modern America,*** *by John P. Roche (Macmillan. 308 pp. $5.95), take an optimistic view of the prospects for individual liberty and universal law. Roger Baldwin, founder of the American Civil Liberties Union, is a consultant on human rights for that organization.*

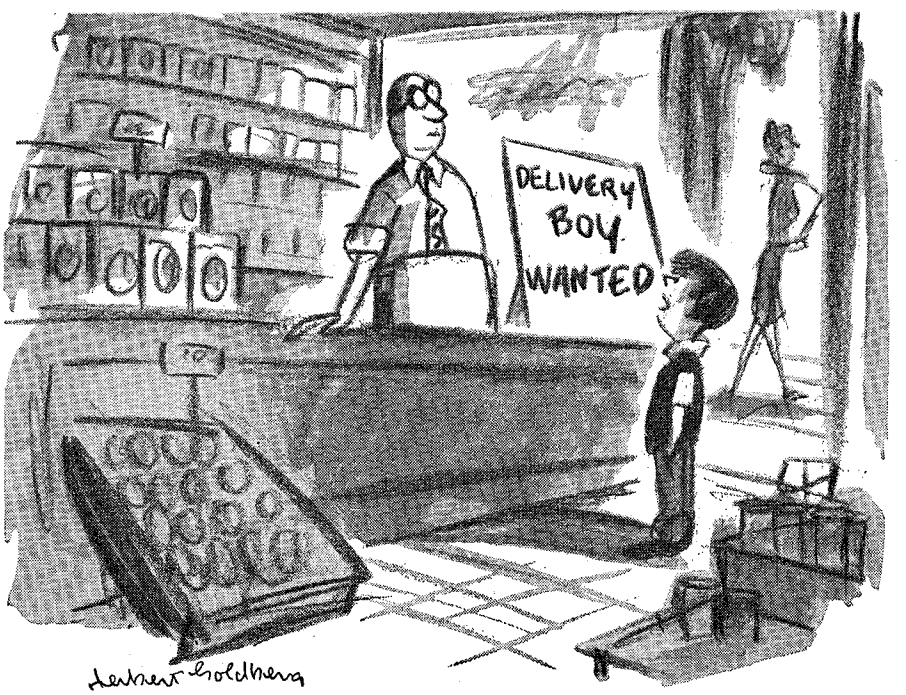
By ROGER BALDWIN

ANY WRITING by Justice William O. Douglas on the subject of liberty deserves attention, and this studious plea for the rule of law in the world is backed up by a wealth of fact and comment carrying his high authority. It is sixth in a "Credo Series" planned and edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen, intended to "demonstrate the sacramental character of work, and to reconcile the life of action with the life of contemplation."

Justice Douglas's treatment of American and international law cases and principles hardly fits into this lofty spiritual mission; but it meets very practically the need for faith in law as the alternative to nuclear holocaust. What is most needed, says the Justice, is a consensus among nations to establish the rights of man without force ("now obsolete!") in order to assure equal protection under law, domestic and global. "A world that can be circled in one hour," he writes, "is One World."

Although the book is essentially an analysis of the functions of government in relation to liberty, Justice Douglas also offers a venturesome program: first, use every existing institution to settle disputes; second, work for a "Grand Alliance with Russia" to establish rules to avoid war; and third, search for a political consensus with the Soviet-Sino bloc. For a champion of liberty in high office who has often voiced his distress over the state of American freedoms, this testament of faith in the achievement of a universal agreement on law is indeed heartening.

John P. Roche's "dream" is, of course, the American ideal of liberty and equality, and the author, a professor at Brandeis University, concludes, after a year's research to produce this volume for the fiftieth anniversary of the Anti-Defamation League, that in 1963 "there is more respect for freedom and dedication to equality in the United States than we have ever known before"—with more in prospect.



"Okay, the hours are fine. Now tell me about the fringe benefits."

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Ethics, Love, and Wisdom

Morality and Beyond, *by Paul Tillich (Harper & Row. 95 pp. $2.75), probes the age-old question of relating ethics and religion. John E. Smith, professor of philosophy at Yale, is author of "Reason and God."*

By JOHN E. SMITH

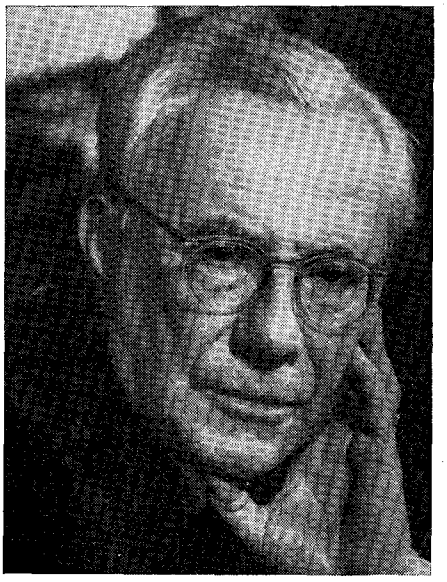
JOSIAH ROYCE once claimed that finding the relations between religion and morality is a harder task than overcoming the highly publicized opposition between religion and science. Morality and religion, though distinct, are intimately related, but in actual life one is always being made to do the work of the other. The result is a tension between them that has more often been destructive than creative.

In *Morality and Beyond* Paul Tillich, who has a wider lay audience than any living theologian, addresses himself with candor to the fundamental issues posed by the fact that man is a moral as well as a religious animal. Whether all will agree with him or not, he offers answers that are fundamental in import and relevant to daily life.

This is a little book, but it makes difficult reading. It is highly condensed and requires concentrated attention. Much is assumed from Tillich's other writings and much is taken for granted. On the other hand, by keeping his theological and philosophical analysis in touch with man's experience as seen from the vantage point of depth psychology, Tillich is able to give to his discussion a practical relevance that is remarkable in view of the subtlety of the issues.

Tillich distinguishes three facets of the age-old problem of relating morality and religion. He first defines the religious *dimension* of morality and claims that religion, understood in a fundamental rather than in a conventional sense, is an essential ingredient in the moral demand. There need be, he argues, no conflict between a particular religion and the moral imperative because the religious ingredient is not an alien power coercing man, but rather the elements of ultimate concern and unconditional seriousness. The religious quality of ultimacy and the unconditional character of morality coincide.

Treating next the question of the *source* of moral demands, Tillich holds that the obligation of each self to become what he essentially is, a person within a community of persons, is the basic demand. This demand must be related to principles of action. In considering the tension between the relativity of all concrete principles of action and the unconditional character of morality, Tillich maintains that love, understood in the complex sense of the Christian *agape*, is the final principle because it alone is able to combine both an absolute and a relative character. Only love can be sensitive to the demands of the immediate, particular situation without losing itself in relativities that destroy moralty altogether. Love, moreover, has justice within itself as a safeguard against sentimentality. It is regrettable, Tillich declares, that Christianity often failed to see this point, preferring to do works of love and charity instead of fighting against injustice and its causes. Love also needs moral wisdom if it is not to be blind. In this regard, moral traditions, both secular and sacred, are required.



—*Philippe Halsman*

Paul Tillich—"Love needs moral wisdom."

Finally, Tillich faces the problem of moral *motivation*. His view is that law as such cannot motivate us to overcome the gap between what we essentially are and where we find ourselves actually. Love in the form of forgiveness accepted, however, can so motivate us. This does not mean that law is rejected; law remains essential for defining what we are and what we are to do. The key to the connection between love and law is found in Tillich's idea that law is the form love takes when we are estranged from it. To be commanded to perform implies that we do not perform "by nature."

Common to each of Tillich's solutions in *Morality and Beyond* is a line of thought that may be summarized as follows: In religious perspective man has an essential being which he has from God and from which he is never totally separated. Man as he actually exists, however, is in a state of distortion. The overcoming of distortion is accomplished by recovering essential being in its fullness. Thus morality is saved from dissolution and skepticism by the discovery that its ultimacy is that of the religious dimension. Morality is saved from relativism by the discovery that religious love, *agape*, including justice within itself, is capable of combining relativity and ultimacy. Finally, morality is saved from legalism by the discovery that while the law cannot motivate as love can, law remains necessary because it is really the form that love assumes under estrangement or distortion.

Two closely related difficulties occur to the philosophically-minded critic. First, Tillich's position is totally dependent upon there actually being a Ground and an essential being. In short, the problem of God's reality cannot be avoided. The acceptance of forgiveness, for example, makes no sense unless there actually is One who forgives. Tillich is not unaware of the problem, but he underestimates the force of modern skepticism about the possibility—to say nothing of the actuality—of a Ground of Being. He is content to say that Being itself is necessary.

The second difficulty concerns the validity of justifying a position merely by redefining the basic terms. Repeatedly we find that doubts about the reality of the Ground or about the validity of Tillich's solutions to the problems of religion and morality are answered by the countercharge of misunderstanding. For example, to understand the Holy correctly is to see that doubts about the reality of God do not arise or, conversely, if doubts do arise it is a sign that we have failed to understand. So it is with making religion the ground of morality. If a critic supposes that this solution means the intrusion of an alien authority, he has misunderstood what religion means. Or again, Tillich answers the ancient complaint that the acceptance of grace is antinomian and sanctions a "moral holiday" by saying that if we had not misunderstood the meaning of grace we would not have asked the question. Valuable as it is to correct conventional prejudices and misunderstandings, there is a limit to the effectiveness of the argument that dispels doubt by discovering that it disappears as soon as basic terms are redefined.

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Return to Galilee

The Vindication of Liberal Theology: A Tract for the Times, *by Henry P. Van Dusen (Scribners. 192 pp. $3.50), argues that liberal theology is more than a passing phase of modern religious thought. Chad Walsh, an Episcopal priest and chairman of the English Department at Beloit College, recently published a pioneer study of dystopian fiction, "From Utopia to Nightmare."*

By CHAD WALSH

FOR MANY years president of Union Theological Seminary in New York City, Henry Van Dusen has had ample opportunity to observe the waxing and waning of assorted theologies. During his lifetime theological liberalism, at floodtide in the early part of the century, has visibly retreated in the face of neo-orthodoxy and still newer adversaries. Now, in his fifteenth book, the author moves to the counterattack. *The Vindication of Liberal Theology*, an expansion of lectures given at Sweet Briar College, maintains that liberal theology represents not merely an honest attempt to come to grips with modern scientific and secular thought at their best, but that—in its rediscovery of the centrality of the historical Jesus—it is the purest form of Christianity since the days of the apostles, and is the necessary starting point for future religious thought.

Dr. Van Dusen sees "liberalism" as a middle ground between Modernism, which panics and sells out to recent secular thought, and Neo-Orthodoxy, which disavows a great deal of modern thought and then, after reaffirming the historic Christian faith, tries to assimilate any elements of current ideologies that will fit in. The main object of liberalism is to get back to the Jesus of history, to discover what he really believed about God and man's relation with man and God. "Congruity with the mind of Christ" is the touchstone to separate the genuine truths of Christianity from later spurious additions and distortions.

This book is not one to be adequately discussed in brief compass. Certainly, it scores some telling points, particularly in the demonstration that liberal theology is closely associated with a dynamic drive, the determination to do the practical things demanded by the Christian sense of justice and compassion. Here theological liberalism has created a tradition that has profoundly influenced even its competitors, such as Neo-Orthodoxy. On the other hand, it should be pointed out that liberalism is not the only source of the social gospel—one thinks also of the Catholic encyclicals.

Dr. Van Dusen is strong on Christ, weak on the Church, its sacraments, and the living tradition of the continuous Christian community. It is true that he pays serious attention to the consensus of the faithful when moral dilemmas must be resolved, but he apparently does not attach the same importance to centuries-old and living tradition when the questions are more strictly theological. Here he is inclined to suspect "barnacles" that have attached themselves to the ship of truth. He is devoured by a passion to return again to the mind of Christ and discover the pristine gospel of the Galilean days.

Thus the passionately Christ-centered faith of the author rises or falls by the substantial accuracy of the picture of Jesus given in the Gospels. Here Dr. Van Dusen, unable to lean primarily on either the continuous tradition of the Church or the automatic inerrancy of the Bible, finds himself driven toward an eloquent but unprovable act of faith. The "real Jesus" is not self-evident. Different people find different Jesuses in the Scriptures; there are various strands of modern theological thought that contend the historical Jesus is forever unknowable; some assert that all we have is a churchly image, a kind of divine symbol. As long ago as the turn of the century Albert Schweitzer insisted that the "liberal Jesus" was a construct of nineteenth-century liberals who made Christ in their own likeness, and that the actual Jesus was probably a fiery zealot more like some modern cultist proclaiming the end of the world. That Dr. Van Dusen emerges with a Jesus not too different from that of traditional Christian faith, and that he is convinced God was uniquely manifest in Jesus, is an indication that his liberalism stands in a relation of greater continuity with the churchly tradition than might at first be suspected. Indeed, in making the Incarnation the key to faith, Dr. Van Dusen links himself more closely with traditional orthodoxy than with radically reductionist theories. He is more conservative than he thinks he is.

In any case, this testament of faith is the work of a man whose deep devotion to the center of his faith, Jesus of Nazareth, is alive on every page. It is a book that proclaims a serene and unshaken faith. One wishes only that the author would now write the same book at double or triple its length, with greater attention to the theological debates now raging, so that the theologians would be able to debate it in precise detail. Liberalism has found a sturdy defender, and *The Vindication of Liberal Theology* is sufficient proof that its reported demise is an exaggeration.

Mephistopheles in Modern Dress: As I was reading *Faust Revisited: Some Thoughts on Satan* (Seabury, $3.95), a bit of half-remembered doggerel kept running through my mind:

> The Devil is voted not to be
> And so the Devil is gone;
> But some of us keep wondering,
> Who carries the business on?

Marshall W. Fishwick, teacher, historian, and author, familiar to readers of *SR* (a chapter of the present book appeared in March 1963 under the title, "Dark Thoughts in the Black Forest"), has here produced an engrossing volume on a topic that engages us all—the problem of evil and how it manifests itself today. Written with wit and insight, it is a serious, even a profound book.

The author draws on a wide variety of sources: Scripture, history, psychology, modern philosophy, a visit to the legendary *Fauststübe* in the hamlet of Staufen, the Nuremberg Trials, Coventry, the theatre of the Absurd, cartoons, the movies, suburbia, as evidence of how "the business" is still being carried on by His Satanic Majesty. Yet this is a hopeful book, for when Satan has done his worst there is still man's incredible, invincible faith. Fishwick sees in modern literature (Hemingway, Faulkner, T. S. Eliot) and in art (Grosz, Picasso, Schoenberg, de Kooning) religious insights in a modern idiom. He quotes Paul Tillich: "Religion is the state of being ultimately concerned."

Fishwick is himself concerned, and calls for man and the Church—"the Church Militant"—to put on the whole armor of God (hope, faith, love, forgiveness) to join battle with the evil in our culture and in man himself.

As St. Paul says, "For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" This is no "uncertain sound."

—EDWIN DANIELS.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 2, 8, 3, 4, 6, 1, 7, 5.

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FICTION

Editor's Last Stand

***Summer Storm,** by Charles Angoff (Yoseloff 569 pp. $5.95), portrays a cynical, Menckenlike editor and the decline of his magazine. Daniel Stern frequently comments on new fiction.*

By DANIEL STERN

FOR THE past twelve years Charles Angoff has been constructing a mosaic of novels intended to form a definitive picture of Jewish life in America. Starting with *Journey to the Dawn* he has chronicled the career of the Polonsky family, who migrated from Russia to the United States in the first decade of the century. With *Summer Storm* Mr. Angoff has reached the 1930s. Here his protagonist, David Polonsky, is ensconced in New York, where he acts as a kind of mirror for the events and meanings of that disturbed decade.

The chief action of the book revolves around the decline and death of a magazine, *The American World,* on which David is employed. (This is a lightly disguised version of the old *American Mercury,* on which Mr. Angoff served as managing editor.) As emotional and intellectual spokesman for the author David gives us his portrait of the cynical, boob-baiting editor of the magazine, Harry Brandt (for whom read H. L. Mencken).

Given this confrontation, an exciting clash of ideas seems to be impending between Angoff the humanist and Brandt-Mencken the avowed Nietzschean. Unfortunately, *Summer Storm* is suffused with warmth but gives little light. The reason is, I think, that the subject matter Angoff tackles here is not responsive to the kind of self-indulgent emotionalism that comes to him too easily and too often. The problem of sustaining social or religious belief in the midst of an apparently crumbling society needs a more disciplined understanding, as well as a controlled artistic presentation.

This is also true of the question of Jewishness which Angoff's characters debate frequently but without any deepening of insight. The result is usually something like this one-sentence monologue by David:

> . . . and David listened and marveled and filled in and he was dazzled and appalled and bewildered and repelled and attracted, and as he listened he was glad and sad and exhilarated and depressed and mystified by the ways of life among all people, and especially among the Jews, for it occurred to him, as he listened . . . that perhaps Jews were really more alive and more human than other people, and perhaps this was what was meant by the phrase, "The Chosen People" . . .

It is not fair, of course, to judge a book by one sentence. But disturbingly similar passages occur in every chapter, all marked by equally imprecise thought and style. Strangely, within such painful limitations, Angoff's people can be appealing. They have what is well expressed by a unique Jewish word: *menschlickeit,* which can be roughly translated as decency, maturity, responsibility. Without this quality there can be no major writing; but in the creation of interesting and meaningful characters it is, by itself, absolutely inadequate. (The one exception here is Brandt, the Mencken paraphrase. He is, as was his original, sharp, salty, slightly salacious, and real.)

In *Summer Storm* we are given the atmosphere and occurrences of the Thirties, featuring the demise of a once-vital magazine. One knows Angoff was there; one knows it all happened much as it is presented. Yet the feeling is inescapable that the one thing missing is, in Hemingway's simple and perfect phrase, "the way it was."

Angoff is attempting the enormous and valuable task of interpreting American life from the Jewish angle of refraction. What his new book proves is that sympathy needs an accompanying tough spine of detachment and insight. Compassion alone is self-defeating.

Disastrous Liaisons

***Elective Affinities,** by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, translated by Elizabeth Mayer and Louise Bogan (Regnery. 305 pp. $5.95), offers a new English version of a classic novel about the elemental power of love. Joseph P. Bauke is an editor of "Germanic Review."*

By JOSEPH P. BAUKE

"I AM sorry that you do not like it, it is my best book," Goethe said to a lady who disapproved of *Elective Affinities* on moral grounds. Published in 1809, when Goethe was sixty, this classic novel about the elemental power of love resumes the theme of *The Sorrows of Young Werther,* the work of the youthful author, but its mood and outlook are totally different. Werther, with his caprices and sentimentalities, would be quite impossible in the rarefied air of the country estate where the story of the fateful affinities unfolds.

Here all spontaneity is sacrificed to ritual and routine, and decorum is maintained when all other conventions collapse. With an infinity of detail, *leitmotifs,* and subtle parallelisms, Goethe captures the particularity of atmosphere and, from the first, throws a lugubrious light on the scene that forebodes catastrophe. The title, borrowed from a chemical treatise, indicates that natural forces beyond man's ken or control play a decisive role in this extraordinary and unforgettable novel.

If the four characters and their shifting alliances are complex, the plot is not. After humdrum marriages of convenience Eduard and Charlotte, friends in their youth, have finally married and live the idle and formalized life of the landed gentry. Their guests are the Captain and Charlotte's foster-daughter Ottilie, a lovely and mysterious young girl who gradually acquires the severe dignity of a tragic heroine. The affections ending in disaster run alongside ordinary life before they swell into a tide that cannot be stopped. The hostess and the Captain manage to escape from each other, while the other couple experience the agonies of a passion that grips them like a disease.

The disintegration of a marriage is the ostensible theme, and on one level *Elective Affinities* belongs to the European tradition of the novel of manners. There are the expected setpieces: the clandestine tryst, the parties, the amusements, and the *ennui* beneath the polite conversation. But not far below this surface the work is concerned with the acceptance of life's vicissitudes, with renunciation and death. Who can tell what is choice and what is destiny, what compulsion and what free will?

This new translation, equipped with

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an excellent introduction by Victor Lange, is ingenious in its handling of the difficult prose of the older Goethe, which assumes presence and modernity in the hands of Miss Mayer and Miss Bogan.

Reading it for the first time is an austere joy; rereading becomes an act of contemplation.

Agony on the Playground: The more than prolific English teeny, Miss Caroline Glyn, poet and artist, has written a novel and designed its jacket; for all we know this unique talent also set the type and served as her own agent. She is, indeed, a remarkable child, and having from my salad days upwards spent many an hour grading countless compositions from the pens of little ladies a few years her senior, I can testify that Miss Glyn writes shockingly well and proves herself a gifted, perceptive, and clever girl for her age. Her age, by the way, is fifteen—though if truth must out, *Don't Knock the Corners Off* (Coward-McCann, $3.95) was started a year before, when she was fourteen.

Miss Glyn's heroine-narrator, Antonia, a lovable, precocious girl, is introduced to us aged nine, and we follow her scholastic adventures for a few years as she suffers the indignities of three English schools. Antonia, as a type, is immediately recognizable; we have seen and heard her on this side of the Atlantic performing a little too loudly at Schrafft's. She is a bit too bright, a bit too set on conquering an adult world.

Antonia's first school is a blackboard-jungle horror, and for a while we can almost believe we are in Alan Sillitoe country.

Antonia is caught between the attractions of her artsy-craftsy parents and the need to be accepted at school. Father, who talks and behaves like a child, is a painter; Mother, who hates to cook or think, collects live goldfish and plastic pink elephants. The family is run Summerhill style, the schools aren't. And, as Antonia grows, she must resolve this tension between permissiveness at home and authority in the classroom.

There is nary a trace of Lolita in our heroine, no Humbert Humberts smirking and drooling in the background ready to pounce and ravish. Nor is this novel akin to Henry James's *What Maisie Knew*, for we constantly accept Antonia on her own terms. She is what she is, a young girl of intelligence who writes what she sees, who sees well, and who is beginning to understand herself. Perhaps Antonia is Miss Glyn, perhaps not; in any case, this is an attractive, interesting work, and we can only hope that the young novelist continues to create for us. —CHARLES SHAPIRO.

Six Who Came to Praise

E. M. Forster: A Tribute, With Selections from His Writings on India, *edited by K. Natwar-Singh (Harcourt, Brace & World. 145 pp. $4.50), is a gift of loving appreciation from six Indian writers to the novelist on his eighty-fifth birthday. Bradford Smith, who wrote "Portrait of India," recently published "Meditation: the Inward Art."*

By BRADFORD SMITH

ONE OF the graces of India's culture is the high value it sets upon friendship, which implies a deep, almost an exclusive devotion. This quality comes through in the six essays of appreciation that make up the first half of this birthday tribute to E. M. Forster.

The relationship of the younger person to the older has special status in India, where the *guru* (teacher) has from ancient times been regarded with peculiar veneration, rather like a superfather with divine qualities. To these half-dozen Indians E. M. Forster has been such a friend, and the warmth of their love and admiration somehow dignify the whole spectrum of human relations. This, we see with quicker beating of the heart, is how people might be—this is what they might mean to one another. What miracles could occur in our own automated civilization if our young might be so stirred!

These six, of course, happened to be very gifted young people when first they met Forster. All of them (K. Natwar-Singh, Ahmed Ali, Mulk Raj Anand, Naravana Menon, Raja Rao, Santha Rama Rau) are writers, so that Forster, as the most renowned writer about India in English, was indeed their *guru*.

These essays are therefore works of love for both the man and the writer. This very affection often produces excellent critical insights, such as Santha Rama Rau's praise of Forster's treble vision "as the sharp-eyed critic, the creative artist, the subtle social philosopher." Others find his special qualities in his sense of the sanctity of human relations and of the misunderstandings so often generated, in his "tender regard for everything human," in his perception of truth, his ability (in *Passage to India*) to see a country whole—high and low, noble and dishonest.

Inevitably, in such a book as this there are repetitions; but, after all, this is an accolade, not a critique. It is especially valuable to have the opinions of these sensitive writers on the authenticity of Forster's few works about India. By contrast, the illustrative selections

"How many times must I tell you—don't blow trumpets for every peddler that comes to the door."

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from those works that make up the second half of the book seem rather haphazard and slight—a grab-bag of old maharajahs, travel, bits of mythology, a wisp of a speech on Gandhi: altogether a collection of graceful trivia and sudden insights. But one can always go to the books from which they were drawn and drink a full draught.

Forster's final sentence on Gandhi contains both the essence of his own spirit and that of the six who have come to praise him:

> He is with all the men and women who have sought something in life that is neither chaos nor mechanism, who have not confused happiness with possessiveness, or victory with success, and who have believed in love.

Moderns in Search of Morals

***A World More Attractive,** by Irving Howe (Horizon. 307 pp. $6.50), collects some of the author's critical writings from the past twelve years. William S. Lynch is a former professor of humanities at Cooper Union.*

By WILLIAM S. LYNCH

IRVING HOWE, who says some harsh things about critics, is of course one himself—and a remarkable one, scholarly without being pedantic, fresh without being impertinent. Aware of all schools, it seems, he gives them generous credit for whatever enlightenment they have brought, then analyzes their limitations with a singular brilliance of mind and word.

This volume brings together some of his writings from the past dozen years. Although he has no doubt winnowed and edited his material, some of it is a little dated, as anything journalistic and polemic must be when it was written in a decade as crucial as this last. Most of it, though, is fresh and relevant, if not for the general reader, then for the one who cares seriously for the meanings to be found in books and the light they shed on the human experience. Howe's thoughts are seminal enough to warrant the assurance that they will seep down through other writers, to shape the thinking of many who will be unaware of the source of that shaping.

The titles of the essays produced here range from "Edith Wharton" to "Images of Socialism." At first glance this would seem to make the book a miscellany. Nonetheless, there is a unity larger than that provided by one man's authorship. Howe points it out in his introduction: "a persistent concern with problems and ideas, having to do primarily with that style of experience and perception sometimes called the 'modern.'" Convinced of the need for social renovation, he looks for extreme situations that call for radical solutions. He is at his best when discussing subjects wherein literature and history foregather. A good example of this is his opening piece, "T. E. Lawrence: the Problem of Heroism." The "hero" has always been an object of considerable interest and much has been written about him even in our own time. To Howe, the hero in modern life is a "Man struggling with a vision he can neither realize nor abandon, a man with a load on his mind." He shows that Lawrence was an excellent illustration of this; and, while it would seem that with all that has been written about the man little remains to be said, this essay of Howe's must shed fresh light on and give a new understanding of Lawrence, a tortured archetype of our modern era —"this prince of our disorder," as the author calls him.

Howe constantly cites the loss of firm moral assumptions in our age. He sees it as extending farther back than Edith Wharton, who seems to many of us a defender of a stable if harsh society, but whom Howe regards as a person only half belonging to it, and actually half rebelling against it. In "The Quest for Moral Style," a phrase he likes (and justly), he examines American writers since World War I on the premise that fundamental to their best writing is belief that life can still be a rigorous and exalting obligation despite the loss of old gods and old values. Even Hemingway's bullfighter demonstrates this in "the holding of his purity of line through the maximum of exposure." Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Hemingway —these authors become the spokesmen for our needs and our desires in their quest for moral style.

Interesting too are his remarks on what he calls "post modern" fiction: the novels of Mailer, Malamud, Bellow, Algren, even Salinger. These and others are stumbling against something new—mass society, a relatively comfortable half-welfare, half-garrison culture in which traditional loyalties become lax or dissolve entirely. The "angry young men" of Britain are to be explained in these terms as well as those of San Francisco, though the latter seem unable to say what it is that hurts them.

In his examination of the temper of the mid-twentieth century the author looks at writers as different as George Gissing and Sholem Aleichem; he studies the "underground man," Louis-Ferdinand Céline, and analyzes the fiction of anti-Utopia in a mode at once fascinating and revealing. For some reason he chooses to comment on three American poets: Walt Whitman, Robert Frost, and Wallace Stevens. Here he

strains a bit to cut the first two down to size. In other essays he probes modern political theory a little as though he were the only one to recognize the limitations of the intellectual and the bohemian. And he becomes a bit highbrow now and then in his attitude toward the middlebrow.

He quotes with some questioning Trilling's remark that "at this time liberalism is not only the dominant but even the sole intellectual tradition." Howe's essay "This Age of Conformity," written in 1954, is still exciting reading, and even more contemporary in its basic ideas about the destiny of modern intellectuals—which, if we can believe Howe, seems to tend toward a shrewd Philistinism far removed from the spirit of rebellion proper to the intellectual role. Since he wrote the article he has added some second thoughts.

What Howe says is worth saying, what he writes is worth reading.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1065

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1065 will be found in the next issue.

BDHPPCA TCKBC HB RGC FKR

NE F OKNENXLA BDCORHW.

TFPCKZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1064

Literature is the effort of man to indemnify himself for the wrong of his condition.

—EMERSON.

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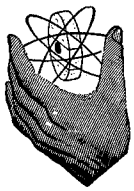
SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters

ARTICLE: • The Purpose of Experiments

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

DOCUMENTING THE CASE AGAINST FLUORIDATION

SR'S science editor must begin the new year 1964 with an apology. He regrets confusing many of his readers last month by failing to provide documentation for the point of view he presented on fluoridation of public water supplies and its implications for freedom of the human individual.

To his surprise and chagrin, four in every five letters that have come to the magazine in response to his report have rejected any consideration of the main issue toward which the report was directed, the grounds in virtually all cases being that nothing was really at issue until a reasonable opposition to fluoridation's effectiveness and safety could be documented.

So far as the great majority of the letter writers were concerned, fluoridated water's protection of teeth from decay had been established absolutely and the danger to health in small amounts of fluoride was non-existent.

Fortunately for the science editor's black-and-blued ego, a dozen or so unhappy members of his audience said they usually enjoyed the Science and Humanity Section of *SR* and realized that even a fairly competent editor is bound to make a mistake now and again. They expressed the hope that in return for their continued faith in his integrity they might expect to see supporting facts in a future issue of the magazine. Others abandoned not only faith but charity, and accused the science editor of intellectual dishonesty, deliberate distortion of what he knew to be true, intention to profit privately by opposing fluoridation, dishonoring the memory of the late President John F. Kennedy, misrepresenting the nature of democratic government, lending aid and comfort to the John Birch Society, and callous disregard of the suffering of children whose teeth ache.

Some readers wrote their complaints directly and emphatically to *SR*'s Editor, explaining that the science editor had placed himself "beyond the pale of intelligent communication;" several of these pleaded for the science editor's removal from the *SR* staff before his ignorance and bigotry could drag the entire reputation of a great independent journal down into the mud. Two readers first attributed Cleveland Amory's statements about animal experimentation to the science editor (who had publicly separated himself from immediate involvement in that particular controversy) and then concluded that the science editor was an anti-vivisectionist whose pattern of "stone age thinking" was confirmed by his opposition to fluoridation of public water supplies. Several professors cancelled their subscriptions to *SR*, another announced he would not renew his subscription, and a woman subscriber who professed utter disgust with the science editor said she wished she could cancel but couldn't because she liked John Ciardi. Saddest of all was the letter from a dentist in the northwest who thought that what the science editor had written on fluoridation was so unscientific that the real author must have been Robert Graves, the distinguished poet whose 1963 Arthur D. Little Lecture had been featured on the cover of *SR*'s issue of December 7, 1963. Out for blood, this dentist offered to submit to *SR* a critique of poetry which he felt sure would damage poetry as much as he believed dentistry had been damaged by *SR*'s report on fluoridated water.

SR's science editor is plainly obligated to explain himself.

He would like to begin by pointing out that his report of last month did not question fluoride's general ability to enhance resistance to decay in children's teeth. Nor did he allege—as some readers contended he did—that fluoridation of drinking water would threaten the populace with acute poisoning such as fluoride powder inflicts upon rats.

The question that concerned him, and still concerns him, was and is whether fluoride's effect is sufficiently selective. Does it protect the teeth without exacting penalties elsewhere in the body?

Surely we have learned to respect this question. We have frightening examples from the past to justify it. Radium water was drunk by the glassful, with the approval of some of the most advanced physicians, until someone suddenly discovered that those who were drinking it were slowly disintegrating internally. Sulfa elixir was accepted as a cure-all for awhile; when its full effects were realized, the drug laws of the United States were reformed as a consequence. X-rays were performed for every imaginable purpose in the belief that there could be no such thing as too much diagnosis; then the National Academy of Sciences in 1956 reported that X-rays were a greater immediate peril to health and life than any other form of radiation, and the use of X-rays dropped sharply almost overnight. Antibiotics worked wonders against some of man's toughest competitors among the bacteria; but over use of antibiotics in a shotgun type of therapy alien to modern medicine brought the removal of the antibiotics division director of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration only a few years back, and today the medical profession exhorts its members continually to guard against the undesirable side effects of antibiotics.

IS IT unreasonable to plead for caution in the fluoridation of public drinking water until time and research have full opportunity to expose possible undesirable effects of daily doses of fluoride?

Much more documentation in support of such a plea exists in the scientific literature than most readers are aware of. Particularly impressive is a report from Canada.

Canada is an enormous country—so

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big that it has spent the last half century wakening to its possibilities as a power in man's affairs; and after all that time the land is still sluggish with half-sleep. The distances from coast to coast span five zones of standard time, and the climatic range is from temperate to frigid. Although far from backward industrially, it depends economically on rural income to a large degree. Milk is a major product which suffers violent swings between supply and demand. The cows give most in late spring and early summer, whereas milk drinking is heaviest in the winter.

The National Research Council of Canada, headquartered in the Canadian Commonwealth capital city of Ottawa, exists principally for the purpose of keeping Canada strong in peace as well as in defense against aggression. Within NRCC's division of applied biology is a food chemistry section dedicated exclusively to research on Canada's food resources. The section chief is a farm scientist from the plains of Alberta, Dr. Dyson Rose. Roughly half of all the work Dr. Rose directs concerns milk.

EARLY in the 1950's, encouraged by the successful marketing of orange juice in frozen form, Dr. Rose's group decided to investigate the possibility of freezing milk in order to save the bulk of the Canadian output long enough to reach the market and be consumed. Researchers elsewhere already had discovered that the freezing and thawing of milk could be accomplished without spoilage, but that when the thaw occurred the normal chalk-white liquid separated into a sweet curd and a colorless whey. The colloid that gives milk its usual appearance by being fully suspended was precipitated insolubly in the curd. Two components of the colloid had been identified: casein, the most important protein constituent of milk; and calcium phosphate, the principal inorganic ingredient of milk.

The task of Dr. Rose's group, therefore, was to isolate the causes for the insolubility of the sweet curd. Two paths were taken simultaneously, one following casein and the other following calcium phosphate. Dr. Rose himself headed the group in pursuit of casein; in charge of the investigation of calcium phosphate's behavior he placed Dr. Marcel Boulet, a skilled dairy chemist trained at McGill University.

Few of the fundamental facts that Dr. Boulet needed had been clearly resolved. So he called upon John R. Marier, a technician in the food chemistry section—an Ottawa man with no academic degrees who had advanced himself through high native intelligence and disciplined curiosity—to cull the literature for reports of past research on calcium phosphate. Mr. Marier was told to look for any factors that would affect the solubility of this milk constituent which is also the main inorganic constituent of human bones and teeth.

THERE were two principal sources of information. One was geological. The other was bone chemistry and physiology. Almost immediately the search turned up references to fluoride in bone metabolism. And Mr. Marier found that German and other students had confirmed that in the presence of fluoride there was a drastic reduction in the solubility of calcium phosphate. His mind registered the fact that such a junction of fluoride and calcium phosphate could explain the lessening of tooth decay which occurred when drinking water had fluoride in it. But his immediate job had to do with the freezing of milk, and he plunged on.

The NRCC library is one of the finest on earth. What isn't on its shelves or on microfilm is quickly gathered from all over the globe. In response to Mr. Marier's queries, it drew papers on calcium phosphate reactions from every direction. He read them carefully, noted passages pertinent to his inquiry, and marked them for Dr. Boulet's perusal. As the mass of documents piled up, references to fluoride accumulated. And when, after years of reading and thinking and laboratory testing to confirm statements made in the literature, the food chemistry section of NRCC's applied biology division gave up hope of freezing milk until some then unsuspected piece of knowledge might unlock the mystery of the sweet curd, Mr. Marier continued to scan the scientific journals for news of fluoride simply because he had become interested in the subject as an individual citizen. The controversy over fluoridation of public water supplies in the United States had splashed across Canada's southern border many years before, and there was growing pressure on the residents of his home town, Ottawa, to approve fluoridation in a popular referendum. The facts he had seen about fluoride in the course of studying calcium phosphate might, if properly reviewed and sifted, have a bearing on his personal vote. He read with an eager appetite, on his own time, before and after work, during lunch hours and over week-ends.

In 1958, the University of Chicago published a new book by William F. and Margaret W. Neuman, of Rochester University. It was titled, "The Chemical Dynamics of Bone Mineral." Mr. Marier got a copy, consumed its contents rapidly, and felt like crying out upon coming to this passage:

"The presence of carbonate and citrate greatly increases the solubility of hydroxy apatite [one of the forms of calcium phosphate] while fluoride markedly inhibits dissolution. It is this property of decreasing solubility that provides the basis for the use of fluoride in preventive dentistry. It is also the probable basis for fluoride's chronic toxic effects at low levels of intake. Thus, physiological mineral-resorptive processes are inhibited by excessive dietary fluoride, giving rise to mottled enamel, increased bone density, skeletal malformations, and exostoses [outgrowths of bone]."

DID he read rightly? Was there a correlation between those words in the book before him, written by two authorities on the function of bone in the human body, and the items he had been picking day after day from the literature on fluoride—a correlation as clear as the one that was now running through his head?

Mr. Marier took the Neuman book to his superior, Dr. Rose, along with a sequence of marked passages in the fluoride literature. What did Dr. Rose think? Being a cautious man, whose enthusiasms lie deep beneath the imperturbable surface of a Canadian civil servant, Dr. Rose thought nothing more than that it might be acceptable for Mr. Marier to do some of his fluoride reading on NRCC time.

Several years passed. The research findings that flowed before Mr. Marier's eyes assumed a certain pattern in his mind. The outline of the pattern etched itself sharper and sharper until one day

Two Dentists, Two Views

OF ALL THE HALF-COCKED, biased, slanted, ill-stated, misleading articles I have ever read, yours on fluoridation in the Dec. 7th issue takes first prize.

I begin to wonder how many of your previous articles are the same.

CHARLES R. RUMPLER, D.M.D.
Wayne, N.J.

• • •

DELIGHTED to have you take up the fluoridation fight.

We, too, are among the dentists who have opposed fluoridated water and, here, we have felt we have gone against the biggest of big business.

To try to make dentists fluorine salesmen, and physicians drug peddlers, offends the professions. And the U.S. Public Health Service, for its part in the sale of such chemicals, should be "a matter for the U.S. Congress to examine."

Let's begin now.

DR. AND MRS. CARLTON F. BREHMER
Sheboygan, Wis.

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Mr. Marier took pencil and paper and wrote the pattern down. (See columns two and three, page 89.) Below it he wrote a description of how he had arrived at it, and what it might mean.

At that point Mr. Marier had to stop. He was only a technician in a scientific laboratory. He held no academic degrees. No outsider of knowledge or authority could be expected to take him seriously. So he went to Dr. Rose again. And Dr. Rose, having grown no whit less cautious since Mr. Marier's previous conversation with him, expressed the opinion that it might be acceptable to let Mr. Marier's paper go through channels at NRCC and see what reception it would get. After making several telephone calls, Dr. Rose signed his own name after Mr. Marier's name at the top of the paper, and invited Dr. Boulet to do likewise. The document then carried the prestige of two Ph.D.s.

THE paper cleared channels at NRCC in good style. What to do next? No one at NRCC was engaged in research with fluoride. Who would be competent to spot holes in Mr. Marier's review of the fluoride research record if there were holes that had not been noticed by the NRCC staff? Dr. Rose picked out three distinguished Canadian scientists whose credentials were unassailable: Dr. L. F. Belanger, of the department of histology at the University of Ottawa; Dr. B. B. Migicovsky, of the animal research institute at the Central Experimental Farm in Ottawa; and Dr. F. C. Lu, of the division of pharmacology and toxicology at the Canadian Department of National Health and Welfare in Ottawa. Mr. Marier's paper was sent to them. They found no objection to the facts or to the internal logic of the presentation.

At last the paper could be offered for publication. Or could it? NRCC staffers operated under a strict rule against involvement in political controversy. And few subjects were more controversial than fluoridation. General circulation of Mr. Marier's pattern of thought in a journal such as the British *Nature* or the American *Science* would be out of bounds. Too many laymen read those. The story would be in the newspapers in no time. A specialized journal would have to be chosen: one whose readers were equipped to act if they should become persuaded by the paper's argument.

Archives of Environmental Health, an American Medical Association publication, official journal of The American Academy of Occupational Medicine and of The Association of Teachers of Preventive Medicine, received the manuscript in company with a note of transmittal dated October 2, 1961. At the *Archives*, the paper was read, criticized and returned to its authors with suggested revisions. It was resubmitted on February 7, 1962. Again it was read and criticized. Nine different specialists pored over it, one after another—more than had ever been called upon before to try to find holes in the reasoning of any author of any report submitted to *Archives of Environmental Health*. After a year and a half of such buffeting, no sufficient cause having been found to reject the Canadian thesis as faulty or misleading in regard to fact, publication finally occurred in the *Archives* issue of May 1963.

IT was this Canadian report which tipped the balance of *SR*'s science editor's judgment on the question of artificial fluoridation of public water supplies. He was impressed first of all by the refusal of the report's authors to allow their data to be used in the debate over fluoridation of Ottawa's municipal water supply last year. Faithful to the NRCC prohibition against involvement of the agency's work in partisan politics, neither Mr. Marier nor Dr. Rose nor Dr. Boulet released any of the data to the newspapers or to others who would have disseminated it among the voters. The people of Ottawa defeated fluoridation in a referendum without benefit of the powerful argument Mr. Marier, Dr. Rose and Dr. Boulet put into seven pages of type.

Argument is the correct word here only in the sense of relentless logic. For in writing about "Accumulation of Skeletal Fluoride and Its Implications" the three NRCC scientists never raised their voices. Indeed, they took no position on fluoridation of water one way or another. They simply recited from the existing literature on fluoride (seventy-one different research papers and books are listed by name and date as their sources) to bring out the pattern of their thought, and then asked questions. The questions, however, were of such a fundamental nature that *SR*'s science editor does not see how any thoughtful person could continue to support the addition of fluoride to public drinking water until unequivocal answers have been obtained. Some of the answers will almost certainly be years in the making.

Remembering that Mr. Marier originally began to hunt for information affecting the solubility of calcium phosphate in milk, and later moved over into the solubility of calcium phosphate in bones and teeth, and there found fluoride implicated in the locking up of calcium phosphate in bones and in teeth enamel, it is not difficult to follow the research trail if one is patient and is willing to refer now and again to the pathway of fluoride shown in the sketch on page 89.

As the sketch indicates, the only undeniable and indisputable good that fluoride is known to confer on the human body is conferred in the mouth.

A Page Of History

May 8, 1908

The regular monthly meeting of the El Paso County Odontological Society was held at the Elcocia Hotel on this date.

The following members were present: Drs. Bartlett, Smith, Hayden, McKay, Baker, Sinton, DuBerry, Wilson, Gray, Grannis, Johnston, Burton, Fleming and Nelson.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read. The President directed that same be corrected.

Considerable discussion was had led by Dr. McKay, with reference to the brown stain, or so-called "Colorado Stain" so frequently found upon children's teeth in Colorado Springs. A motion was made by Dr. Gray, and seconded by Dr. Wilson that a suitable patient exhibiting this condition be secured and that this society pay the expenses of such patient to the State Dental Association meeting at Boulder in June, so that the case might be inspected by members of that body, etc. carried. Dr. Grannis moved that two of our members be appointed to look after this matter. Seconded by Dr. Gray. Carried.

The President appointed Drs. Fleming and McKay on this committee.

F. C. Locklin,
Secy.

ABOVE IS A PAGE from the original book of minutes of the El Paso County Odontological Society (now the Colorado Springs, Colorado, Dental Society) which records the first organized attempt to study what later became known as fluoride's defacing effect on teeth. Reproduced from the *Journal of The American Dental Association*.

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Coming into contact with the teeth, it lends to them a tendency toward increased resistance of the tooth enamel to decay. The tendency is not universal, but occurs in something better than half the exposed population in degrees varying with age if exposure takes place up to the age of 16 years. How long the resistance lasts once acquired is a question of sharp dispute. Some say the practical effect of fluoridation—in those persons whose teeth are affected at all—is merely to delay decay by six years. There is some documentation for this view. There is much less evidence to support claims that resistance to decay continues into the fortieth year of life or even longer.

FROM the mouth the fluoride enters the gut and is either excreted or goes to the bone and soft tissues of the body. Just as too much fluoride in the tooth enamel can malform teeth, so too much fluoride in bones can make a caricature of the human figure. The problem in using fluoridated water, then, is to guarantee protection against excess deposition. The metabolic process involved is not at all understood and in many respects has not even been thoroughly investigated.

It is established that a certain amount of all fluoride ingested—whether in water, food or air—is deposited in the bones of animals, including man. Although the rate of deposition tends to decrease gradually with time, short-term studies of humans show the deposits amount to about half what the body absorbs from the gut. Absorption from the gut may vary from 37 percent to 97 percent of the amount ingested, depending on the nature of the fluoride.

When rats were fed fluoridated water through a stomach tube, to make sure the gut received the measured amount of fluoride, the amount that could be absorbed from the gut was influenced strongly by the presence of other chemicals in the water. When large proportions of calcium, magnesium and aluminum accompanied the fluoride, fluoride that went from the gut to the bones dropped by one-third to three-fourths. When phosphate was added to the calcium a further decrease of one-half occurred.

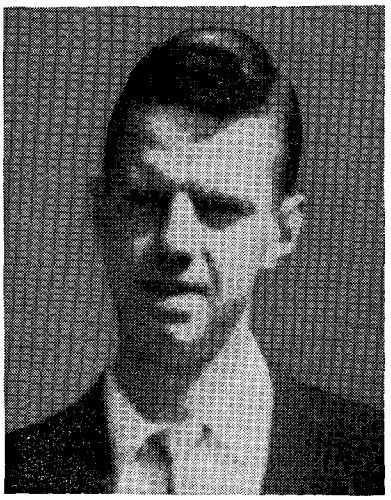
Apparently what happens under these circumstances is that the fluoride is locked up in an insoluble aggregate and excreted in the feces (see sketch, page 89). This appearance seems confirmed by the results of feeding fluoride in bone meal, which contains relatively high proportions of calcium and phosphate. Of the fluoride in the meal, only about a third as much reaches the bones as would reach the bones if sodium fluoride (the form in which fluoride is added to water) were fed. Fluoride in milk likewise is deposited in the bones in smaller proportions because of the same interaction that produced the insoluble sweet curd in the Canadian milk-freezing experiment.

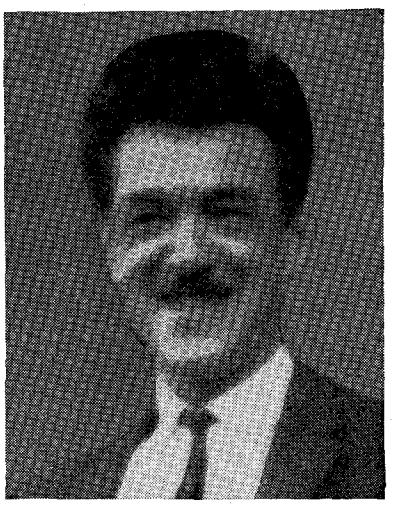
THE implications of this line of thought could be significant to the whole structure of reasoning on which artificial fluoridation of public water supplies is built. For proponents of what is euphemistically called "adjustment of the fluoride content of water" base their case on the concept that a fluoride ion is a fluoride ion regardless of where it is found. Therefore, since thousands of people have drunk naturally fluoridated water all their lives with no detectable detrimental effect except for mild mottling of the enamel of teeth when the fluoride content of the water is above a certain known level, it is entirely safe to add fluoride to drinking water up to the minimum amount known to give the mottling effect.

BUT the Canadians have discovered something that was previously overlooked. Most naturally fluoridated waters in the United States which contain more than half a part of fluoride per million parts of water are hard waters. That is, these waters contain as many as 500 parts of other chemicals to one part of fluoride. The NRCC report observes: "The calcium and magnesium present in this 'hardness' component may provide a protective mechanism, reducing fluoride absorption and its subsequent deposition in bones." Then comes this suggestion for further research:

"A systematic attempt to assess thoroughly the ionic content of various naturally fluoridated waters in relation to skeletal fluoride storage in lifetime residents would reveal the practical significance, if any, of such a phenomenon."

The NRCC observation and recommendation cited above were mentioned briefly in testimony at the marathon hearing preceding the New York City Municipal Council's recent vote for fluoridation of New York's public drinking water. Proponents of fluoridation answered by pointing out that Colorado Springs, one of the most studied towns where the drinking water





HERE ARE THE THREE MEN OF THE SCIENTIFIC TEAM from the National Research Council of Canada which published the study of fluoride's accumulation in human bone and its implications for the general health of the people. At left, Mr. John Marier, who gathered data over a period of a decade, drawing from scientific journals around the world. Native to Ottawa, he has twenty years experience as a dairy chemistry technician for the Canadian government. In center, Mr. Marier's superior at NRCC, Dr. Dyson Rose, chief of the food chemistry section of NRCC's division of applied biology, with bachelors and masters degrees from the University of Alberta, and a doctorate from the University of Toronto. At right, Dr. Marcel Boulet, an inorganic chemist from the famous Oka cheese country of Quebec, with a doctorate from the University of McGill.

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is naturally fluoridated, has soft water. New York's Mayor Robert Wagner and members of the Council accepted this answer as an adequate disposition of the matter.

As a resident of New York, *SR*'s science editor has been disconcerted by an item of information not mentioned at the fluoridation hearing. The item appeared in the famous English medical journal, *Lancet*. Death rates for the years 1955-57 in Colorado Springs were compared with death rates for the same years in Utah County, Utah. The water in Colorado Springs has a fluoride content of 2.5 parts per million; the water in Utah County has a fluoride content of 0.5 parts per million. Deaths from cancer of the stomach in Utah County accounted for 2.4 percent of all deaths in the county during the years surveyed; deaths from cancer of the stomach in Colorado Springs accounted for 28.8 percent of all deaths in Colorado Springs during the same years. The *Lancet* item said:

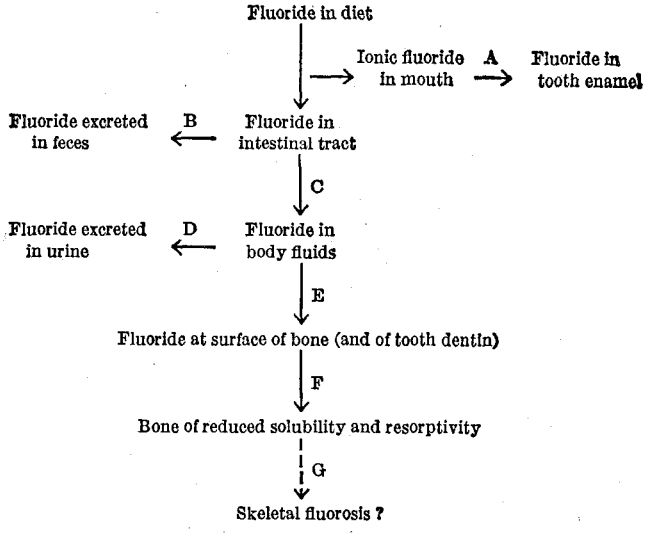
"The precise significance of these figures is uncertain because of the lack of information about a host of modifying factors, such as the age distributions of the two populations." After noting that deaths from stomach cancer in Crowland, Lincolnshire, England, "where the water is naturally fluoridated at 3.5 p.p.m., were more than twice as many over a ten-year period as in Donnington, where the water contains 0.5 p.p.m. of fluoride," the *Lancet* item went on:

"This might be accounted for by chance variations in the two populations, or it might be a 'real' difference, but one not related to the water supply. Such apparently inexplicable local differences have been observed elsewhere, both in this country and in the Netherlands, and could be due to some difference in the organic or trace-element content of the local soils. There is always a danger when evaluating statistics of indulging in post-hoc reasoning. Both the opponents and supporters of fluoridation could claim that this fallacious method of reasoning has been used against them, but too much reliance must not be placed on sets of numerical data alone—assumptions must be tested against a background of sound clinical knowledge and experience."

The pertinence of these facts to the situation in New York City is that New York City's water is soft.

According to the pro-fluoridation argument, Colorado Springs is not a fair index for New York or any other place which "adjusts" the fluoride content of its drinking water upward to one part of fluoride per million parts of water. At that level, it is claimed, the effect against dental decay is achieved without danger to anyone. Opponents of fluoridation are challenged to present solid evidence to the contrary.

Fluoride's Pathway Within Us



ROADMAP ABOVE CHARTS ROUTE of fluoride through the human body, as explored in the Canadian study described in adjacent columns. Fluoride's action in the mouth (A) is not affected by calcium and magnesium. These combine with fluoride only after ingested water and food containing them enter the digestive tract (B). In the gut their combining power is enhanced by phosphorus, speeding departure of fluoride through the feces. The amount of fluoride entering body fluids (C and/or E) is increased by deficiencies in calcium and vitamin D and probably also by other metabolic factors. About half of the absorbed fluorine has been found in the urine (D) of healthy humans on adequate diets. This degree of renal excretion probably increases gradually with time, but it requires about fifty-five years to attain a "steady state" during ingestion of water containing less than two parts per million of fluoride, (F) represents the migration of surface-absorbed fluoride into the crystal lattice of the bone, forming fluoro apatite. (G) is not an invariable consequence of (E) and (F). Physical stress, magnesium deposition, renal or osseous disorders, and dietary deficiencies appear to be involved. Accumulation of skeletal fluoride may aggravate these conditions or may be intensified by them.

More than one piece of such evidence has appeared in the foreign literature since publication of the Canadian study in *Archives of Environmental Health* last May. Epidemic skeletal malformations have been reported among peoples drinking water containing as little as eight tenths of a part per million of fluoride in Lebanon on the Persian Gulf, and high percentages of marked mottling of tooth enamel have been registered in Israel where the fluoride content of drinking water is at a comparatively low level.

According to a widely quoted survey in Texas, no serious damage is ever done to bone when the fluoride content of water is four parts per million or less. Yet the Canadian report cited horrible deformations of the skeleton in places in India where the fluoride was below that level. "It is not known whether the total fluoride intake was from water alone," the Canadian team cautioned. Poorer people usually were the victims.

"It is possible," the Canadians declare, that widespread dietary deficiencies in other lands may contribute to skeletal deposition of fluoride following the drinking of water with a low fluoride content. Contrariwise, "the comparatively high standard of nutrition and general health in the United States and in the British Isles" may explain "the absence of undesirable clinical symptoms" among those who have drunk naturally fluoridated water in those countries all their lives.

But even among the best-fed and most-protected people there are those who, through heredity or other causes, suffer deficiencies of vitamins or blood factors or trace elements of chemicals which must be corrected continually to assure survival.

What, the Canadian report asks in effect, is to happen to these people if the water they drink contains fluoride in amounts tolerable to sturdy folk but intolerable to a faulty metabolism? Fluoride that is not accompanied by other elements that lock it up and hurry it out of the body?

Water is not merely one part of oxy-

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gen and two parts of hydrogen. It is an incredible mixture with remarkably variable powers. Nor are teeth and bones simply fixed fenceposts of the body. They are in a constant state of flux, now giving of their substance to tissues and organs and now taking away. Bones, especially, are storehouses of elements critical to life.

The Canadians found that distribution of fluoride through the body occurs generally in the same way occurred in the frozen-then-thawed milk. Fluoride is locked into the teeth and bones along with calcium phosphate and magnesium among other things. Is this a healthy prospect?

Magnesium is vital to many life processes, including the stability of the blood.

Calcium is particularly essential to pregnant women, and deprivation of it can damage the foetus.

Since the bones are the emergency storehouse, should any risk be taken of attaching padlocks to the storehouse doors?

If not, the Canadian report proposed that the following research would be in order before any arbitrarily fixed amounts of fluoride are added to water drunk by the sick as well as by the robust:

1. The ratio of fluoride distribution between teeth (A in the sketch on page 89) and fecal excretion (B in the sketch), or between teeth and absorption from the digestive tract (C in the sketch), should be thoroughly analyzed. The role of various ions that reduce absorption or subsequent deposition in bone while maintaining resistance against tooth decay should be explored. Particular emphasis should be placed on calcium and magnesium in hard waters, which may constitute a protective mechanism not available in extremely soft waters and which may also serve as supplements to diets otherwise low in magnesium.

2. The role of magnesium during various stages of fluoride accumulation in bone (E, F and G in the sketch) should receive greater attention relative to the biochemistry of the abnormal development of bone.

3. The effect of fluoride induced reduction in the solubility of bone mineral should be determined, particularly as it affects mineral resorptivity during periods of high metabolic demand (such as pregnancy). The possible effect of fluoride accumulation prior to the onset of stress is not known.

4. The effect of various dietary factors, particularly deficiencies in protein, calcium, magnesium, vitamin C, vitamin D on fluoride accumulation (E in the sketch) and subsequent effects (F, G in the sketch) should be studied "to ensure that long-term accumulation of fluoride in bone will not injure a segment of the population."

Does this amount to a stricture against the use of fluoride to protect against decay?

It does not.

One of the fundamental discoveries exposed by the Canadians was this: early theory of how fluoride gives its protective effect to teeth were wrong. Dr. McKay and the others who followed him believed that the fluoride traveled through the mouth and gut into the blood, then went back through the blood into the head and jaws to the

FLUORIDE'S CHECKERED PAST

THE practice of adding fluoride to drinking water (as opposed to the habitual drinking of naturally fluoridated water) is not yet twenty years old. In assessing its potential for harm, it is worth recalling that fluoride was not discovered in drinking water until twenty-eight years after the water was suspected of having effects now known to be due to fluoride.

Fluoride did not appear with a flourish as boon to man, or even to child. The early circumstances were not encouraging. The established facts are these:

In 1902, a J. M. Eager, U.S. Marine surgeon stationed in Naples, reported a human idiosyncrasy unlike anything in his previous experience or hearsay. The Italians called it "yellow writing on the teeth" in apt description of the disfiguring appearance it created in the face. Surgeon Eager's report drew so little attention that peculiar yellow and brown staining of teeth among townsfolk in the Rocky Mountains of the American West shocked a young New England dentist who went to Colorado Springs, Colo., to set up in practice just after being graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Dental School in 1900. Dr. Frederick Sumner McKay, native of Lawrence, Mass., never forgot the dilemma that confronted him when dentists older to the region sought his help in combating the stain, which in extreme cases was accompanied by pitted, grooved and chipped teeth. The disfigurements "numbered in the thousands," he would write later, and "individual deformities were of a very grave character." He took the problem to a meeting of the local dental society in May, 1908, led a discussion of it, and obtained the society's agreement (for a true copy, see page 87) "that a suitable patient exhibiting this condition be secured and that this society pay the expenses of such patient to the State Dental Society Association meeting at Boulder in June."

At first Dr. McKay assumed that teeth suffering such major structural defects must be uncommon prey to decay. But examination revealed they had no greater tendency to decay than could be ascribed to normal teeth. On further study, he discovered that the crippled teeth actually were marked with less decay than normal teeth.

Dr. McKay tried for many years to determine the source of the "browning." Local folklore said the drinking water was responsible, and he intuitively accepted that judgment. For a time he sought alternate water sources in hope of stopping the discoloration, which came to be accepted as a visible symptom of more serious weaknesses hidden in the bones of the body.

So subtle was the influence at work that fluoride's identification as the causative agent did not come until 1930. The discoverer was an Aluminum Company of America chemist, Dr. H. V. Churchill, who had been assigned by the company to try to help Alcoa employees at Bauxite, Arkansas, find some relief from whatever it was that disfigured their mouths.

Fluoride then was known only as a poison. It had not been considered as a possible constituent of drinking water. The immediate reaction was one of alarm, for fluoride had a powerful effect on body tissues and nerves as well as on bones. Where fluoride content of the water was high, thought was given to means of lowering it. In Colorado Springs, the municipal water supply came under taboo as a source of drinking water for the town's babies. Pure water bottled in Denver was brought in and delivered each day along with

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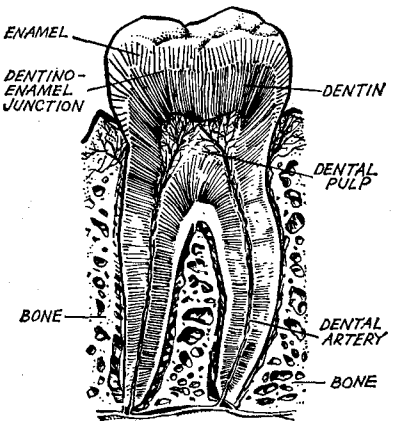
pulp of the teeth (see sketch, at right) and finally worked its way through the dentin to the enamel. There it fought off corrosion by acids produced by salivary bacteria in the course of decomposing fragments of food left in the mouth after meals.

Mr. Marier and Drs. Rose and Boulet turned up what seems to be conclusive proof that fluoride really accomplishes its influence on tooth enamel from the outside. The fluoride ion apparently attaches itself to the tooth surface upon contact and later moves inward through the lattice of the crystals in the enamel.

The evidence for this new concept comes from research performed by Dr. Finn Brudevold at Rochester. Inventing his own tools for the purpose, Dr. Brudevold took teeth that had been pulled and analyzed them microscopically, one fine layer at a time. They found the highest concentration of fluoride in the outermost layer of the enamel. The proportion of fluoride dropped progressively until the dividing line between the enamel and the dentin within it was reached. A fluoride concentration roughly equal to the concentration in the outer enamel was found at the center of the pulp. This concentration also decreased progressively as analysis of the tooth proceeded outward from the pulp to the outer edge of the dentin. The weakest fluoride concentration of all occurred where the dentin meets the enamel (again, see sketch, at right). In short, the effect of the fluoride from the bloodstream falls to the vanishing point before it gets to the enamel.

According to this scheme of things (which is confirmed by two sets of other experiments—one showing that fluoride injected into the blood had no effect against tooth decay, the second showing that mothers who have enjoyed the benefit of fluoridated water do not pass the benefit on to their children through the blood of the feotus) it should be possible to obtain the decay-resistant effect of fluoridated water through use of a mouth rinse.

It should also be possible to put fluoride into milk, where it could bathe the mouth and then, having performed its one useful task in the body, be excreted quickly through combination with the milk's calcium. Calcium fluoride has as much effect on tooth enamel as sodium fluoride (the form of fluoride usually added to water) but has less deleterious effect on bone.



—Doug Anderson

CROSS SECTION OF A TOOTH, above shows how blood enters pulp inside dentin and enamel. Note location of junction and enamel mentioned in text.

In absence of any uncontested evidence that fluoride aids the human body except by preventing dental

the morning's milk. The Borden Milk Company still continues this practice today.

SINCE medical men had been dealing with poisons for centuries, using them in dilute form as remedies for ailments of the body and mind, it was inevitable that someone should attempt to turn fluoride's effect on tooth decay to good purpose. Dr. H. T. Dean, a U.S. Public Health Service officer, did this, in three main stages:

First, with Dr. Churchill's help, it was determined that when the fluoride content of water was one part or less per million parts of water, the decay resistant effect operated without marked mottling of the teeth.

Second, epidemiological studies of many towns with naturally fluoridated drinking water turned up no obviously serious damage to the inhabitants when the fluoride content was under four parts per million.

Third, addition of fluoride to the drinking water of three cities—Newburgh, New York; Grand Rapids, Michigan, and Brantford, Ontario—while nearby cities of comparable size went without fluoridation, showed that half the children under 16 years of age had less tooth decay in the towns with the fluoridated water.

Viewed as strictly controlled scientific experiments, the comparative studies at Newburgh, Grand Rapids and Brantford were failures, for other forms of oral hygiene were intensified at the same time that fluoride was added to the drinking water. Fluoride versus no-fluoride never got a clear-cut test.

Nevertheless, a tendency to resist tooth decay was evident among large numbers of fluoridated water drinkers. And this was enough for parents who had lost disciplinary control of their children and for dentists who despaired of coping with the rise in tooth decay that followed popularization of soft white bread, demineralized foods, the ubiquitous candy bar.

Because of fluoride's long, horrible record in chemistry as an inhibitor of enzymes vital to life, and because fluoride in drinking water had escaped detection for so very long, many conservative scientists withheld endorsement of fluoridation until more could be learned about the long term effects. Some were sufficiently aroused to oppose fluoridation wherever it was proposed. For some reason, these "regulars" became known as cranks and crackpots while the "regulars" who sprang up among fluoridation's proponents were known as dedicated crusaders.

Although the American Dental Association, the American Society of Dentistry for Children, the American Public Health Association, the American Medical Association, the American Association for the Advancement of Science and The National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences all lined up in advocacy of fluoridation, the people remained in opposition. In local referendum after referendum, fluoridation of municipal water supplies was defeated. Proponents of fluoridation reacted by adopting self-defeating tactics. In Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, mimeographed broadsides were distributed urging fluoridation's backers to ridicule the opposition rather than to reason with it. In Columbus, Ohio, Dr. Jonathan Forman lost his job as editor of the Ohio State Medical Journal for opposing fluoridation.

It seems to have been forgotten that ideas cannot be stamped out but only encouraged to expose their own fallacies. —J. L.

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caries, there would seem to be no logical reason to add fluoride deliberately to the diet.

We take medical remedies only as long as we are sick. When the sickness subsides, we stop the medicine. Why do otherwise with fluoride, which does no demonstrable good outside the mouth and is known to be capable of much harm elsewhere in the body?

The science editor has come to the end of his explanation to his readers. Again, he regrets having confused them by failing to give the documentation for his view last month. If he had done so, perhaps the reaction to his report on fluoridation might have been different.

As he understands the phrase, public health measures are measures intended to protect the health of the whole public. Fluoridation of water protects only half of certain age groups for uncertain periods of time, while holding possible danger to others.

Introduction of chlorine into public drinking water is not a valid precedent for the introduction of fluoride. Chlorine is a gas, which acts at once following its introduction, then decomposes. Its purpose is to kill bacteria that carry transmissible disease. It is not designed to reach the water drinker or to affect the metabolic processes of his body. Fluoride kills nothing in the water conveying it. Fluoride is directed inside the body to do its work there.

The issue here is not anti-science or anti-intellectualism. It is anti-coercion. American democracy depends on an educated citizenry. If the scientists concerned with control of tooth decay cannot educate the people to accept fluoridation of public drinking water and vote to put to use in their local communities, the fault may be with the scientific evidence—not with the popular intelligence.

New York's Mayor Wagner has said that "if you need a referendum, you don't have a government." The fact is that referenda are and always have been part of the process of democratic government. So deep rooted is this tradition that one of the shrewdest foreign critics of American behavior recently proposed, as a memorial to the late President John F. Kennedy, adoption of an amendment to the U. S. Constitution to give the President a means of appealing to the nation as a whole against the factional interests represented in the Congress.

A possible danger in the continuing effort of the U. S. Public Health Service to fluoridate public drinking water is that it runs counter to the personal responsibility of the citizen.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

THE PURPOSE OF EXPERIMENTS

Discoveries are prepared accidents

By PAUL WEISS

EXPERIMENTS ought to be done for a purpose—a purpose other than just to do another experiment. Experimentation used to be deliberate, not improvised; planned to reduce confusion not just to add profusion; it was meant to be relevant and incisive, not just trifling and redundant. Or, to put it succinctly, in the tradition of past centuries, designing an experiment was like training a gun at a target, rather than like spattering buckshot all around at random in the hope that somewhere something might be hit. The targets, in turn, were products of experience, including those extrapolations from experience by logic and imagination which generate hypotheses and theories. Throughout, deliberate orientation of experiments toward visible or envisioned goals was the practice and tacitly accepted work rule.

Work rules have a way of changing imperceptibly as time goes on and as conditions change. Much as in evolution, such trends of change may be for the better or the worse, ending, respectively, in progress or disaster. But unlike evolution, intelligence ought to be able to recognize turns into disastrous courses in advance and thus prevent potentially monstrous products. For instance, let us take a complex system —an organism or a community or any social enterprise—whose proper functioning requires that all its vital parts maintain harmonious proportions; let one set of parts defy this harmony and go off on its own, with no regard to the others and the total pattern, and the result will be monstrosities. The dinosaurs, extravaganzas in size and mass beyond the power of a nervous system to manage and coordinate, were such monstrosities. Now, consider that the body of knowledge likewise is a cohesive, consistent, integrated system, not just a hodge-podge of miscellaneous information, which therefore likewise requires for its healthy growth a sound balance among its tributaries—experience, experiment, and logic. So, if biological research were to allow the share of experience to dwindle and let experimentation gain in volume, while losing in purpose and direction, biology might yet meet the fate of the dinosaurs. This is a fate which we can forestall if we heed signs, or even mere forebodings, that such a trend is in the offing.

I submit that such warning signals have indeed appeared; that biological experimentation, at the height of success, is beginning to drift from the rigorous work maxim of its preceptors into habits that threaten to place bulk ahead of brains, and routine exercises ahead of thought. I shall elaborate my reasons for this critical assertion.

I said experiments should be purposeful and meaningful. To be concrete, let me illustrate briefly some of those purposes and meanings. Organic nature confronts us with a host of puzzling questions, which we then try to answer by experiments. But the major class of experiments is that which boldly tosses questions back at nature and tricks nature into answering them by confronting her with combinations and constellations of conditions unprecedented in her standard repertory. To mention some examples at random: the taking of living cells out of the body and growing them in an extraneous medium—the ingenious experiment of Harrison that started tissue culture; or the surgical removal by Lashley or arbitrary fractions of the visual brain cortex in rats that had been trained to discriminate visual patterns, with the result that the learned patterns persisted in the defective brains as proof that visual memory is not a fractionable mosaic; or the first injection of foreign molecules into a rabbit, which then formed antibodies matching the alien agent, thus proving that immune responses are truly adaptive; or the transfer of the perfusion fluid of an excited frog heart into another heart, which thereby got excited, proving the humoral character of the transmission from nerve to muscle; and so forth.

What really distinguishes such ex-

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periments is not their novelty, but rather their originality and pertinence. Without imagination one can contrive infinite variations of experimental set-ups, all of them novel, yet utterly uninteresting, inconsequential, insignificant. The mere fact that something has not been done or tried before is not sufficient reason for doing or trying it. It takes originality to conceive innovations of true significance or of relevance to the solution of a problem or to the assessment of a theory. When Harrison removed nerve cells from the body to prove that they can sprout nerve fibers with no help from the body, he had expected the outcome. Experience had shaped his expectation, and the expectation dictated the experiment. When Lashley inflicted brain lesions in trained rats, his thinking was guided by clinical reports of functional integrity in human patients with brain injuries. The experiments were designed to settle problems. If they were gambles, the stakes were high. And incidentally, they all were done with rather elementary means—artfully. The crux is that they succeeded because these men had let their seasoned experience lead the way to critical experiments. This used to be the common practice. Is it still?

OR is my argument perhaps ill-founded? For instance, I have selected as examples star performers to the neglect of lesser lights. True, but stars of major brightness on the biological firmament used to be sufficiently distinctive to act as navigation guides for succeeding generations. The milky way is not well suited for this role. A crowd of mediocrity, however tolerable, if in the foreground, stands to becloud the guiding lights of excellence. There used to be, however, no such crowd. Next, I intimated that experiments used to be designed in expectation of a relevant result and that this was good. But is not scientific history full of instances of the accidental discovery of the unexpected? True again, but he who does expect something will be on the alert even for the unexpected, while he who just ambles, looking for nothing in particular, is prone to miss even the obvious. And as for the saying that the blind hen, too, finds a grain, this certainly would not hold for a hen on a grainless desert, and at any rate, it does not suggest that blindness or deliberate blindfolding is superior to vision. Of course, we frequently end up with answers to questions other than the ones we asked, or even with a lesson on how to phrase our questions better. But the historic successes of our predecessors still argue for the virtue of taking off for the exploration of the unknown from clearcut questions born from expectations, not just from vague expectancy of who knows what.

Experiments are also checks of whether what experience presents as obvious or plausible is true or false. The linkage of events in nature is a matter of experience; but to decide the nature of the linkage remains a matter of experimental tests. The remarkably observant Leonardo da Vinci noticed that castrated animals lose their fighting spirit, which led him to infer that there is a direct linkage between the testicles and behavior. It so happens that modern experiments have proved him right, but what if the behavorial change had been a by-product of the trauma of removing an organ—any organ—rather than specifically the testicles?

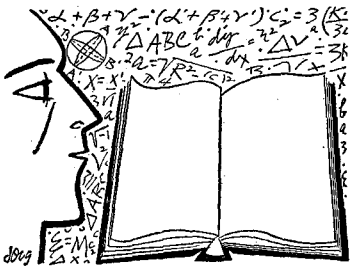
Plausibility alone is quite untrustworthy. Remember the case of the eruption of the fore limbs of the metamorphosing frog larva. These limbs develop inside a deep subcutaneous pocket; to become useful, they must break through the covering layer of skin, and indeed, when they have grown to size, perforations form in the skin, where the limbs chafe against it, letting the limbs emerge. What would be more plausible than to assume that the pressure of the limb itself causes the perforation? Distrusting plausibility, the skeptical biologist—in this case, Braus—put the assumption to an experimental test by suppressing the development of the fore limb altogether: surprisingly, at the appointed stage, an opening formed in the skin nevertheless, in readiness for the delivery of a limb, which was not there. The puncture has since been traced to a coincidental autolytic process in the skin quite unrelated to the limb.

Biological research has uncovered a distressing multitude of such surprises. The question of why the eye lens is right where the eye is to look out seemed comfortably answered for a while when Lewis and Spemann both demonstrated in some amphibians that the lens would not form if the eye were absent, hence that the eye itself induced the lens. The comfort of this simple answer, however, did not last; for when the experiments were repeated in some other amphibian forms, the lens formed independently, whether or not the eye was there. Therefore, not only can sheer plausibility not be trusted, but, even if experimentally confirmed for one set of circumstances, the confirmation need not be valid for another set.

But, we may ask, how large a catalog of data can we afford and justify?

In fact, any set of examples of biological experiments that I could cite would make us ponder certain questions. What is the minimum range of variables that must be tested before we can certify a given biological proposition or conclusion as reasonably safe? How much additional variation and repetition beyond this range is essential and justifiable on scientific grounds, considering the finite bounds of social and economic reality? Where does necessity end and redundancy start?

In trying for answers, the biological sciences find themselves somewhere on middle ground between the one extreme of physics, which concentrates its interest on general principles, with less concern for specific mechanisms (except in meteorology and the like and, of course, engineering), and the other extreme of the historical branches of learning with their preoccupation with



the particular, specific, and often unique shape of events. At the physical end of this scale, a maximum number of phenomena can be condensed into a minimum number of general formulas, but as one proceeds toward the other end, this ratio becomes progressively inverted, as itemized fact-finding and data-recording become more and more ends in themselves, rather than way stations to the formation of theories.

The center of gravity of the life sciences has steadily shifted on this scale from the descriptive and normative end of natural history toward the analytical and formulative end of the exact sciences. Of course, the assumption that biology could ever reach the physical end completely is a delusion, based either on lack of realistic acquaintance with living systems and their true nature or unawareness of the conceptual limitations of physical reductionism. This is not to question our success in reducing cellular phenomena to molecular terms. However, to pretend that the process can be reversed, that the molecular shambles can reassemble themselves into a functional living system without the cheating intervention of another living system is a conceptual perversion.

Biology therefore is destined to retain its autonomy, which means that to be known and understood, biological mechanisms will still have to be studied and formulated in their own right and full diversity. And this explains why in biology so many generalizations must stop far short of the vast inclusiveness of laws of physics, hence, why the range of validity of each must be de-

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termined empirically. It is this inherent feature of biological nature, rather than backwardness or extravagance, then, which necessitates testing over a far wider spectrum of variables, such as species, cell types, stages, environments, and so forth, than would seem necessary or even pardonable in most of physics. It sanctions the usage of repeating biological experiments with appropriate variations: with change of objects, agents, dosage, timing, methods of observation, measurements, recording, and the like. But when does usage turn into abuse? When is one to terminate potentially infinite series of variations? Or is it still legitimate, in the name of scientific freedom, to go on interminably?

This brings me to the crux of my argument. Throughout the phase of history which we have come to survey, till very recently, to be a scientist was a calling, not a job. Scientists were men of science, not just men in science. They had come to science driven by an inner urge, curiosity, a quest for knowledge, and they knew, or learned, what it was all about. They were not drawn or lured into science in masses by fascinating gadgets, public acclaim, manpower or job security; nor did they just drift in for no good reason. The scene, however, is now changing rapidly. The popularity and needs of an expanding science bring in more drifters and followers than pioneers. While the first signs of this change are perhaps a little more conspicuous in our country, the growth of interest and investment in science is bound to sweep across the globe.

Having barely begun, we cannot foretell its ultimate dimensions, but it is already bursting the narrow frame of current scientific facilities and practices, which have essentially been fashioned by and for traditional science, the small-scale enterprise of yesteryear. This growth will keep right on. Now, as biologists, we know that sheer expansive growth, unrestrained by differentiation and functional adjustments, breeds tumors. Shall we let the oncoming scientific expansion likewise become a tumorous inflation? Shall we let brain-power be overgrown by man power and mechanical rote performance?

Growth in a healthy organism is self-limiting, restrained by inner balances, not by external strait jackets. In the growth of biological research, likewise, lest we conjure the horrible specter of some administrative authority prescribing to our scientists what to do, and what not, and how much, when and how, we must by all means strive to keep alive, or else revive, the old spirit of self-restraint of the experimenter, exercised by being most circumspect in the selection of his research targets in terms of relevance, and being most disciplined, responsible, and parsimonious in his attack on them. Research morality is even more important than research morale.

I had intended to cite specific evidence that as research has grown in volume it also has grown softer by loss of self-restraint, lowered selectivity, blurring of research targets, and, consequently, lack of self-direction. But then I decided not to quote because, after all, contemporary biology has such a superb record of truly outstanding achievements that it would gravely distort the total picture if only some flaws were drawn in magnified detail.

Nevertheless, the general conclusion stands: it is that however vigorously biological research has been growing, the diluent has begun to grow faster than the solid substance, and this bears watching. The symptoms are many. We see instruments turning from servants into tyrants, forcing the captive scientist to mass-produce and market senseless data beyond the point of conceivable usefulness—a modern version of the Sorcerer's Apprentice. We see bewildered youngsters composing research projects like abstract paintings: picking some colorful and fashionable words from recent literature, and then reshuffling and recombining them into another conglomerate, yielding a stew of data, both undigested and indigestible. We see narrow specialists lavishing their pet technique on reconfirming in yet another dozen ways what has already been superabundantly established to everybody's satisfaction. But why go on? Most of you will know the hallmarks of this growing dilution of our research effectiveness. They are irrelevance, triviality, redundancy, lack of perspective, and an unbounded flair for proliferation.

NOW, granting the fact, why be alarmed? All right, there is some waste; but wastefulness can never be wholly banned from science. Yet, what is serious is that the volume production of trifles is not just waste. It actively competes with the pursuits of worthier objectives. The map of biological knowledge is still so full of major blanks and gaps that our elementary sense of proportions cries for an equitable distribution of our research potential over the whole field. Carl Hartmann has recently published a list of major unsolved problems in the physiology of mammalian conception alone: it added up to 154, only a fraction of them under study. Imagine the size of such a catalog of ignorance for the whole of the life sciences. Yet dull, routine mass production in research only swells the traffic along the well-traveled familiar highways of activity, rather than branching out into the unfamiliar wilderness that needs to be explored.

These are just some of the symptoms of "Big Science." Well, Big Science is on the way and will remain here for good. The time to think how to adjust to it is now. This is a matter for all of those concerned with the future of our culture—research men, teachers, administrators, historians, philosophers, publishers, editors and statesmen. The growth of science can be the greatest blessing for humanity, but only if we resist the easy coasting downhill carried by the inflationary momentum. Ever more men of special technical competence will be needed in science to elaborate and apply that which we have come to know. They are not the ones I am concerned about. They are well taken care of. It is those others, able and destined to contribute significantly to the advances of knowledge, whom we must salvage from being either crushed or swept down with the current. They are those young men and women full of curiosity, imagination, and a sharp intellect, whose mental powers can find full realization only by exertion but would be doomed to atrophy in the dull and effortless game of routine mass procedures.

To them, the scientists of the future, we ought to pass on the lessons of our glimpses of the past. What were their guides? Ideas, not gadgets, not the need to publish. Ideas, in turn, sprout from the fertile soil of experience. So, then, at last, what is this potent nostrum, experience?

It is that subtly discriminating, screening, sorting, evaluating, and integrating faculty of our minds which we elaborate and perfect continuously throughout life, more subconsciously than in awareness. Its potency stems from the extraordinary innate acuity and sensitivity of our nervous system, sharpened and polished ever more by use and training. Our retina can perceive a few quanta of light, our nasal organ, molecules in concentrations below the detecting power of the finest tests. Why not concede, then, similarly high efficiency to the brain and give it free rein in its incessant activity of selecting, comparing, rating, judging and creating, which is the mainspring of our concepts and ideas? The experimental discipline has rightly eradicated faith in any *a priori* truth of such ideas, but let us guard the young generation against seduction by the opposite extreme, no less pernicious: undisciplined experiments, unguided by ideas.

Dr. Paul Weiss, an elder statesman at The Rockefeller Institute, originally published the above remarks in "Science."

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

On Atom-Smashing

IN YOUR ISSUE of November 23rd, the editorial "Global Budgeting for Science" by Mr. Lear discussed the future American program in high-energy physics, suggested a cooperative international project, and included the statement: "The physicists who are selfishly concerned say, 'This is one area of research in which we really are ahead of the Russians. We've got to stay ahead for the sake of American prestige.'" I would like to point out to you that Mr. Lear is four years out-of-date with his proposals and is misinformed about the motives of the physicists involved. In the past I have read Mr. Lear's articles with great interest and have learned much from him, but I fear that

"On every other point than t'
His learning is untainted, O!
But here's a theme with which he is
Entirely unacquainted, O!"

and I don't think he should be writing editorials on this subject.

First, a comment about the motives of high-energy physicists. For some time it has been established that the atomic nucleus consists of protons and neutrons and probably a variety of elusive particles known as mesons. High-energy physicists are presently engaged primarily in studying the properties and structure of the proton and the neutron and of the varieties of strange particles which appear in collisions between the so-called fundamental particles. This is a major frontier of science and its exploration is motivated by the same curiosity which has produced the important discoveries of the past. Americans and Russians, as well as Western Europeans, all are making progress in this field. We are cooperating with one another and are equally delighted to learn of new discoveries, wherever they are made. The results of experiments using large particle accelerators (the "electronic guns" of Mr. Lear's editorial) are exchanged freely and discussed at international meetings held sometimes in the United States, sometimes in the Soviet Union, and sometimes in Western Europe. It is of interest that the synchrotron, the most modern accelerator type, was invented almost simultaneously in the Soviet Union and the United States.

Mr. Lear's suggestions of an international center for high-energy physics has been discussed unofficially in the halls of science, and at official levels of the American and Soviet governments since 1959. In November of 1959, Mr. J. A. McCone, who was then the Chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, and Mr. V. S. Emelyanov, who was the Chairman of the State Committee for Utilization of Atomic Energy of the U.S.S.R., signed a "Memorandum Agreement for Cooperation Between the U.S. and the USSR" in the field of the utilization of atomic energy for peaceful purposes. The agreement provided for exchanges of personnel and information and for an examination of the feasibility of engaging in joint projects. It specifically referred to "the design and construction of an accelerator of large and novel type".

This possibility was discussed informally during 1960 and, in September of 1960, an officially arranged meeting between U.S. and Soviet physicists was held at the American Institute of Physics in New York City. At this meeting it was proposed that study groups should be set up in the United States and the Soviet Union to explore further the feasibility and desirability of accelerators for energies above 300 billion volts. Study groups were organized in both countries and prepared design studies for accelerators of energies as high as 1000 billion volts. Exchanges of opinion between the groups were delayed for some time but we have now had many discussions with Soviet physicists, particularly during the latest International Accelerator Conference which was held last August at Dubna, near Moscow. The International Atomic Energy Agency has been aware of all of these developments and has offered its assistance in any way possible.

Probably the main reason that a cooperative project on a large and expensive accelerator has not been started is that there is a division of opinion among physicists, both in America and in the Soviet Union, on the question as to the wisdom and practicability of cooperation on a major construction project. It is generally agreed that this would be a worthy step in the direction of international cooperation, but it is not agreed that this is a sensible way to get a large accelerator built within our lifetimes. It seems to many of us that the differences between the economic systems involved will raise so many administrative problems that construction of the big accelerator must be preceded by many years of difficult negotiations.

While this discussion about international efforts has been in progress, it has been necessary for the Administration to make plans for the American program in high-energy physics. Projects initiated now will not be completed in less than a decade, and the future program of discovery in this field during the next twenty years will largely be determined by decisions made now. About every two years the Administration has assembled a panel of the wisest people it could find to make recommendations for future plans. The latest of these panels was organized last fall and spent its weekends for six months working on the question of our future program in high-energy physics. The chairman of the panel was Professor Norman Ramsey of Harvard, a universally respected physicist with a wide range of experience in science and administration. The panel included ten members, among whom were the President of the National Academy of Sciences and three Nobel Prize winners. The conclusions of this panel are the ones rather flippantly summarized by Mr. Lear.

Large quantities of money are involved, and the recommendations of the panel have been discussed very thoroughly and carefully by the scientific community. Since the money must eventually be provided by legislation passed by the Congress, and since projects of the size discussed will necessarily have an important impact on the regions where they are located, the Con-

"Buck Rogers didn't bore me when I was a boy."

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gressional interest in these questions seems to me to be quite legitimate. It seems to me also that public interest in the high-energy-physics program should be encouraged. People like Mr. Lear should be providing the public with the necessary information. I hope only that before he makes further public statements he will inform himself more thoroughly. The historical events that I have outlined are all available in the public record.

JOHN P. BLEWETT,
(Deputy Chairman,
Accelerator Department,
Brookhaven National Laboratory).

Bellport, L.I.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Another letter along lines similar to this one has been received from Dr. Wolfgang K. H. Panofsky, of the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center of Stanford University. Since Brookhaven and Stanford are among the foremost beneficiaries of government spending for atom-smashing research, it is not surprising that scientists at those two institutions should defend such spending. It is natural, too, that the writers of these letters should applaud the judgment of the "wisest men" who made up the Ramsey report panel, for the Ramsey report approved government spending for a new atom-smasher in the Midwest only if such a subsidy did not interfere with subsidies already planned for Brookhaven and Stanford.*

Not everyone knowledgeable in nuclear physics agrees that atom-smashing guns deserve the top priority claimed for them by the gunners. For example, a paper published recently by Dr. Alvin Weinberg, of the Atomic Energy Commission center at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, argues that when atom-gunning is judged by its "relevance to the sciences in which it is embedded, relevance to human affairs, and relevance to technology," it "rates poorly" in comparison with other research work calling for support by the people's money. Only if the atom-smashing guns "could be made a vehicle for international cooperation" would this "terribly expensive" form of nuclear experimentation "become a virtue," in Dr. Weinberg's opinion. And a new book written by Kenneth Ford of Brandeis University ("The World of Elementary Particles" —Blaisdell), says in its opening chapter:

"We have learned a great deal about the elementary particles [of the atomic nucleus] in recent years. . . . But, in the ways that matter most to the scientist, we know very little. There is no over-all theory accounting for the whys of the particle: why there are as many as there are (and there is good reason to believe they have not all been discovered yet); why they have the masses they do; why they are born, live, interact, and die as they do (most of them have a life span of less than one-millionth of a second).

So far as the timeliness of SR reporting is concerned, it may be pointed out that no claim was made here that the idea of international cooperation in atom-smashing was new. The statement published in these pages was that the cooperation had not yet been achieved, and should be, if necessary with the help of a shove from Congressman Carl Elliot's select committee of the U. S. House of Representatives.

The serious question remains: Did SR's science editor misrepresent the motives of American atom-smashing gunners in pressing for government subsidy for their work? The following is a quotation from page three of the Ramsey report, which was favorably cited in the letters from Brookhaven and Stanford:

> *The scientists of the United States, native and foreign-born, have led the world in high energy physics. Over the last decade, most of the major inventions and discoveries in high energy physics have been made in U. S. laboratories. Several of these have been recognized by the award of the Nobel prize.*
>
> *High energy physics is a very active field of research in all technically advanced countries and is expected to remain so. Despite the excellent contributions from Western Europe, and despite the fact that the "record" in particle energy has switched back and forth among the U. S., the USSR, and Western Europe, the United States has maintained its leadership in high energy research.*
>
> *The success of our program in discoveries, in contributions to technology, and in stimulating education has been based primarily on the willingness of the U. S. Government to support a broad range of activities. These include the construction and operation of accelerators of many different characteristics, and also the support of extensive high energy physics programs using such accelerators. We believe that, apart from the intrinsic scientific interest of the proposed future program, it is essential that the United States maintain its leading position in an area of research which ranks among our most prominent scientific undertakings.*

Atoms-for-Peace

YOUR ISSUE of September 7th carried an editorial by Mr. John Lear in which he made the statement that President Eisenhower's effort to turn the atom toward peace was "thwarted by the reluctance of his Atomic Energy Commission chairman, Lewis Strauss."

Regardless of political differences between us, I believe that you wish the pages of *Saturday Review* to be factual. Mr. Lear's statement is not.

President Eisenhower's concept of Atoms-for-Peace, as announced on December 8, 1953, was worked out in detail with my help—my enthusiastic help. As soon as I became Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, I advocated amendment of the McMahon Act to remove the throttling hand of Government monopoly so that the peaceful development of atomic energy might be encouraged. This was accomplished in 1954 by the Cole-Hickenlooper amendment which I helped to draw, and I am certain that Senator Hickenlooper and former Congressman Cole will confirm the fact of my position on this point.

Furthermore, the program known as Sherwood—a search for means to control, for peaceful uses, the energy produced in the thermonuclear reaction—had languished for adequate support until August 1953. During the first month of my term as Chairman, the Commission endorsed my proposal to support it generously (increasing the appropriation more than ten-fold), and it has been vigorously pursued ever since.

It is a matter of record also that I sought from the Congress and obtained increased appropriations for nuclear research for peaceful purposes in each year of my incumbency.

The International Atomic Energy Agency, now in its sixth year, was conceived and, incidentally, named by me, and the first International Conference on the *Peaceful* Uses of Atomic Energy in 1955 and the second in 1958 were proposed by me in 1954 in an address to the World Affairs Council of Los Angeles on April 19th of that year.

The following references support the statements made above:

"Mandate for Change" by Eisenhower, page 251 ff.

"Eisenhower—The Inside Story" by Donovan, page 185 ff.

AEC 17th Semiannual Report, page VII ff.

AEC 18th Semiannual Report, page 5 ff.

AEC 19th Semiannual Report, page 3 ff, International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy.

AEC 20th Semiannual Report, page XIV ff.

AEC 21st Semiannual Report, page XIX ff and 12 ff.

Major Activities—AEC Programs, July to December 1956, pages IX, X, XIX, 11 thru 23.

Major Activities—AEC Programs, January to June 1957, pages XII, 12 thru 29.

AEC Progress in the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, 1957. This volume contains 261 pages of detailed description of peaceful activities of the AEC under my chairmanship.

Research on Power from Fusion and other Major Activities in the Atomic Energy Program 1958. This was my final report to the Congress and was mainly devoted to the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

LEWIS L. STRAUSS.

Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Lear's reference was to President Eisenhower's program for the actual physical giving of nuclear fuel to other countries for peaceful purposes. The reference was based on interviews with Mr. Strauss himself and with a number of other individuals involved in genesis of Atoms-for-Peace, including President Eisenhower, Press Secretary, James Hagerty; Mr. Eisenhower's psychological warfare advisor, C. D. Jackson, and the present Governor of New York State, Nelson Rockefeller. A detailed account of the matter can be found on pages 87-111 of the recently published book, "Eisenhower As President," edited and with an introduction by Dean Albertson. (Hill and Wang, 1963).*

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(Continued on page 98)

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(Continued from page 97)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1552

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Northward-flowing river in Missouri; a boasting.

B. A fawning favorite.

C. Last wd. in title of Milton's sacred drama, 1671.

D. Long open portico, used for athletic exercises in bad weather by Greeks and Romans.

E. Popular, almost colorless liquid for drinking (2 wds.).

F. Resounding.

G. Crack down; put a quietus on, or a stop to (3 wds.; slang; WNI, 3rd ed.).

H. Crabbed; melancholy (colloq.).

I. Small, close-fitting headgear with projecting front brim (2 wds.).

J. Vaulted.

K. Whereupon (2 wds.).

L. Correct, though not familiar, name of Damon's good friend.

WORDS

104 57 188 42 154 150 1 63 142

71 143 152 75 37 192

178 120 168 6 148 124 156 191 68

8 87 147 172 103 30

39 10 130 21 97 64 81 144 184

52 193 107 17 83 33 140

141 24 185 115 167 49 61 182 88 25 95 76

84 41 117 153 92 138 13 20

166 102 162 70 174 11 127 139 90 22

123 38 82 110 23 28 171

78 91 129 113 118 181 40

77 45 32 48 121 72 116 128

DEFINITIONS

M. Inlet of Atlantic Ocean from Firth of Forth inland 19 miles (2 wds.).

N. Largest island of Greece, in the Aegean, 90 miles long.

O. Too sensitive.

P. Disposed to make the most unnecessary ado over trifles.

Q. Proper, right, desirable, or required act, manner, mode of dress, demeanor (2 wds.).

R. Rather too warm.

S. Sending out.

T. A commission, esp. an illegitimate one (comp. slang).

U. Region W of Ankara famous for its deposits of meerschaum.

V. Pertaining to an ancient country of high culture, commerce, civilization, great power in N. Italy.

W. One of the largest cities of U.S., which looks southward over Canadian land.

X. Following a systematic plan.

WORDS

114 151 189 105 59 135 15 169 69

46 111 16 187 14 54

173 96 89 36 79 9 101 134 73 19

177 18 58 137 190 5 161 86

99 132 175 186 4 85 164 74

43 176 3 112 65 60 157

108 94 126 26 66 47 119 44

179 62 31 93 149 35 155

170 165 125 146 159 122 7 67 29

160 106 51 12 80 56 180 183

98 194 2 55 133 163 27

34 145 100 158 109 136 131 50 53

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 A	2 W	■	3 R	4 Q	5 P	■	6 C	7 U	8 D	9 O	■	10 E	11 I	12 V	13 H
14 N	■	15 M	■	16 N	17 F	18 P	19 O	20 H	21 E	■	22 I	23 J	24 G	■	25 G	26 S
27 W	28 J	29 U	■	30 D	31 T	32 L	33 F	34 X	■	35 T	36 O	37 B	38 J	■	39 E	40 K
41 H	42 A	43 R	■	44 S	45 L	46 N	■	47 S	48 L	49 G	50 X	51 V	52 F	■	53 X	54 N
55 W	56 V	57 A	58 P	59 M	60 R	■	61 G	62 T	63 A	■	64 E	65 R	66 S	67 U	■	68 C
69 M	70 I	71 B	72 L	73 O	74 Q	■	75 B	76 G	77 L	78 K	79 O	80 V	81 E	82 J	83 F	84 H
85 Q	86 P	87 D	■	88 G	89 O	90 I	91 K	■	92 H	93 T	94 S	95 G	96 O	97 E	98 W	■
99 Q	100 X	101 O	102 I	103 D	104 A	105 M	■	106 V	107 F	108 S	■	109 X	110 J	111 N	112 R	113 K
■	114 M	115 G	116 L	117 H	118 K	119 S	120 C	■	121 L	122 U	123 J	■	124 C	125 U	126 S	127 I
128 L	■	129 K	130 E	131 X	132 Q	133 W	134 O	135 M	■	136 X	■	137 P	138 H	139 I	140 F	141 G
142 A	■	143 B	144 E	145 X	146 U	147 D	148 C	149 T	150 A	■	151 M	152 B	153 H	■	154 A	155 T
■	156 C	157 R	158 X	159 U	160 V	■	161 P	162 I	163 W	164 Q	165 U	■	166 I	167 G	168 C	169 M
170 U	171 J	■	172 D	173 O	■	174 I	175 Q	■	176 R	177 P	■	178 C	■	179 T	180 V	181 K
182 G	■	183 V	184 E	185 G	■	186 Q	187 N	■	188 A	189 M	190 P	191 C	192 B	193 F	194 W	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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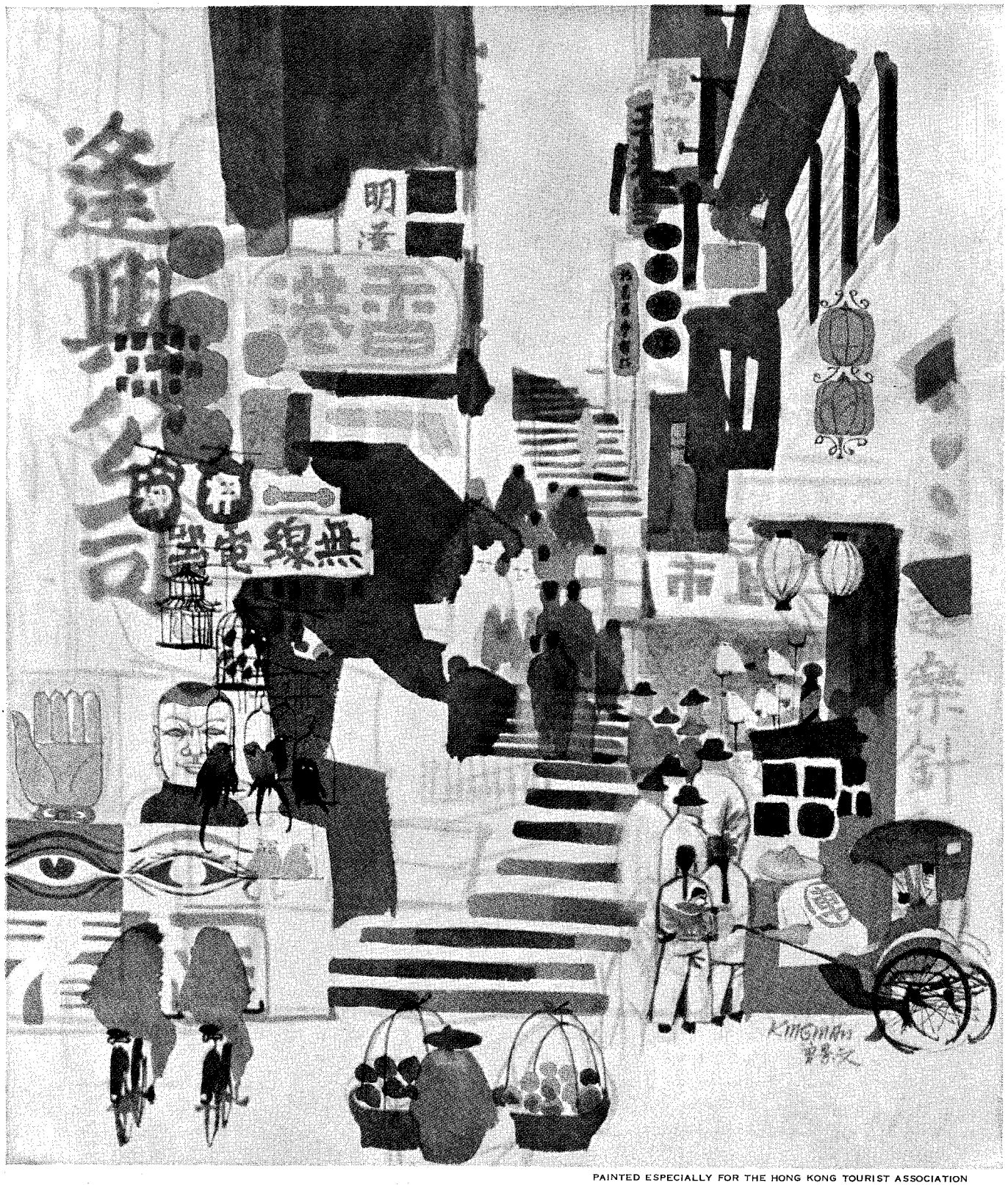

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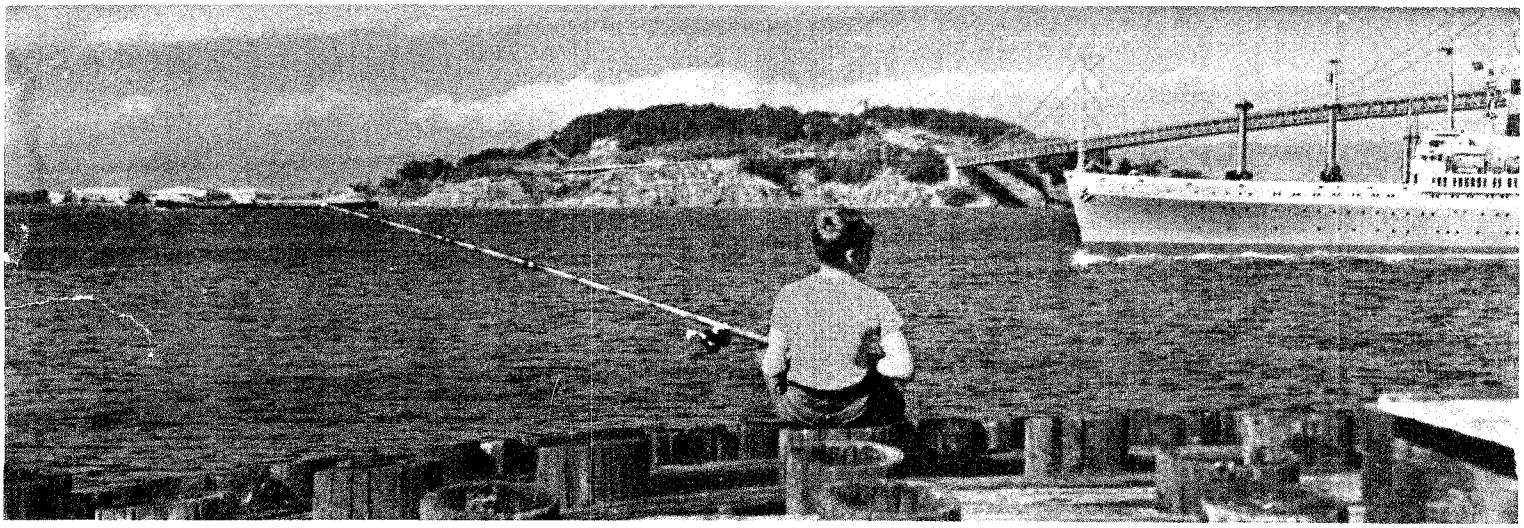

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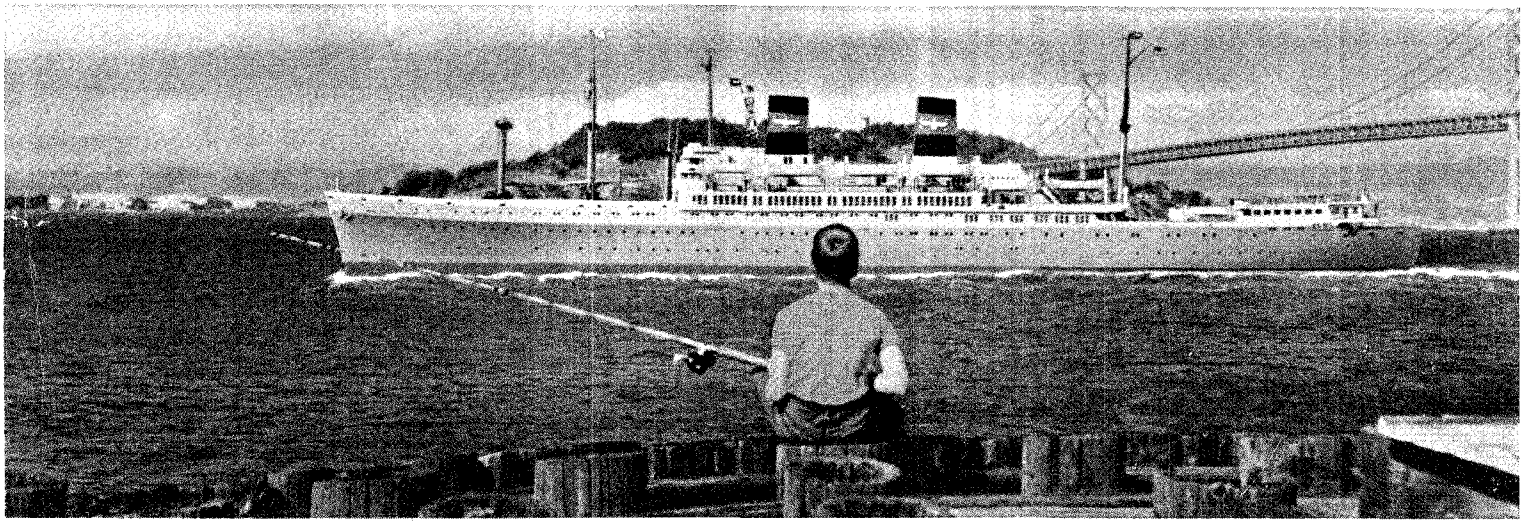
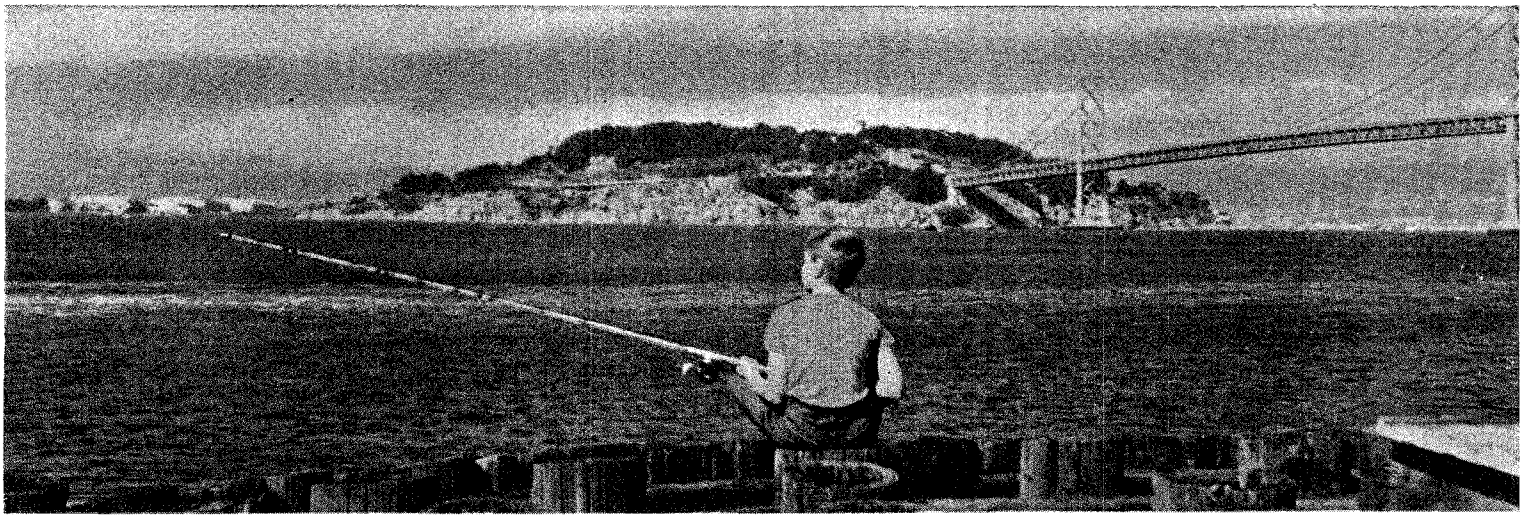


a great President Liner



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